

Collier's

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1944

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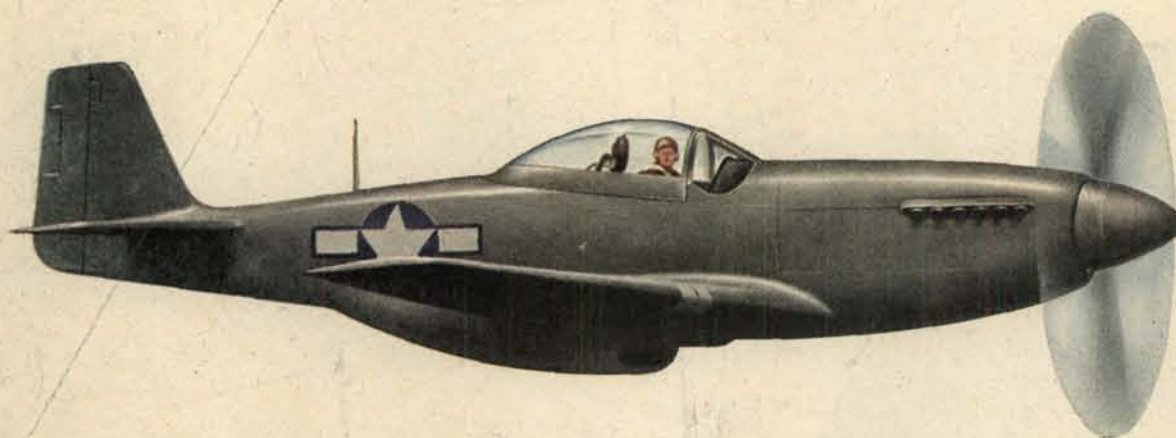
By Edward Tomlinson

Sept. 2, '44

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Two P-51's...both with brilliant war records



ONE IS THE aerodynamically perfect P-51 Mustang, fastest of all fighters. The other is the ultra-modern Parker "51", most beautiful of all pens.

Both have brought fame to the name they share. Yet they have even more in common—the Parker "51" looks for all the world as if it had been planned by aircraft designers!

There's something of the spirit of flying in the way the Parker "51" responds smoothly and effortlessly to even your slightest touch.

You seem almost to be writing *above* the paper!

Unfortunately, you may have to wait for this unique pen. Our main efforts today are devoted to the production of intricate war matériel and the few Parker 51's we still make are rationed fairly among our dealers.

But a Parker "51" is worth the wait. And when it is yours, do this... fill it with Parker "51" ink. It's a wholly new kind of ink that *dries as you write!* No other pen can use it! Of course, you can use any ink with the Parker "51"

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Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

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Make your dollars fight—Buy WAR BONDS NOW!

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Parker "51"



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The tire that lights an electric bulb

AN AIRPLANE in flight builds up a strong charge of static electricity, which once meant danger of sparks and fire—also danger of shock to passengers and crew.

The electricity would have passed harmlessly into the ground as soon as the plane's tires touched the earth if the rubber could conduct electricity. But rubber was an insulator; it *prevented* the electricity from leaving the plane. Could it be made into a conductor?

B. F. Goodrich engineers believed it could. They had already helped develop special carbon blacks to resist heat. Experiments were made with new ones

An illuminating development in rubber that took the "shocks" out of flying

to conduct electricity. After many attempts, tires were built that can be placed in an electrical circuit and conduct the current into an electric bulb, as in the laboratory test shown above. And today, hundreds of airliners come to earth more safely on the new conductive tires.

B. F. Goodrich improvements in tires apply to every type of tire America uses—tires for planes, passenger cars, trucks,

farm machinery. For passenger cars B. F. Goodrich made and sold tires containing synthetic rubber back in 1940, the first ever sold to American car owners and the only ones sold before the war. Their use by thousands of people made up a road test estimated at over 80 million miles. Some of the tires are still running today, many without even being recapped.

If you can buy tires today, and if you

buy B. F. Goodrich, you get tires backed by three years' extra experience; by that 80,000,000-mile road test; backed also by dozens of developments and improvements in rubber and synthetic-rubber compounds. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio. 

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON
in
"MRS. PARKINGTON"

with
EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD
CECIL KELLAWAY

Gladys Cooper • Frances Rafferty
Tom Drake • Peter Lawford
Dan Duryea • Hugh Marlowe
and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Polly James
Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Tay Garnett
Produced by Leon Gordon



The Twenty-Year Anniversary of M-G-M, started so auspiciously with "The White Cliffs of Dover" and "Dragon Seed", continues with an excellent film, a superb adaptation of the Louis Bromfield best-seller "Mrs. Parkington".

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, who began their shadow romance in "Blossoms in the Dust" and continued it so effectively in "Mrs. Miniver" and "Madame Curie", more than live up to expectations in this new product from the most important of Hollywood's workshops.

Many of our screen performers have looks, many of them can act, many of them are personable. But Greer Garson, we might say, has everything. And "Mrs. Parkington" gives her the chance to prove it. Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic, wise and charming cosmopolite will be long remembered.

Her "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. His is a character with dash, ruthlessness and a roving eye.

Others may take bows. And the others are notables too. Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty—recall her excellent work in "Dragon Seed"—Tom Drake, Selena Royle—to name a few. Tay Garnett, the director, has done a brilliant job.

All in all, you'd gather, we like "Mrs. Parkington".

BRIEF NOTES

Ambitious: Ever since the beginning of his screen career it has been Director King Vidor's ambition to produce a picture dealing with this land of opportunity. For many years he has been perfecting "An American Romance" which will shortly be launched by M-G-M.

Collier's

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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

IT IS still our ambition that some day this column will be as good as Professor Leonardo Bryan's. The professor does his for the Havana (Cuba) Post. In the latest issue reaching us, he says: "Dame Cupid caught Mr. Samuel Taylor and Miss Martha Lina Ferrer wading toward the line of unison in a compromising jest, so on Tuesday last, before Municipal Judge Doctor Carillo Alborno y Pinto, the two were joined in civil matrimony, wending their way after the ceremonies to Guira de Melena, with all wishing the newly wedded a lengthy span of happiness through a measure of reasonable understanding." The professor also writes that the Erudite Evening of the British West Indian Cultural Association was not the success it might have been, because the invitations did not say if the date was "proximo or ultimo."

THE rumor market is bad this week. The best we've received is one asking whether there's any truth to the rumor that the real Adolf Hitler is a prisoner of war and working in a Victory garden at Barre, Vermont. There's another to the effect that old Benito Mussolini is working for the British Intelligence for fifteen dollars a week and found. Personally, we're not putting much dependence in these bits.

BUT Jeff Machamer, the cartoonist, was not thinking about politics at all when he dropped in at a drugstore in Greensboro, North Carolina, for a bite of lunch. He was having some trouble deciding what to bite when he came to the following item on the menu: "Spaghetti and two little old meat balls, forty-five cents."

AND we've just heard from Captain Jerrold Owen in France. He says that one of the Joes who arrived with him in Normandy on D-Day was sitting on his tin hat, reading a letter from his girl here at home. Suddenly the Joe arose with great deliberation and began to swear heartily, with dignity, and carefully enunciating each syllable. The captain asked the lad what had thus aroused his ire. At that moment a large noisy shell hit twenty or thirty yards away, and the captain and the Joe hit the bottom of a convenient ditch together. And there the Joe replied to the captain's query: "She said she supposed that by this time she guessed I must have heard that the invasion had begun."

THE political situation, national and international, being what it is (whatever that is), you're doubtless somewhat perplexed. So were we until we received from Colonel Dudley "Silent" Haddock of Tampa, Florida, the following conversation between two Floridians who were buying each other drinks. Said the first: "Bet you don't know more'n Claude Pepper about what's going to happen after the war." Said the other: "Sure I do. The only thing Senator Pepper knows more about than me is what ain't going to happen, which is only natural, only he don't say so." Number one: "If he don't say so what ain't going to happen, how do you know he knows more about it than you do maybe?" The second: "I know he knows more about what ain't going to happen than me, because everything

(Continued on page 58)



Vol. 114, No. 10, Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, \$3.00 a year, two years \$5.00, three years \$7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: \$6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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COVER

VERNON GRANT



Young Lady with a Future . . .

She loves to type.

Her eyes light up as she watches the letters quietly form and march straight and true across the sheet.

It fascinates her . . . to see the letters move at her command, every time she presses a chubby finger.

It's so simple . . . and so much fun spelling out words she knows.

But she's doing more than that! She's learning the way to give wings to words . . . the Underwood way. The way to develop the speed and skill she'll need to take over her important job of the future . . .

Her job as Secretary of America!

Your secretary, perhaps . . . or another business man's.

Some day, from her flying fingers, words will take

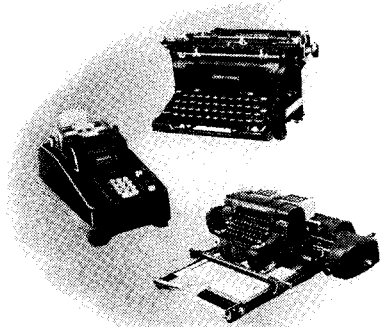
wing that shape the destiny of men and their affairs . . . words that inscribe their thoughts and ideas in black on white . . . words that pour out their hopes and aspirations.

For she symbolizes many American girls . . . growing up and grown.

Girls who, like millions of others during the past fifty years, have been given the advantage of sturdy, accurate . . . *and always dependable* . . . Underwood Typewriters.

So look to the Future Secretary of America . . . the girl with the Underwood touch . . . to give wings to your words.

Look to her and her Underwood to give an attractive picture of you in every letter you write.



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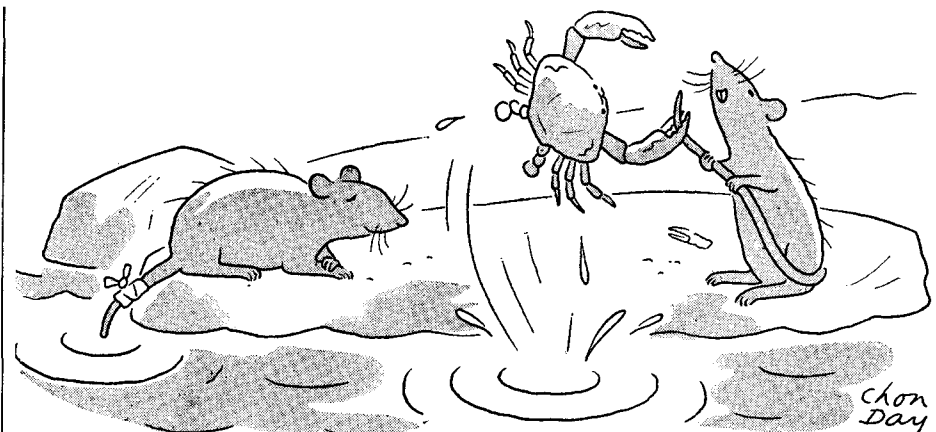
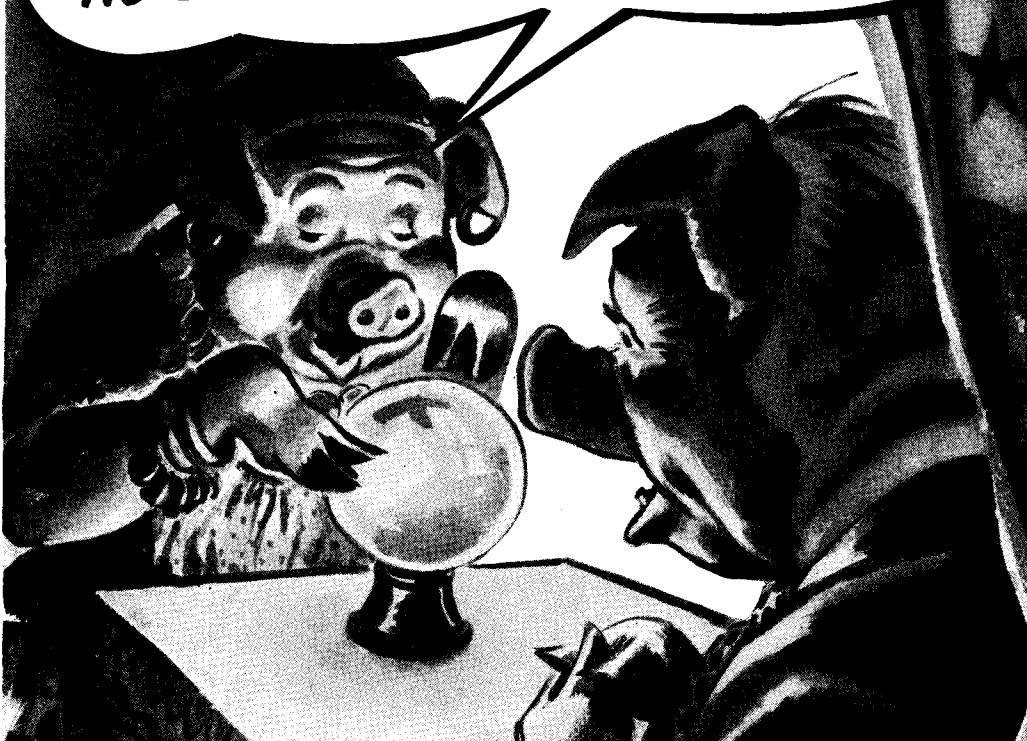
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I SEE YOU'VE HAD BUSINESS REVERSES
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
 NO LONGER BUYS YOUR BRISTLE!



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Rats on the uninhabited and barren atolls off New Guinea subsist entirely on crabs, which they catch by the unique method of dangling their tails in the water from the edge of a flat rock. Usually, in a matter of minutes, a crab comes along and grabs a tail, and the rodent hauls in the catch like a fisherman.—By Dena Ribert, Monticello, N. Y.

Among the various groups of people that cannot vote in certain states are perjurers in Connecticut, bigamists in Mississippi, duellists in Virginia, polygamists in Idaho and, in Florida, persons who bet on elections.

Kanab, Utah, is the only American town that has made itself into a permanent motion-picture location. Not only does it have fine living accommodations, a vast assortment of props and all its people available to serve as extras or helpers, but it maintains a casting directory which lists the citizens with special talents, their animals and odd pieces of property. Consequently, the town has been used for the outdoor scenes of 42 pictures since 1922.

Since 1790, the Supreme Court of the United States has declared 64 federal laws unconstitutional, in whole or in part, the last being the Guffey Coal Bill in 1936, which, incidentally, was one of the few to be invalidated completely.—By M. Jack Newman, Butte, Montana.

Between 2,000 and 4,000 years ago, more than 50 large obelisks were erected in Egypt to preserve, for all time, through their hieroglyphs, the achievements of the Pharaohs. Yet today, only 19 of these monolithic monuments are still standing and only five are in Egypt. New York has one, London one, Paris one, Istanbul two, and Italy nine, including the largest known, which is 106 feet high, weighs 455 tons and stands in the piazza of St. John Lateran in Rome.

About 150,000 American women will can their fruits and vegetables co-operatively in some 6,000 community canneries this year.

So many soldiers' wives in China are in desperate circumstances or have not heard from or about their husbands for such a long time that the National Government recently passed a law to keep them from seeking another mate. The penalties are six months' imprisonment or a \$1,000 fine for a spurious betrothal; three years' imprisonment or a \$3,000 fine for adultery; and seven years' imprisonment or a \$5,000 fine for a bigamous marriage.

Processed coal constitutes 35 per cent of a new soil conditioner and plant food that is four times as effective as most fertilizers. . . . In this country today, 63 out of every 100 couples granted a divorce have no children resulting from their marriage. . . . A New York woman hairdresser is employed by a number of Fifth Avenue stores to dress and stylize the wigs of their show-window mannequins.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

In 1894, when the newspapers of New York City were experimenting with sensational circulation schemes to attract the barely literate masses, The World hit upon and began publishing the first comic strip, The Yellow Kid. As it was a tremendous success, The World was soon nicknamed the "yellow" paper, after the cartoon, and this word has since been applied generically to sensational newspapers.

At a criminal trial in New York several years ago, a clever trick employed by the lawyer for the defense discredited the claim of the state's chief witness that he was an expert in distinguishing odors. Producing ten small bottles containing liquids with familiar odors, the lawyer asked the witness to identify them. In the test, the expert was unable to name nine because the first bottle handed to him contained gasoline, the fumes of which so deadened the sense of smell that no other odor can be distinguished for several minutes.

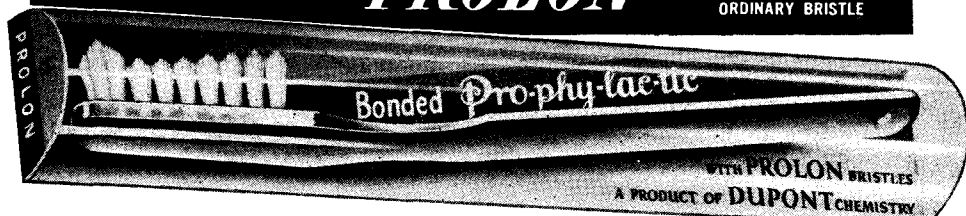
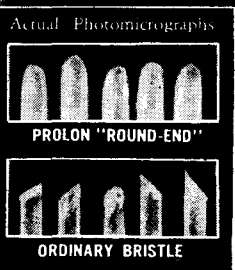
Few Americans have served their country as long as Edward A. Savoy, who was the messenger of 21 different United States Secretaries of State between 1869 and 1933. During these 64 years, this Negro performed many delicate tasks, which included the handing of their credentials to two foreign diplomats who were asked to leave this country—the Spanish minister in 1898 and the Austro-Hungarian ambassador in 1915.

An Indiana war plant is now reducing the number of employees who would normally quit each week by requiring them to have a final interview with the company counselor, a veteran who lost a leg on Guadalcanal.

Eugene V. Debs (1855-1926), American socialist, was the only man who was a candidate in five Presidential elections and the only one nominated while serving a prison term. In this election in 1920, he also received 920,000 votes, or 50 per cent more than were ever polled by any other minor-party candidate.

Artificial eyes are now worn by a number of animals in this country, including horses, dogs, cats and parrots. . . . Blasting metal parts with shot to increase their resistance to fatigue is one of the chief technological developments of this war. . . . Virtually all of the 1,500 independent employment agencies in the United States today are located in large cities, New York alone having nearly 500 of them.

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

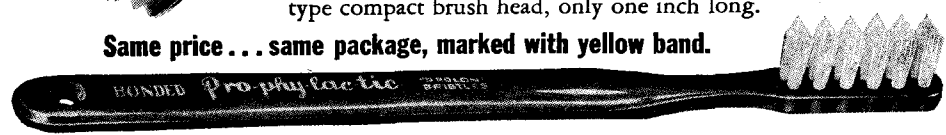
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Then pause and dream of the tomorrow when you can eat what you want regardless of harvest dates or seasons. When you'll take fruits and vegetables at the height of their sun-ripened goodness, pop them into your Westinghouse Home Freezer . . . and serve them when you will. When rare game and out-of-season foods can be the high spot of your dinner any time of year. When you'll serve today's leftover roast in a heart-warming dish, a month, even 2 months, from now.

Dream of the day when exotic foods from all corners of the world . . . famous cooked dishes from restaurants in Quebec or New Orleans, Rio or Bombay . . . can be stored in your freezer ready for your whim to eat them.

Thrill over the time when you can bake the rolls and berry pie, cook the potatoes au gratin and chicken 'a la king, now . . . and serve them days, perhaps weeks later.



Coming.. a New Westinghouse Home Freezer for Postwar!

Pipe dreams? Not on your life! We at Westinghouse know *now* that they'll all come true. For when the war is over, we will again build a proud line of electric home appliances. And a new shining star for both city and farm will be the Home Freezer.

Meantime . . . let's all get busy and save the surplus! To help you we have a complete 48-page "Home Canning Guide". For your free copy, write the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute, Mansfield, Ohio.

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ARE YOUR POSTWAR PROMISE
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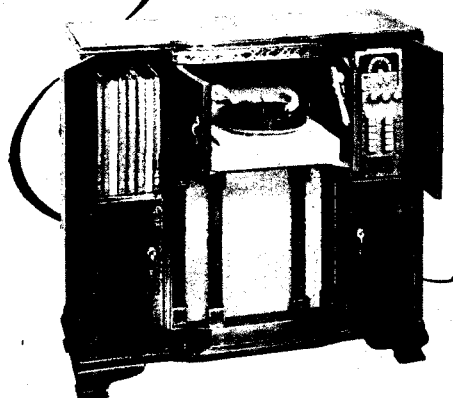
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The Week's Work

Elmore Brown

IT NEVER would occur to us, just from looking at the art work of Elmore Brown, that he is a fellow with a mathematical turn of mind. But he is. He is very conscious of the fact that art depends upon mathematics just as music does, and that any illustration—including the one he did for *The Orange Tree*, p. 15—is founded in science as well as in the bright imaginings of the artist's mind.

An artist may arrive at a color by trial and error, Brown says, but when he gets what he wants, he has unconsciously followed a precise mathematical formula. A certain gray, for instance, is listed by the Bureau of Standards as Munsell's Neutral No. 5. In his Bronxville, New York, studio, where his equipment includes books on physics and algebra, Brown figured out that to get Munsell's No. 5, you use about 40 times as much white as black, or precisely .01 of an ounce of black and .3904 of an ounce of white.

Brown long ago worked out his own water-color technique by trial and error—and is forever searching for scientific confirmation of his methods. When he makes a water-color illustration, his first step is to put a light yellow wash over the white paper. He now believes that this method works well because the human eye accommodates yellow more easily than any other color. Contrary to the technique of the old masters, he works from light to dark, putting light colors on first and working up to dark—and the scientific basis for this procedure, as he tells it, sounds complicated but convincing.

"I think perhaps my interest in the scientific analysis of art stems from my dislike of the long-haired-artist tradition," he says. "A lot of young artists imagine that all they have to have to produce a good picture is a box of paints and a lot of emotion, and the public is inclined to believe them. I don't like to see my own profession asking the world to believe a lot of bunk."

Brown, who was born in a Chicago suburb, attended classes at the Chicago Art Institute from the time he was nine years old. During the last war, he was a very young soldier, and then returned to Chicago for more studying.

He took on only those outside activities which would contribute to his work as an artist. Dramatics, he felt, was directly related to art, so he studied the subject for three years at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. He belongs to New York's Amateur Comedy Club, which holds working meetings once a week and several times a year puts on full-fledged productions for the public.

His latest interest is a study of psychiatry and psychoanalysis. You'll find traces of his interest in *The Orange Tree* illustration,

showing the content of a man's dream.

"It seems to me that modern fiction is putting more and more emphasis on the psychology of its characters, less on action," Brown observes. "It is all 'he said, she said,' and 'he felt, she felt'—and nobody ever slaps anybody. This makes quite a problem for the illustrator, and I find a little knowledge of psychoanalysis helpful."

Brown is married and has two daughters, both of whom are determined to be artists like their father.

EDWARD TOMLINSON, Collier's Other Americas editor and author of *Nazism's Last Stand*, p. 24, is eminently qualified to illuminate the intricacies of South American politics.

Mr. Tomlinson has known Argentina and Argentine people and personalities as well as the peoples and personalities of all the leading nations to the south of us for twenty-two years. He has visited the important countries every year since 1922 and has attained the position of an unofficial envoy. Through his writing, broadcasts and lectures, he has done much to increase our understanding of the other half of our hemisphere.

He was born in Stockton, Georgia, and was schooled in his own state until he went to the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. There he came under the influence of a professor of Spanish who inspired in him his first interest in the Other Americas. After two years in the British and American armies during the World War, he returned to Edinburgh to finish his education in political economy. It was then that he envisioned the importance South America would have in the life of the United States, and decided to make the interpretation of that continent his life-work.

Tomlinson made his first visit to South America in 1922, and has made annual visits ever since, covering more than 250,000 miles by airplane, ship, train and mule. He is the author of several books on South America. The Other Americas, his current best seller, has been adopted as a textbook in many high schools and colleges.

Tomlinson has scored many firsts for Collier's, building up quite a reputation for the accuracy of his forecasts on a whole series of revolutions. He is just back from another three months' jaunt to the

ERIC HESS



southern continent, during which he spent several weeks with our Atlantic Fleet, and talked to presidents and dictators. In forthcoming issues of Collier's, he will report the results of his exclusive interviews and uncensored observation. . . . A. P.

Edward Tomlinson

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THREE STORIES ABOUT THE BAZOOKA

Invasion Story

★ A German fort was causing considerable trouble to an American landing party. One soldier detached himself from the party, and waded ashore with a Bazooka. With one shot he knocked out the fort, and the Germans surrendered.—*From a report from the European theatre.*

Jungle Story

★ A Yank on patrol suddenly came upon two Japanese tanks. He slipped behind a tree, and let go at the nearest tank. The first rocket from his Bazooka blew up the tank, and its exploding ammunition set off the second tank. Score, two tanks with one shot!—*From a report from the South Pacific.*



Home Front Story

★ Back of the action stories of the Bazooka on the fighting front is an action-packed home front story of how the Bazooka was built.

On May 21, 1942, a U. S. Army pursuit ship slipped into an airport near a G-E plant. It carried an Army Ordnance officer, and instructions for General Electric to design and produce within thirty days several thousand rocket guns—an assignment so important that it took precedence over all other ordnance in the country.

Twenty-four hours later a G-E engineer came up with the design.

Four days later the first gun was turned out.

Then came the tests, at Aberdeen. For more than two weeks the Bazooka was tested and developed and improved until it had

proved itself as a first class fighting weapon. Two men could handle it easily—one in an emergency—yet the Bazooka fired a projectile that could knock out a tank.

All that remained was to produce the quota, several thousand Bazookas, within the remaining eight days!

G-E men and women did it. Parts were rushed by plane and taxicab. Men and women worked through their lunch hours, and stayed over to help the next shift. And seven days after production started, while the first

Bazookas produced had already been rushed into action on the Russian and North African fronts, the quota was made, with eighty-nine minutes to spare!

Since then General Electric has turned out hundreds of thousands of Bazookas, but the story of how the first several thousand were produced remains a tribute to G-E workmen, and another example of how G-E engineering and manufacturing experience work to meet America's needs—in war, and peace. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

A \$25 Bond Will Buy a Bazooka—Buy War Bonds—Keep All the Bonds You Buy

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HEAR THE GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO PROGRAMS: "THE G-E ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA" SUNDAY 10 P.M. EWT, NBC—"THE WORLD TODAY" NEWS, EVERY WEEKDAY 6:45 P.M. EWT, CBS.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 2, 1944

One of many thousands, Anna Borodina, 18, does work of women in a Soviet arms plant

SOVPHOTO

RUSSIA BECKONS *Big Business*

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

An eyewitness account of Eric Johnston's precedent-breaking tour of Soviet industrial centers in Siberia, and a surprising suggestion of how Russia may aid America in the struggle against postwar economic dangers

ERIC JOHNSTON likes to employ what might be called the firecracker technique, and it is no secret that some "specialists" on international affairs had cold shudders when he made the bluntest speech ever delivered in Russia on Soviet-American relations. He spoke publicly at a luncheon in his honor given by Foreign Trade Commissar Anastas Mikoyan in Moscow, and wherever he went in Russia he repeated the same blunt ideas. And the Russians liked it.

I accompanied Johnston on a 5,000-mile inspection tour of Soviet factories and agriculture on which the Russians—often accused of secretiveness and concealment—did everything they could to show this representative of American business what they are doing and what they are capable of achieving. Johnston collected the most complete set of Russian production figures for agriculture and industry that has been compiled

since the start of the war and he repeatedly told the Russians one thing:

Americans, he said, want to do business with Russia after the war. But America is a capitalistic country dedicated to free enterprise. Russia is a communistic country dedicated to the socialistic system. Americans believe in the Russian right to whatever social and economic and political system they desire. But Americans believe equally in their own right to their own system without interference from Russia or any other nation. He said that, as long as those fundamentals are clearly understood, he saw no reason why close, friendly and co-operative business relations should not be established.

Johnston told that to Mikoyan's luncheon guests in Moscow, and the next morning his address was published almost textually in all Moscow newspapers, and wirelessly or telegraphed to every newspaper in Russia. He told it to a group of 17-year-old Russian girls who presented him with a bouquet of roses, snapdragons and daffodils at an optical equipment works in Siberia. He told it to the manager of a 250,000-spindle cotton mill in Kazak. He told it to Joseph V. Stalin as they sat in the Marshal's high-walled Kremlin office, while a salute of guns in honor of a Red Army victory peppered the Moscow sky. And everywhere he said it, his statement brought quick, enthusiastic and complete agreement. At banquets in Leningrad, up near the Finnish front in Terijoki, in the steel mills of the Urals, at a concert on

the River Ob in Siberia, and even in remote Central Asia, I watched people come up to Johnston and tell him how they had read his speech and how much they liked it.

Stalin doesn't talk casually. After the war, Russia wants to do business—big business—with America and with American businessmen. It is still too early to say exactly what volume of trade Russia has in mind but it is not too early to say that, if satisfactory credits and terms can be arranged, it will run to billions of dollars; to such figures—as Soviet officials frankly point out—that it will go a long way toward absorbing the economic slack which many people fear may bring postwar depression to America.

Student of the United States

Johnston found Stalin warm, human and trigger-brained. He likes sharp, incisive statements and staccato repartee. He likes American wisecracks, and, when a joke pleases him, he throws his head back in hearty enjoyment. In his position as president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Johnston is a specialist in American production figures. But he says that "Stalin knows American production figures better than 99 per cent of American businessmen. He has them at his fingertips. They are the measuring rod whereby he judges Russian industry." Stalin also reads United States newspapers with care and discusses American policies and politics in detail.

Johnston came to Russia to see with his own eyes what the Soviet Union is doing and to hear with his own ears what Soviet leaders are thinking about. He was a reporter as well as a businessman. As we traveled around Russia, Johnston made many observations which he has brought back to put at the service of American businessmen. Johnston talked with the leaders of Soviet industry. He discussed with Mikoyan what Russia wanted to import from the United States and what Russia was prepared to offer in return. He met most of the managers running Russia's steel, armaments, electrical, chemical and agricultural enterprises. He got acquainted with leaders of Russian big business.

It may seem like a small point, but Johnston achieved one thing which should bulk large in future understanding and appreciation between the United States and the Soviet Union. He took American correspondents with him wherever he went in Russia. That doesn't sound like a great achievement to Americans, but since the war started, correspondents in Moscow have been restricted. Except for isolated, accidental instances, no foreign correspondents in Russia had seen the vast Soviet arsenals of the Urals as I saw them while accompanying Johnston. No foreign correspondents had inspected the huge factories of Siberia, and not since the opening of the Turkestan-Siberian Railway in 1930 had any group of correspondents been

(Continued on page 39)

The Barnways were balmy—there was no doubt about that—and when Alexander married A Creature it looked as if the Barnways would go off their rockers. But sanity prevailed, at least for a while

ONE evening early last spring I found the Barnways in great distress of mind. Mr. Barnway had left off painting to sit in a corner and nibble the end of his best brush. Belinda, free for once of Everett Wilton, stood by the window like a character in Chekhov, gazing wanly into the dark. In his little bedroom out behind the kitchen, Benjamin, aged twelve, was playing Blues in the Night on his saxophone. And poor Mrs. Barnway, her hair in disarray, her slip showing even more than usual, was wan-

dering about the living room with a letter in her hand, saying over and over again that it was dreadful—too dreadful for words.

"What's the matter now?" I asked. There was always a crisis in the Barnways' house, but this must be something worse than a rat in the cellar, a squirrel in the attic, a burst pipe, or a roomer who'd set his bed on fire with a cigar.

"Alexander is coming home on furlough," said Mrs. Barnway, waving the letter at me. "Tomorrow."

"He's just gone and married somebody," Belinda said at the window.

"He's bringing her with him," said Mr. Barnway.

"And she's a creature," said Mrs. Barnway. "Who else but a creature would dream of marrying Alexander? How do you have a marriage annulled, Frederick?" she asked me. "Newspaper reporters know everything."

"Aleck's of age, isn't he?" I said. "And if his bride is, too—"

"I believe that she's quite mature." Mrs.

Reform and the Barnways



Barnway referred to the letter. "Twenty-five, he says. Just as old as he is. . . . Wouldn't you think the Army would take better care of them? How can it let things like this happen?"

"He says he's very happy," Belinda observed mournfully.

"But he can't be. Not with a girl like that. Even Alexander is a Barnway," his mother said, and with grace and dignity began to pinion the flying wisps of hair.

Whatever else was wrong with the Barn-

ways, they had Family Background. It is necessary to capitalize, because that is how the Barnways felt about it. The further they drifted from their proud inheritance into a kind of dream world which would have horrified Mr. Barnway's great-grandfather, who had kept lifting himself by his bootstraps until he was one of Broadfield's first furniture barons, the more importance the background assumed in their eyes. Fate was against them, God had forgotten them, nature laid plots to make them miserable; but

when they remembered their origins, they could face the world undaunted.

It was one of the things which had made life in their house trying, in the long run. Combined with the almost perpetual lack of hot water, the way the furnace broke down whenever there was a cold spell, the meals which were never served on time and which consisted more often than not of lukewarm creamed tuna fish on shredded wheat; combined with Benjamin's saxophone practice from five to seven o'clock every morning, and Mr. Barnway's habit of absent-mindedly appropriating my handkerchiefs, my face towels, and even my best shirts to use as paint rags; combined with all this, their Family Background had sent me off to find a room elsewhere, after three months of chaos, insomnia and gradual starvation.

The Barnways felt no ill will. Indeed, now there were no financial transactions to embarrass us, we could open our hearts to one another—or at least they could open their hearts to me. This always took so much time that I rarely had a chance to reciprocate.

And so, on the night when they had been upset by Alexander's letter, there was no need, really, to offer comfort; they continued to play out their tragedy until midnight, when I left.

TWO days later, Alexander brought his bride up to the editorial room of the Chronicle to introduce her to me. Or rather his bride brought Alexander, and an introduction was not precisely what she had in mind.

Alexander was still a private, of course. Alexander would always be a private. He was a nice young man, with a pleasant, open face and mild gray eyes; he had been in Florida recently and therefore was sunburned, and he seemed to be cultivating a small mustache, which was coming in straw-color, like his hair. The thing about Alexander was that he wasn't quite bright. I don't mean that he was a moron. It was just that the general family failure to establish contact with reality was carried in Alexander to an extreme; his mind didn't work on the ordinary wave lengths. To everybody except Alexander it had been a great surprise when the Army accepted him; Alexander himself was never surprised by anything.

But I am neglecting Alexander's bride, who had pulled a chair up to my desk and with one hand was fishing photographs out of her pocketbook; with the other she tightly clutched Alexander's sleeve, as though fearing he might escape if she let him go for an instant. She was really quite attractive, in a slightly sensational way. Her eyes were very large and blue and round; her mouth was very red; her hair was excessively (but I think quite naturally) blond. She wore a dress which left little to the imagination; there was a length of silver-fox fur about her shoulders; and her perfume must have reached all the way to the city desk and perhaps into the managing editor's office. I hoped ribaldry would not break loose until after she had left.

She leaned forward confidentially and said, "Aleck, here, says you're a friend of the family, so you got to help me out, Sugar." I discovered later that she called almost everybody Sugar; it didn't mean anything at all. "I went and talked to the society editor, and what happened? She said she couldn't run a picture of me and Aleck—"

"It's the metal shortage," I said, beginning the old refrain. "We're strictly limited on cuts these days—"

"In addition to which," she continued, "she flatly refused to even run a story. How do you like that?"

"Well, there are space limitations, too, of course. The newsprint shortage is getting—"

"But she says maybe you'd be able to run a picture and a story in the Service News column," Alexander's bride concluded, transfixing me with her great blue eyes.

Thinking unkindly about the society editor, I took up the snapshots. Each of them

"The day came," Mr. Barnway was saying, "when I realized that fate never intended me to be a businessman. Art was the answer, and I've felt much better ever since"

showed the bridal pair, squinting a good deal in the Florida sunlight, against a background of hotels and palm trees. But before I had a chance to finish the old refrain, Alexander's bride proceeded to dictate the story to me.

"And be sure and put, 'The former Miss Donna Jeanne'—that's two n's and an e, Sugar—the former Miss Donna Jeanne Bushner, of New York, Hollywood and Miami Beach, Florida," she said, rising up beside Alexander. "Write us up good, Sugar. We'll show 'em. Be seeing you"—and she led Alexander away to the elevator.

For a few moments after they had gone it was almost like a prewar Fourth of July in the editorial room, and then we all got back to work. I found that I couldn't remember where Alexander had attended school, or what his last place of employment had been before induction, and called Mrs. Barnway on the telephone.

"We thought she'd be dreadful," Mrs. Barnway wailed, "but we did hope she wasn't going to be impossible."

I said I quite liked Donna Jeanne. "Yes, but Frederick, she just doesn't fit! What would Maximilian Barnway have thought!"

"He's been dead a good long time," I reminded her. "And I bet he'd have liked her, too."

"The dreadful part of it is," said Mrs. Barnway, "I believe they're going to send Alexander overseas, though heaven knows why. And she's planning to stay with us, she says. Indefinitely. What will people think?"

Not without guile, I said, "You might try to reform her."

There was a silence at the far end of the wire, and then Mrs. Barnway said, "Oh. Do you think we could?"

I said I didn't see why not. "I wonder how one starts," Mrs. Barnway sounded vague, but almost cheerful. "You must come around often, Frederick, and give us suggestions."

"Gladly," I said, and finished writing the item. It appeared the next day, at the top of the column, but the fuzzy cut didn't do justice to Donna Jeanne's figure and was a great disappointment to the entire editorial staff.

I DON'T know what kind of family Donna Jeanne thought she was marrying into when she married Alexander. The first time I called on the Barnways after her arrival she merely appeared to be stunned. She sat bolt upright on the horsehair sofa, from which stuffing had been bursting like cream from an éclair for several years, and gazed about the living room in blank disbelief.

It was a Sunday afternoon and the Sunday editions of two Chicago newspapers can make any room look confused if you spread them around enough. Then there were the leaning towers of books which had been taken from the shelves for the Victory Book Campaign and had never gotten any further; there was the dress form with a peculiarly aggressive bust which had been brought from the attic years ago to play a part in a charade and had just stayed on. There was Mrs. Barnway's loom, with the blanket she had started to weave a decade earlier, upon returning inspired from a trip to New Mexico, and had never quite finished. There were the shades at the long windows, none of which worked properly and most of which were stuck three quarters of the way down, so that a yellowish pall lay over the room.

All this was endearing when you knew the Barnways well; it was an outward manifestation of an inner lack of ability to cope with material existence. But Donna Jeanne was depressed by it.

Mr. Barnway, a short, stout man resembling a kindly gnome, was lying flat on the floor, turning over some sketches he had made for the settings of a Civic Theater production of "Twelfth Night," and explaining to Donna Jeanne about his nervous stomach.

"The day came," he was saying, "when I realized that fate never intended me to be a businessman. Art was the answer, and I've felt much better ever since. But every so often, when I have to go and talk to the bank, the trouble crops up again."

Belinda, dressed in one of the smocks she

(Continued on page 27)

BY DAN WICKENDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



The UNBELIEVABLE BROWNS

By Kyle Crichton

Nobody understood just why, but Luke Sewell's St. Louis baseball team was the biggest surprise of the American League; even Luke himself was puzzled

WHEN the Fourth of July passed, and the St. Louis Browns still led the American League, a new race of people appeared on the banks of the Mississippi. They were members of the "I've always been a Browns fan myself" clan, and a cross-sectional analysis of the evidence made it plain that they numbered upward of 500,000.

Among the individuals made ill by this phenomenon was Mr. Bill De Witt, general manager of the Browns. As a man who has conducted the financial affairs of the club for the past several years with nothing but a quill pen and a canister of red ink, Mr. De Witt was moved to inquire where these hearties had been spending their afternoons when the Browns were playing at home.

When the team opened the season by breaking all modern records with nine straight wins, the event was celebrated by a paying crowd of 894 patrons. The weather was cold, and there was an excuse for the lethargy of the contributing guests, but De Witt could recall previous sunny afternoons when a double-header with the New York Yankees produced crowds of less than 500.

Whether Luke Sewell and the Browns can win the pennant this year is still to be decided. They have a rickety-looking pitching staff and an outfield that has the appearance of something discarded by the Salvation Army, but these are war times and the rest of the league is no better. If they win, historians may find that the turning point came in a Sunday double-header at Cleveland on July 16th, when the Browns took two twelve-inning games at a time when they were staggering around like wine-struck *paisanos*. Instead of being in a practical tie with the Yankees for first place, they held a two-game lead and continued to hold it when the Yanks came into St. Louis and broke even in four games.

The Browns are the only team in either league that has never won a pennant. The closest they ever came was in 1922 when Lee Fohl's outfit, led by the great George Sisler, blew the duke in a last crucial series with New York. That seems to have so completely broken the spirit of the customers that they couldn't bear to come out again. They showed some sign of renaissance in the recent Yanks series when 47,471 helots laid it on the line (with three night games), but if the team ever drops into second place, intrepid nimrods will probably again be shooting muskrats in the left-field stands when the Browns are using the premises.

Whatever else the Browns do for people, they teach them to keep a tight rein on their optimism. When Luke Sewell took the hopeless aggregation and two years ago brought them into third place, it was felt that the lane had been turned. He was quickly disabused of that notion last year

when they coasted rapidly down to sixth and stayed there. At spring training this year, Luke he didn't say nothin', he didn't promise nothin', he just kept hopin' each day.

The pitching staff must have frightened him, but he gave no sign. His best pitcher was Bob Muncrief, and he had hopes of young Jack Kramer, who had been brought back from Toledo. For the rest, he had Al Hollingsworth, who had labored all over the National League for years and had been heaved out as worthless by the Washington Senators as far back as 1940. There was also George Caster, an American League cast-off but a good relief pitcher; and Tex Shirley, up from Springfield (Mass.) of the Eastern League, a mighty lofty jump. Dennis Galehouse was holding on to his war job and was available only for week-end pitching chores. Nelson Potter had been pounded lustily all over the American League while working for Philadelphia and Boston.

A Sensational Addition to the Team

What happened was that they started with a rush. Kramer pitched great ball, and Potter was right behind him, and then the club picked up a real find to fill the gap left by Al Milnar, who was taken by the Army. This was one Sigmund Jakucki, lately of Houston, Texas, and the U.S. Army. Jakucki had been the property of the Browns ten years before and had been dropped. He joined the peacetime Army, was sent to Hawaii and made something of a reputation with the Honolulu Braves as a shortstop and outfielder. When his Army term was up, he joined Oakland in the Coast League as an outfielder, but burned no base paths in that circuit.

Then began a tour of the lesser leagues as a pitcher. When his arm went bad, he dropped out of the game entirely and only came back to pitch semipro in Houston last year. However, when he took Sid Hudson and an Army camp team over the jumps in a game down in the sizzle belt, scouts for the New York Giants and the Browns immediately propositioned him, and the Browns landed him. His start in the American League was sensational. In one stretch of thirty-seven innings, he gave only one run. In that general period, he had three shut-outs and lost a tough 1-0 game in New York to the Yanks.

This made things very sweet for Luke Sewell, and he somehow managed even to survive the blow when Potter was heaved out of a game against the Yanks for alleged use of the illegal spitball and was set down in dry dock for ten days. What helped Sewell in this was the return to full-time duty of Galehouse, doing same with an uneasy look over his shoulder at his draft board.

The infield was good, with Vern Stephens at short, leading the league in runs batted in and fielding miles over his previous record; reliable George McQuinn still at first; Don Gutteridge, doing only so-so at second; and Mark Christman turning in a sensational job (Continued on page 40)

Bob Muncrief, bulwark of the pitching staff. When Browns start slipping, Bob rears back, lets 'em have it



Luke Sewell, manager, looking off into the distance as if seeing a miracle, which he possibly may be. Nobody could tell what held the Browns up



Vern Stephens, punch of the team, a leader in runs batted in and extra bases. Best shortstop in the league

Sig Jakucki came out of a semipro team. Proceeded to stand league on its head. Pitching staff lifesaver





The Orange Tree

BY DANA BURNET
ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

If any of the bitter tragedy of war has struck near you, some measure of comfort may be found in this moving story of a man, a woman and a miracle

SHE was the only one he had left on earth to love; she was there in the room with him, standing motionless at the window looking out into the chill California moonlight. Yet for all her nearness she might have been a strange woman instead of the wife Ben Pringle had known in his body and his spirit for twenty-five years.

Peering at her over the top of his newspaper he had a queer hurting notion that if he spoke her name she would not recognize it or answer him. That was pure foolishness. It was one of those troubling fancies born of the shadow that had fallen on this house: a shadow left over from the night they'd got the news about Jim.

"Clara."

"Yes, Ben?"

"Why don't you come and sit down?"

"I'm going back to the kitchen in a minute. I'm just waiting for my bread to rise."

Her chair stood opposite his at the other end of the yellow, glazed-brick hearth. He tried to ignore its emptiness by concentrating on The Valley Evening News.

A floor lamp with an imitation parchment shade illumined the two figures. The man in faded overalls was lean, long-limbed and graying. He had a strong patient face and the big hands of his farmer ancestors. The woman was fair, with the fairness showing in her cheeks and in the fine white curls that seemed almost blond in the lamplight. She was small-bodied, plump and pretty. But her prettiness was like a dress she had grown tired of and wore only to hasten the day when she could put it aside.

The gas logs in the fireplace made a soft hissing sound. Otherwise the living room was still with a stillness that had become unbearable to Ben Pringle.

Suddenly he lowered his newspaper. The abrupt movement caught Clara's eye, and for a moment Ben had her faintly startled attention.

Ben dreamed that Clara was there, watching him in silence, and the neighbors stood around them in a dark circle, whispering, because they were cutting down Jim's tree

He said: "They're holding communion services in the church tomorrow."

Clara stiffened slightly. She didn't say anything. The church had been the center of their social life for all the years they had lived in the valley, but they had stopped going after the telegram came.

"I thought—" Ben hesitated, then continued, "I thought maybe—"

"No," Clara said.

The one word was like a door closing softly, but closing, between them. Ben let the paper slide to the floor. He got up and took his leather jacket from the back of his chair.

"Don't know as I shut the gate to the chicken yard," he mumbled, in lame excuse for leaving her.

"Ben!"

"Huh?"

"Ben, you go to church tomorrow if you want to."

"Not without you, Clara."

HE WAS putting on the jacket and he was clumsy about it. Then his awkwardness was resolved in a quick, decisive movement toward her.

"Come out in the yard with me. The fresh air'll do you good. You don't hardly set foot out of doors any more."

"I've got bread in the oven."

A wave of anger swept over him. "Then why don't you stay in the kitchen? It does no good, standing here like this, looking out the window. I don't know why—"

"Yes," she said, "you do. You know why."

A compulsion stronger than his anger drew him to the window. He stood with his shoulder touching hers and looked out across the

front yard at the tree that he had planted when Jim was born.

The orange tree. To him it was just as it had been in all the times that he had seen the moon shining on it. He knew its form and outline as a man knows intimately the shapes of things dear to him. Its delicate dark bulk silhouetted against the winter sky; the glossy leaves shining in the strong white light, the boughs arching earthward with the weight of their half-formed fruit—all this made a familiar imprint of beauty on his mind.

But somehow it was not the same and he sensed the difference in Clara's attitude.

"I wish you'd never planted it," she said.

If she had struck him, the shock could not have been greater. It roused him to a cold, unreasoning fury. He turned and strode blindly across the living room, through the kitchen and out of the house across the moon-washed yard.

He walked directly to his tool shed at the rear of the lot and the moonlight went in with him when he jerked open the door. He was inside, hurrying to take down his ax, his hands trembling with eagerness to lift it from its rack on the wall. Then, all at once, the wild force of his intention passed from him; his will grew weak at the thought of the blows he would have to strike against the tree's smooth, hard trunk. He let the ax fall from his hands, and he was crying.

It was the only time that he had wept for his son, killed in action on an island whose name Ben never could get straight in his mind: an alien-sounding place called Tarawa. . . .

He sat down on a bench outside the door,
(Continued on page 32)



Some GOT AWAY

One by one, about 80 of us emerged from the mouth of the tunnel into a patch of woods outside Stalag Luft III. Then each man vanished into the dark

By Lieut. Per Fjell
AS TOLD TO LORIMER MOE

That is what is supposed to have happened to the R.A.F. officers who broke out of a German prison camp. But one of the handful that escaped to freedom has different ideas. Here is his story

THE best thing about a German prisoner-of-war camp is breaking out of it. Last March, about 80 of us tried to escape from Stalag Luft III, near Dresden. I am one of the lucky few who managed to get away.

All of us were Allied flying officers. For months, and in some cases years, we had been planning and working to escape. When we made our break we knew that few of us—perhaps none of us—would ever reach freedom. But we knew, too, that our break would cause the Germans no end of trouble and confusion. On that score alone, it was worth the try.

Not until I reached London, several weeks later, did I learn the fate of most of my com-

panions. Through the Swiss government, the Germans informed the British Foreign Office of our escape attempt. "The Germans have told us that 62 of those men have been recaptured," said the Swiss report, "and 50 of them have been shot."

Frankly, I don't believe the German version of this affair. From what I've observed from twenty months behind the barbed wire of German prison camps, I think I've got some good reasons.

To begin with, not long after the Nazi invasion of Norway, in which I served in the Norwegian army, we began to hear reports that our air force was being rebuilt in England and Canada. It didn't take long for me to decide that that was where I belonged.

About the middle of October, 1940, eight of us left Norway in a 35-foot fishing smack with an old two-cylinder engine, headed for England. Since we had used most of our gasoline in one false start, we planned to rely on a makeshift sail when the fuel ran out.

Luckily the weather was mild and the sea unusually calm for the time of year, with the result that we covered about two thirds of the distance to the Shetlands in the first twenty-four hours. Then our fuel gave out; for the next five days we used the sail.

We were interned in the Shetlands for about a fortnight before we were permitted to join the Norwegian army in Scotland. After a month in the army, I was transferred to the Royal Norwegian Air Force and sent immediately to the Little Norway training camp in Canada. Nine months later, I was



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM PACHNER

Collier's for September 2, 1944



it," or "Why don't you give up? You know we'll find it tomorrow."

This, however, was merely my introductory visit to Stalag Luft III. Six weeks after my arrival, I was shifted again, this time to Offlag 21B, near Bromberg, Poland. There I spent the worst six months of my life. It was miserably cold when we arrived in October and it stayed that way. The huts were filled with vermin. The entire camp was just plain filthy. Even our best efforts at cleaning couldn't make the place livable.

To the credit side of the prison camp in Poland, I must add a lot of wonderful tunneling experience. I was back in the business soon after my arrival there. Three tunnels were already under way, and our new group started three more. A sort of competition arose between workers on the various shafts. Since disposal of the dirt from our digging was the toughest problem we had to overcome, we really had to hand it to an ingenious group in one hut.

Digging Out to Freedom

Their building (if it could be called that) was situated on a slope with a short terrace. As their tunnel grew in length, so did their terrace. The terrace was actually extended about four feet before the Germans discovered it. Even then they didn't find the tunnel and they put the Russian prisoners to work digging a ten-foot-deep ditch straight across the compound in a direction which the Nazis were certain would intersect any tunnel under construction.

We had plenty of time to fill in our tunnel at the danger points before the ditch caved it in. Later on, we would sink the tunnel at this point and continue with the shaft. We had one really big break at this camp when forty men got out through a single tunnel.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the entire camp personnel was shifted back to Stalag Luft III.

In no time, I was back at my new trade of tunneling on the project which was to lead to my freedom. It was the most ambitious shaft yet undertaken in Stalag Luft III.

(Continued on page 46)

back in England with a fighter pilot and was assigned to the second all-British Spitfire squadron formed in Great Britain.

It was on August 19, 1942, the day of the bloody Dieppe raid, that I got my first taste of war. Our squadron was just turning for home when my German nemesis came along. I had a bit of ammunition left and I thought I'd give him a crack at him. We played hide-and-seek in the clouds for a while and finally came head-on at each other at about 9,000 feet. We both opened up at the same moment at a distance of about 400 yards. Just as he passed me, oil started splashing over my hood. Then my motor quit, and the ship started falling rapidly. I just turned over and bailed out.

I had never jumped before and I didn't like the idea especially, but it seemed like a good one at the time. As I floated down easily, I could barely distinguish the French coast. When I hit the water, I inflated my dinghy. At first I didn't worry at all. It was a beautiful sunny day.

When a boat started approaching me about four hours later, I was certain it was British. It was right upon me before I realized that it was an armed German trawler. This was definitely the greatest shock of my life—when I suddenly realized that I was going to be a prisoner for the rest of the war.

The trawler put into Boulogne where I was handed over to the Luftwaffe for transfer to Saint-Omer. I was kept for three days in a small cell at Saint-Omer, then was removed to Paris. Occasionally, during the next few days, an officer or two would come in to look at me, apparently out of curiosity. But there was no intensive questioning until I was again transferred, this time to the interrogation center at Frankfurt.

For about a fortnight, at three-day intervals, they pounded away at me. They were eager to learn what I had been flying, what unit I was attached to, etc. I gave them exactly what information they were entitled to under the Geneva Convention: my name and my number. They threatened, shouted, smiled, flattered and wheedled. One of them would open a window looking out upon an open-air compound where other prisoners were playing football, and suggest that I, too, might be out in the open if I would only talk. Finally, they gave me up as a hopeless case and let me join the others, anyway.

In Underground Service

In the compound, we were all Allied Air Force prisoners awaiting transfer to a regular prison camp. After a week, a large batch of us were loaded onto a train for the journey to Stalag Luft III. I had no more than arrived at the camp when one of the old-timers asked if I'd like to volunteer for some underground service.

This was my introduction to tunnel engineering. There were several tunnels under way at the time. One of the huts which served as a barracks was actually falling down because so many tunnels had been started under it. When I arrived, the camp had been open for only about six months, but there had already been more than a hundred escape attempts. No one had yet made a successful break.

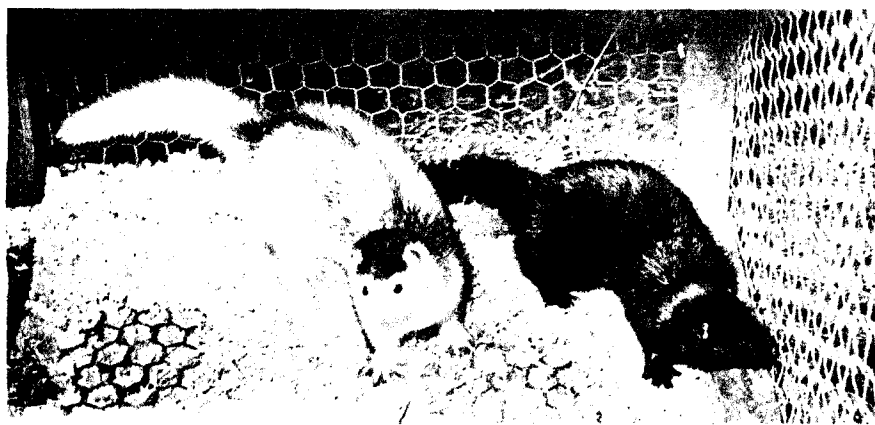
The German guards, mostly older men who were pretty well fed up with being away from their families, would kid us about our efforts. "Where are you digging now?" they would ask, smiling. "We know you're doing



"For about a fortnight at three-day intervals they pounded away at me. . . . They threatened, shouted, smiled, flattered and wheedled." (Right) "One suggested that I might be out playing football with the others in the compound if I would only talk"



His ancestors wouldn't recognize this mink. Science changed his color from brown to silver blue, to get today's rarest, costliest fur



Male black cross snow mink is mated with female in the usual dark brown color. Such experiments produce furs in strange new colors

To increase fertility of this snow mink, breeder Larry Moore, left, injects hormones. Mink grow beautiful on cod-liver oil, orange juice



Mink

TO MATCH YOUR HAIR

by Amy Porter

Dark mink used to be the only fashionable kind. Now breeders have developed the prize fur of them all—the silver blue mink. For around twenty grand you can have one, too

SABLE and ermine are very nice, but this winter they'll have to bow to the new queen of furs—silver blue mink. Silver blue mink is neither bleached nor dyed. It was born that way, a strange, shimmering, silky fur that looks and feels and is luxury—in coats at \$15,000 and up, according to length. It is the product of nature, aided by the scientific skill of American mink ranchers.

Already there are skins for about 40 silver blue coats on the market, and by December, after the pelting of the new crop, there'll be several times that many. So far only one silver blue coat has been sold, at a war charity auction, to a customer whose name is kept secret. But furriers are confident of finding customers for all the silver blues produced.

Women, they know from experience, go crazy over furs. In spite of war and taxes, the industry expects that this is going to be another big fur year, bringing in more than 1943's handsome \$500,000,000 take. And the not-impossible postwar goal of the trade is "a fur coat on every woman's back."

If furriers reach that goal, it will be because of the progress of America's fur ranchers.

The current trend to pale furs is largely the ranchers' doing. Ten years ago the smartest silver foxes were predominantly black, lightly flecked with silver; the blacker the better, for style. But ranchers, by crossbreeding, produced foxes with more silver and less black, and reversed the style trend. Now the most fashionable silver fox is bright with silver. Still other pale foxes are in the offing.

As with fox, so with mink. Until a year or two ago, stylists agreed that dark mink was the best mink, and light minkskins were "blended"—that is, dyed—to a fashionable darkness. Now, probably because of the mounting furor over silver blue and the promise of more pale minks, light brown mink is left to its natural color, and is proudly labeled "blond," or "honeydew."

Even rabbit, which for years has tried to disguise itself as beaver or sealskin, comes out in a natural black-and-white state, the result of still more crossbreeding.

In line with the pale fur trend, beige-colored summer ermine (natural brown weasel) is coming in for new attention. Raccoon and opossum and muskrat are left as pale as they were born, or paler, by bleaching; and white furs—inexpensive processed white lamb or sheepskin, and expensive white ermine and rare white nutria—are in great demand.

The pale trend does not, of course, rule out the dark staples, such as skunk, beaver, Persian lamb, Alaska sealskin and dark muskrat, which still make up 75 per cent of the nation's furs, any more than the fancy price on mink changes the fact that 80 per cent of our fur coats sell for from \$100 to \$300.

The fabulous silver blue mink you see photographed here owes its existence to chance and science. A postmaster in Arpin, Wisconsin, William Whittingham, and a janitor in Racine, Wisconsin, Charles Whitaker, both side-line mink ranchers, are credited with the first experiments on silver blue. When silver blue kittens chanced to turn up in their litters, they inbred them through several generations until the color reproduced. At this point big ranchers took over, continuing experiments according to Mendel's law of heredity, until they were convinced that the unusual color represented a mutation—that is, a new strain and not a freak—in the mink species.

One of the men who contributed greatly to the development of the new fur is Larry Moore, young

president of the Silverblu Mink Breeders Association. Moore has been breeding mink since his childhood, and sold mink pelts to help pay his way through Iowa State College, where he took animal husbandry. He studied rainfall and temperature charts to discover a good mink-raising area, and in 1934 took his co-ed bride to a two-room shack at Suamico, Wisconsin, where he set up in business with 100 mink and \$383.

Moore's silver blues brought the highest prices ever paid for mink at the New York Auction Company—\$265 a skin. He and other breeders have developed, besides, three other hopeful mink mutations—white mink, of which there are now enough skins for one coat; platinum sable—sable-brown underfur with silvery guard hairs; and black snow—white underfur with a black streak through the middle. There is no limit, apparently, to possible color variations in mink, and furriers quip "Have a mink to match your hair."

How to Get the Feel of the Fur

First quality mink must be soft to the touch, but Moore says ranchers' fingers are apt to be a bit horny and tough to register texture. "We wash the mink against the tender skin of our faces to judge them," he says, "but you must hold the mink very securely when doing this."

The mink is a vicious little animal, given to biting the hand that feeds him. He is susceptible to colds, pneumonia and distemper, and parasitic fruit flies like to lay their eggs in his fur. He prefers horse meat and fish as a diet, but breeders feed him also liver, dried milk, eggs, grapefruit, lemons, cod-liver oil and cereal—all to improve his fur. They inject hormones into him to increase his fertility, and lengthen his day with an hour of artificial light to speed reproduction.

In spite of the trouble the beast gives, more and more farmers, an estimated 6,000 of them, are raising mink as a side crop.

Farmers' increasing interest in all fur crops is fast making America independent of foreign fur sources. This year for the first time American chinchilla is on the market, after 15 years of breeding. It is every bit as handsome as the costly skins that used to come from Peru.

Sealskin is, of course, the most American of furs, born and bred in Alaska under auspices of the U.S. Department of the Interior.

Persian lamb probably will be the next important fur to go American. It is being raised in Texas, and the breeders expect that their product soon will rate on a par with skins imported from South-West Africa, which has a similar climate. Russian and Afghanistan skins still come to us on returning war-supply ships.

The fur industry in America is making great progress, which even the 20 per cent tax cannot squelch. But furriers still worry about the ten million women who do not as yet own fur coats. In an attempt to reach these women the industry expends more and more effort on cutting and dyeing and styling of less expensive furs. And, as increased fur crops make mass production possible, furriers reach into lower price brackets.

American women bought almost a million fur coats last year, and every survey of war-working women shows that they have spent or will spend their first extra money on furs. Perhaps a "fur coat on every back" is not far from realization. For furs, as every merchant knows, are much more to a woman than a way to keep warm. They are an emotion. ★★★

Silver Blue Mink is the ultimate in fur luxury, more costly than sable or chinchilla. New color resulted from breeders' experiments with mutations. Dana Jenney models coat from I. J. Fox with satin hat from John-Frederics





Like Mr. Dewey, he regards emotionalism as something which should in no circumstances be exhibited in public, as a weakness indulged in by persons who are either unable to think or who think they're thinking, which is even worse.

In this he is very much like one of his more famous partners in the New York law firm of Lord, Day & Lord—Mr. Randolph Paul, recently resigned chief of counsel for the United States Treasury Department. Like Mr. Paul, he fritters away no time at bridge, golf and other forms of unpredictable relaxations, and he confines his book reading, play-going and social exchanges to the strictly self-improvement sort. In this he has Mr. Dewey's calm approval as well as Mr. Paul's. We are informed that on those occasions when these three self-contained gentlemen have spent an evening together, not so much as one second was lightly tossed aside but was made to do its full intellectual duty. Furthermore, the atmosphere in which they sat was charged to the last atom with mutual respect, each of them regarding the others as absolutely first-rate minds—and with complete reason, too.

However, Mr. Paul is not further involved, having nothing whatever to do with the trial of Mr. Roosevelt or otherwise with Mr. Dewey's quest for the Presidency. To a great many Old Guard Republicans who still can't seem to drag their ideas of How to Run for President out of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover past, Mr. Dewey's choice of a campaign manager was a disquieting surprise. And some of them still say that no good will come of tapping the noninflammable and ascetic Mr. Brownell rather than the veterans, Mr. Edwin F. Jaekle of Buffalo or Mr. J. Russell Sprague of Long Island.

No Fancy Showmanship

Both of these angle-wise gentlemen buttoned themselves to Mr. Dewey when, despairing of ever finding a Republican who could put up more than a token resistance to the perpetual Mr. Roosevelt, they saw him ruin the mobster industry in Tammany Hall and just about sink Tammany, too. But Mr. Brownell is no showman. He has no faith whatsoever in political vaudeville and certainly no talent along such lines.

Mr. Dewey named Mr. Brownell without apology to anyone and after taking the advice of one in whom he has complete confidence—Governor Dewey. In former times, no national chairman would think of assuming office without throwing a "Let's go" party whereat everybody drank a few ingeniously inferior cocktails, smoked a free cigar and shook hypocritical hands all around. But this time the clear thinking began without ceremonies.

Mr. Brownell moved into a suite in New York's Roosevelt Hotel (Theodore, not Franklin) and went to work like a lawyer who had just been retained to conduct civil proceedings against an international commercial cartel. It was no job, in his opinion, for a breast-beating jury-melter with a bag of home-and-mother tricks, but one requiring wide research by a highly cultivated, air-conditioned intellect, who was convinced that maybe truth will not make men free, but it might make them change.

Like Mr. Dewey, Mr. Brownell has little truck with such intangibles as omens, portents and trends. He will admit that the fact that twenty-six of our states are now governed by Republicans and that about seventy per cent of Americans are living today under Republican Party rule is encouraging to the Dewey ambitions. He is not impressed by the fact that there are something like three million government employees functioning, in a manner of speaking, outside Washington, and that these three million workers represent six or seven million votes.

Not a pucker gathers on his tall, narrow brow when the more fearful wonder whether any human being can give Mr. Roosevelt a handicap of all those votes and beat him. Mr. Brownell's well-backed brow doesn't pucker. If Mr. Brownell has any doubt whatever of Mr. Dewey's success it is completely hidden, even from himself.

To those who have such doubts, he says, (Continued on page 68)

Presidential Planner

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Calm if not icy, Herbert Brownell runs Dewey's campaign without benefit of political hullabaloo or funny business, but with a lot of confidence and economy of action

AFTER you've hung around Republican National Committee headquarters a day or so, wondering what, if anything, is going on, it suddenly comes to you: Governor Dewey is not conducting a political campaign; he's prosecuting President Roosevelt.

The object, of course, is to remove Mr. Roosevelt from office. The charges are not particularly new, but this is the first time a real district attorney has tried them. Mr. Roosevelt is accused of stomach-turning inefficiency, sloppy squandering of so-called public funds and of trespass. The latter involves a combination of violation of squatters' rights and maintaining a public nuisance

—the New Deal. Then there is a small matter of the company Mr. Roosevelt keeps—company which to Mr. Dewey is wholly unnecessary to good government. With his round eyes dry-iced, Mr. Dewey regards with disfavor such intimates of Mr. Roosevelt as Frank Hague of Jersey City, Ed Kelly of Chicago, Boss Crump of Memphis, Ed Flynn of New York's Bronx, and similar Democratic satraps who, according to Mr. Dewey's prosecuting mind, are surrounded by some very evil characters indeed.

Whether Mr. Dewey, who as a prosecutor was a holy terror, can make the indictments stick is none of our immediate business. Whether the jury—the badly bemused American people—with its emotions already shredded by war, is going to give a ruddy gosh-hang is something else we won't know until November. But that is what is going on these days.

As far as the heavy thinking, the cunning planning, the counterplotting and the decision-making are concerned, Mr. Dewey is his own campaign manager—like Mr. Roosevelt. But governing New York, which he admits

is no part-time job, eats into the majority of his working hours. Therefore, to conduct the trial, to needle the jurors, to watch the defense for any funny business, to keep loose ends from fraying and so on, he has selected as Republican National Chairman a nearly noiseless bosom friend who in everything but physical appearance is Mr. Dewey all over again—Mr. Herbert Brownell, Jr.

It is of Mr. Brownell that we're now writing, although Mr. Dewey will be very much present throughout. Mr. Brownell may be making the motions, but Mr. Dewey is running the show.

Like Mr. Dewey whose political campaigns he has either managed or helped manage, Mr. Brownell is a lawyer with a relentless passion for facts. As a much younger lawyer (he is now forty, two years younger than his candidate), he took on a survey for Colgate University to find out why students cheat in examinations. He emerged with a scholarly triumph of considerable length which, when boiled down, demonstrated with cold clarity that the boys just didn't want to flunk. But our point is that Mr. Brownell found out.

Collier's for September 2, 1944

**A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON
THIS PAGE
BY ANN NAPIER**

Every Thursday

SHE stood back in the doorway of the news shop and tucked her purse more tightly under her arm. The crowd pushing against itself on the sidewalk, passed her, giving her little attention, where she waited and watched—a woman with brown hair streaked markedly with gray and clothes that made small bid to be remembered.

She looked at her watch: ten after four. She thought: He won't come now, and disappointment drew down on her.

For every Thursday at half past three Martha Downs met Samuel Jackson on this particular corner. All the rest of the time she was the general houseworker for two old ladies, uptown a long way, but every Thursday afternoon she would go with Samuel Jackson to a movie. She'd find him waiting for her there—a man a little thickset, now that he was no longer young, neither short nor tall, with a face that lighted suddenly with pleasure when he saw her.

"Well, Martha," he'd say, and she'd answer, "Well, Sam."

They'd walk together a block or two, one way or the other, and outside a movie theater, he'd say, "How about going in here, Martha?" And she'd nod.

After the movie they'd have some food, going to a restaurant, walking slowly where the lights were colored on Broadway. Sometimes they'd talk about what they'd seen, but mostly they just ate in companionable silence. Then they would walk to the corner where Martha's bus stopped; Sam would see her safely on and turn away and slowly go home.

For Samuel Jackson lived with his wife, Ellen, in the lower part of an old brownstone house over toward the East River, and Ellen knew nothing at all about Martha Downs. They had left it like that. In the beginning, Sam had told her nothing, and afterward, there seemed nothing to tell.

He had met Martha for the first time soon after he was married, perhaps twenty-five years ago. He'd been brought to a party by someone he scarcely knew. He'd stood in the doorway and looked round the room and he'd seen her, quickly and suddenly, her face turned toward him with gentle anticipation and, on her head, a big straw hat trimmed with full-blown pink roses. He'd smiled. She'd smiled, too—openly, friendly, as though they had always known each other. It was as natural as that. He'd met her again in the park. Once he'd kissed her; when the lilac bushes were heavy with purple cones of flower and the light was turning silver toward evening, he'd turned to her and kissed her. But not again. And after a while, as they grew older, the park hadn't seemed so good a place to meet as it had once seemed. So they

went farther downtown, to this corner of Broadway and Seventh Avenue . . . every Thursday.

Now, as disappointment closed around her, Martha thought: Next week—nothing until next week. Strange, that through all these years, such a thing had never happened before.

Uncertainly she walked uptown and, with the traffic lights on Fiftieth Street against her, waited on the sidewalk while the red cross-town bus drew level. She whispered, "Perhaps, there's something I could find out," and, with the thought still undefined, stepped up into the bus.

At Second Avenue, she alighted, walked slowly north and, turning down Sam's street, stood on the sidewalk, staring across at the door and the low windows of his house. But they told her nothing. A dark door and two trim windows, with looped-up curtains and a potted plant on the sill.

IT WAS then that the idea came to her, sudden and complete and—of all things the most important—possible.

She turned and went quickly back, crossed Second Avenue and, over by Third, found a liquor store. She went inside and bought a bottle of whisky. Tim Shane, she thought, Tim Shane would be a good-sounding name. He might well live in Brooklyn.

She picked up her package and went back swiftly, hurriedly, to the brownstone house—quickly, lest she should weaken in her plan now that the moment was close, she pressed with firmness on the doorbell.

The answering buzz came loudly. Inside the house the hall narrowed to a passage, and from a doorway, against a brighter shape of light, a woman watched her. The woman said, "Yes?" and waited.

It was a kind wait. Nothing harsh. A wait that Martha herself might have made.

And Martha said, "I come from Tim Shane—he is a friend of Mr. Jackson—Tim Shane of Brooklyn. I have brought a present from him to Mr. Jackson." She let her tongue move across her lips to moisten them.

The woman said, "I'm Mrs. Jackson. Won't you come in?" and she looked at Martha.

Martha said, "My name is Downs. Martha Downs. Thank you, perhaps I will, just for a minute."

Mrs. Jackson said, "It was kind of you to come. Tell Mr. Shane, won't you? My husband's sick. Doctor says I mustn't worry. But I do. He never gets sick. Not Sam." And her voice was afraid and her fingers twisted around one another. Then, hesitating: "Would you like to see Sam? It might

cheer him up." And she went to a door down the passage.

Behind her, Martha put a finger to her lips and over Ellen Jackson's shoulder looked at Sam where he lay on the narrow bed. In the circle of light from the shaded lamp, she saw his eyes, big in a white face, flicker with amazement. She kept her finger to her lips for secrecy, and she thought he understood.

Ellen said, "This is Martha Downs, Sam." And Martha said, "Pleased to meet you," and smiled down at him.

But he was sick. She knew it. And all the days of the coming week she knew it, and on Thursday she went directly across to the apartment. Today the shades were drawn close, and when she rang the bell, she had to wait before the buzzer answered her.

Ellen Jackson was at the door. Her eyes were wide and blank. "He went to the hospital," she said. "He won't be coming back . . . Sam died."

She leaned her head against the door-frame, her chin tilted up, the line of the jaw sharp and acute, and looked at Martha, and Martha looked back at her. The long glance between them was empty as the years, and the loneliness in both their eyes was the same.

Martha turned to go, but as her hand was on the outside door, Ellen Jackson said, "Miss Downs, why don't you come in some time—for a cup of tea?"

Martha said, "I'd like to." And then: "Perhaps, next Thursday. Half-past three?"

And Ellen Jackson said, "I'll expect you." So next Thursday, Martha had tea with Ellen. The shades were drawn up again from the windows, and the room was trim, and at the end of the afternoon, Martha said, "Perhaps you'd take tea with me, next week?"

And Ellen said, "I'd like to." Martha said, "We could meet over where Broadway cuts Seventh Avenue. There's a little paper shop—" and she described the place.

So they met there. And after they had walked together a block or two, they came to a movie theater, and Martha said, "How about going in here?"

And Ellen nodded. When the picture ended, she said, "Perhaps we could meet again next week?"

And Martha said, "I'd like to."

For a moment, as they came outside, they stood still. Overhead, the sky was dull with evening; but the lights were colored now on Broadway, just as Martha had always remembered them.

She said, "We could meet at half-past three." And then she added, quite low, "Every Thursday."

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORA M. SMITH

Earth and HIGH HEAVEN

by Gwethalyn Graham

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

The Story:

ERICA DRAKE, daughter of an old Montreal family, falls in love with MARC REISER, a young lawyer of Austrian-Jewish parentage. ERICA's parents oppose him in every possible way, her father, CHARLES, going so far as to forbid MARC's entering their home. To their opposition is added that of RENE DE SEVIGNY, also in love with ERICA, and through whom ERICA met MARC. ERICA is determined, and ignores all warnings, although even MARC is reluctant to involve her in a

relationship which he feels is bound to bring her unhappiness. ERICA's one ally in her emotional conflict is her sister MIMI, just returned from England where she has divorced her husband and subsequently fallen hopelessly in love with MAX ELIOT, an American now separated from his wife. Confronted with her mother's plea to give MARC up for the sake of all her family, ERICA repeats to her MIMI's warning: MIMI had said, "No matter whom you pick, CHARLES will try to stop you from marrying him!"

II

TO ERICA'S surprise, her mother answered calmly, "I doubt if Charles will ever think anyone is really good enough for you, if that's what you mean, but Marc Reiser is hardly a fair example. No one in his senses could possibly imagine that you and he have even a reasonable chance of being happy. There's too much against you." She glanced at Erica and then went on in a different tone, "There'll be someone else, Eric—someone who'll really belong and who'll mean far more to you than Marc Reiser ever could and who wouldn't put you in an impossible position simply by marrying you."

"Marc has never said anything about marrying me. He's never even said anything about being in love with me," Erica said. "You keep forgetting that the person who's going to take the most convincing is Marc, not me—or you and Charles."

"Then just what does Mr. Reiser think he's doing at the moment?" inquired her mother.

"Maybe, like Mimi, he doesn't think, he just hopes."

"Really, Erica," said her mother, exasperated.

Erica picked up her lipstick and said, "as she unscrewed the cap, 'As for there being 'someone else,' the only answer to that is that I'm in love with Marc.'"

Her mother said nothing but went on silently turning a pencil through her fingers.

"I can understand why you and Charles feel the way you do," Erica continued, "and why it would be hell for either of you to be married to a Jew, in the world in which you've lived, but I'm not you, and your world isn't the same as mine. One of the things which seems to appall Charles most is the fact that if I married Marc, my husband could not be admitted to his club. I don't care about clubs!"

Erica got up, took the green and white print dress which was lying on her bed and, as she pulled it over her head, asked suddenly, "What did you mean when you said that you couldn't do anything with Charles? You agree with him, don't you?"

"Yes, so far as your marrying Marc Reiser is concerned. Yes, I know," her mother said impatiently, as Erica's head appeared and she saw that her daughter was about to protest again, "but neither of us has ever seen you so worked up about anyone else. There's no telling what may happen or what you're likely to do in this state," she added, her face drawn with anxiety. "You're in love with him—or you think you are—and you've said absolutely nothing to give us any grounds for thinking that you wouldn't marry him, or that you even realize what you'd be letting yourself in for."

"Listen, Mother," said Erica, staring at her, "the first night I ever went out with Marc, he asked me where I wanted to go and I suggested a restaurant over on the Back River. It's quite a long drive to the Back River, and when we finally got there, there was a sign on the gate saying 'Select Clientele.'"

In a voice of sheer despair, her mother said, "And you expect us to help you and treat Marc Reiser as though he were anybody else, when all he has to offer you is that sort of thing for the rest of your life!"

"I only told you that, to make you see that I do know what I'd be letting myself in for, and so does Marc. The second time I saw him, he said it was better to be on one side or the other than out in the middle where you get it both ways."

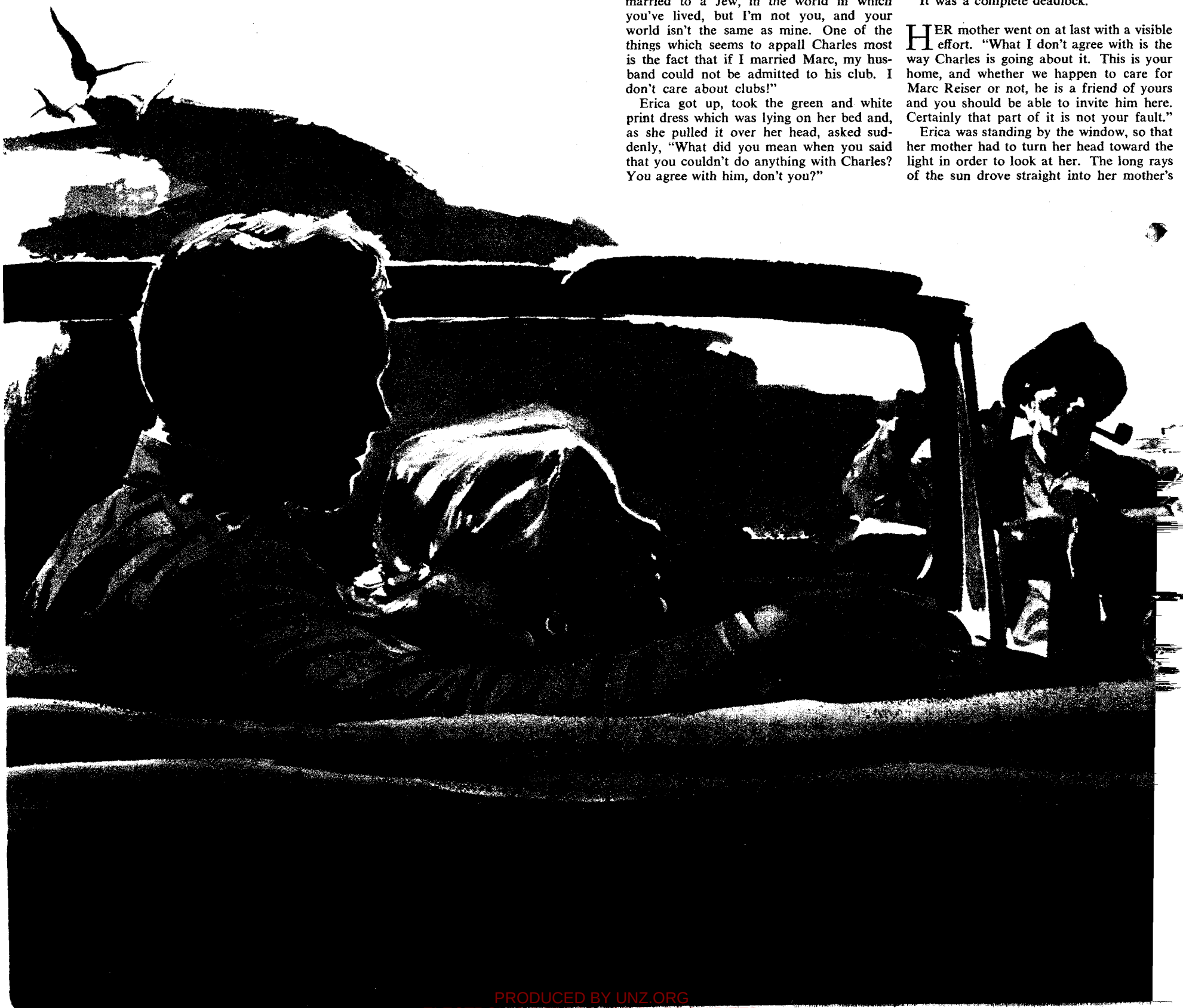
"Then why doesn't he leave you alone?"

"I don't want to be left alone," said Erica, after a moment's silence.

It was a complete deadlock.

HER mother went on at last with a visible effort. "What I don't agree with is the way Charles is going about it. This is your home, and whether we happen to care for Marc Reiser or not, he is a friend of yours and you should be able to invite him here. Certainly that part of it is not your fault."

Erica was standing by the window, so that her mother had to turn her head toward the light in order to look at her. The long rays of the sun drove straight into her mother's



face and, for the first time, Erica could see how tired she was. She was tired out.

Erica said suddenly, "It's Charles who's behind all this! It's our fault, not yours. Why should you have to be dragged into it?" she asked desperately. "You can't do anything; you're just caught."

"I can't stop unless you do, darling," said her mother, smiling faintly. "I can't help being dragged into something that concerns both my husband and my daughter. You're such a baby in some ways, Eric."

A moment later she remarked, "I always wondered what would happen if you and Charles came up against each other. I don't understand you as well as he does, and I don't understand him the way you do, but I couldn't just sit by and watch you killing the best in each of you, even if I weren't involved in it myself. Your relationship with your father was a very fine thing, Eric," she said. "There's one side of him which you've been able to bring out, but which I've scarcely been able to touch since we were first married."

Her eyes came back to the room, to the poster of Carcassonne which Erica had brought back from her last trip to France, just before the war, and she said, "I don't know what he'd do without you. If he should lose you, he'll lose an outlet that he needs and that he's never been able to find in anyone else."

She said quietly, "I want him to keep his outlet," and got up, adding, on her way to the door, "As for you, I just want what every mother wants. I want you to be happy, and to marry the right person to make you so."

"Mother," said Erica, "won't you meet Marc? Couldn't we have lunch together some day, just the three of us?"

"Why?" Margaret Drake asked, pausing with her hand on the doorknob. "What difference would it make?"

"I don't know," said Erica, dropping her eyes. "I just thought that you wouldn't be so worried if you really knew him. I'm sure you'd like him."

"Liking him would just make everything that much more complicated, wouldn't it? The situation is awkward enough as it is. I don't think I particularly care about meeting him now, in any case. After all, by this time, he must have some idea of the damage he's doing."

"You don't know how hard I work to keep him from finding out!" said Erica.

"What do you mean?" asked her mother, staring at her. As Erica did not answer she said, "How hard you work to keep him from finding out the truth, is that it?"

"I told you Marc was the one who really needed to be convinced," said Erica after a pause.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Her mother opened the door, and Erica said, "You will meet him sometime, won't you?"

"I don't see how I can manage lunch very well. You know I always stay at the Red Cross; it takes too much time if I go out."

"All right," said Erica. "No harm in asking."

She realized that it was still Charles, and not her mother, but she was crying when Mimi wandered in through the communicating door between her bedroom and Erica's.

MIMI was in slacks and a white shirt, carrying a rye highball in one hand and a hairbrush and another rye highball in the other. She put the first glass down in front of Erica on the dressing table and retired to the window seat, remarking, "Private stock. If this goes on, we're all bound to take to drink sooner or later anyhow, and I thought it might just as well be sooner. How are things?" she inquired conversationally.

"Lousy, thank you," said Erica, drying her eyes.

"So I gathered."

She scrutinized Erica in silence for a while, absently brushing her dark hair, and then asked suddenly, "Would it make any difference if I came along some night?"

"Thanks, Mimi!"

"You don't have to start crying all over again. Have a drink instead. And how about a cigarette?" Mimi tossed one to Erica, lighted one for herself and observed, "I suppose you've heard the latest."

"No, what?"

"The latest is that Mother and Charles are not going to take any holidays this summer because they're so worried about you that they wouldn't get any real rest anyhow, and they might just as well stay in town and go on working."

Mimi inhaled deeply, blew out a long, thin stream of smoke and added, shrugging, "Well, it's probably true, but it's still blackmail. This whole business is so utterly silly. All they do is stay at home brooding about a man they don't even know."

"It isn't just that," said Erica. "Even if they knew him and liked him, he'd still be impossible."

"Yes, but not as impossible as he is now," said Mimi, gazing thoughtfully into space. A moment later she asked idly, "Do you know what I'd do if I were you?"

Erica was sitting on the edge of her bed,

completely discouraged, with her head and her shoulders down, and as she raised her eyes inquiringly, but without much interest, Mimi said, "If I were you, I'd get out."

"Why?" asked Erica, startled.

"Not for your own sake, but for Marc's. I don't know much about him, and maybe he's so tough he can go on taking it, but there are other ways of knocking a man down than just hauling off and socking him!"

"What are you getting at?" Erica asked.

"Every time he meets you somewhere and every time he brings you home and leaves you on the doorstep, it must get him down that much further, whether he realizes it or not. I think that is what Charles is counting on," Mimi went on reflectively. "He's banking on the probability that some day Marc will get so far down that he'll just quit."

"How did you know that?" demanded Erica.

"Oh," said Mimi, raising her eyebrows. "So I'm not the only one."

"I don't mean about Charles. He can't be doing it deliberately."

"Why can't he?"

"He thinks Marc is the aggressive type with a skin six inches thick."

"Oh, nuts!" said Mimi. "A lot of that is eyewash put on for your benefit. Charles doesn't really believe it; he did in the beginning but he doesn't now."

"Why not?"

"He's been making a few judicial inquiries about Marc downtown and over at Divisional Headquarters."

"But, Mimi, that makes all the difference," said Erica eagerly.

"Does it?"

"Of course, it does. Good heavens, it means that—"

Mimi interrupted. She said flatly, "It means nothing. What good does it do Charles to hear Marc described as quite exceptional—for a Jewish lawyer? Or first-rate—for a Jewish officer? You don't imagine any of them left out the word 'Jew,' do you? Nobody ever does."

Erica sank back again. She said listlessly, "I suppose that was what Mother meant."

"Mother doesn't know even that much. He hasn't told her."

"Why?"

Mimi regarded Erica quizzically for a moment and said finally, "What's the use of getting Mother all confused?" She smoked for a while in silence and then remarked,

"However, that's not the point. If you think this atmosphere of concentrated disapproval is all you're going to have to contend with, you're crazy. Charles hasn't finished with

you yet, he hasn't even started, and he'll put up the fight of his life before he'll hand you over to a Jewish lawyer—even if he is exceptional. And though you may be able to stand it, some of it is bound to get through to Marc sooner or later. Since he must have been getting it in one form or another all his life, my advice to you is to make up your mind whether you want Marc or Charles, because Charles isn't going to allow you to have both of them, and if it's Marc, then clear out where Charles can't get at him and where you don't have to leave him standing on the doorstep."

Mimi lighted a cigarette and as Erica glanced at her clock and got up, Mimi said, "I guess I sound pretty hard-boiled, but compared to Charles I'm not even coddled."

"He's only trying to do what he thinks is best for me," said Erica, running a comb through her hair and then taking her bag and gloves from the dressing table.

"Nobody can really tell what's 'best' for anyone else." Looking up at Erica who had paused in the center of the room on her way to the door, Mimi said, "If you don't clear out, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing. I'm just going to hang on. Charles can't break this thing up, if I don't let him; and provided I just hang on long enough, he'll come round sooner or later."

"I hope you're right," said Mimi.

MARC was waiting for Erica in the main dining room at Charcot's, sitting at a table in the back of the room underneath a great golden cock painted on the smooth light wall over his head. He did not notice her until she was within a few feet of him; he was looking fixedly at the big menu in front of him. The menu was actually just a trick, a form of protection against his own nerves and the glances of the people around him, for he hated waiting alone in a crowd.

"Hello, Marc!"

"Eric!" He got up so quickly that he almost upset the table. When he first caught sight of her, his face always lighted up as though he had not seen her for weeks.

"Have you been waiting long?"

"No, only about five minutes."

"I'm sorry," said Erica, smiling at him.

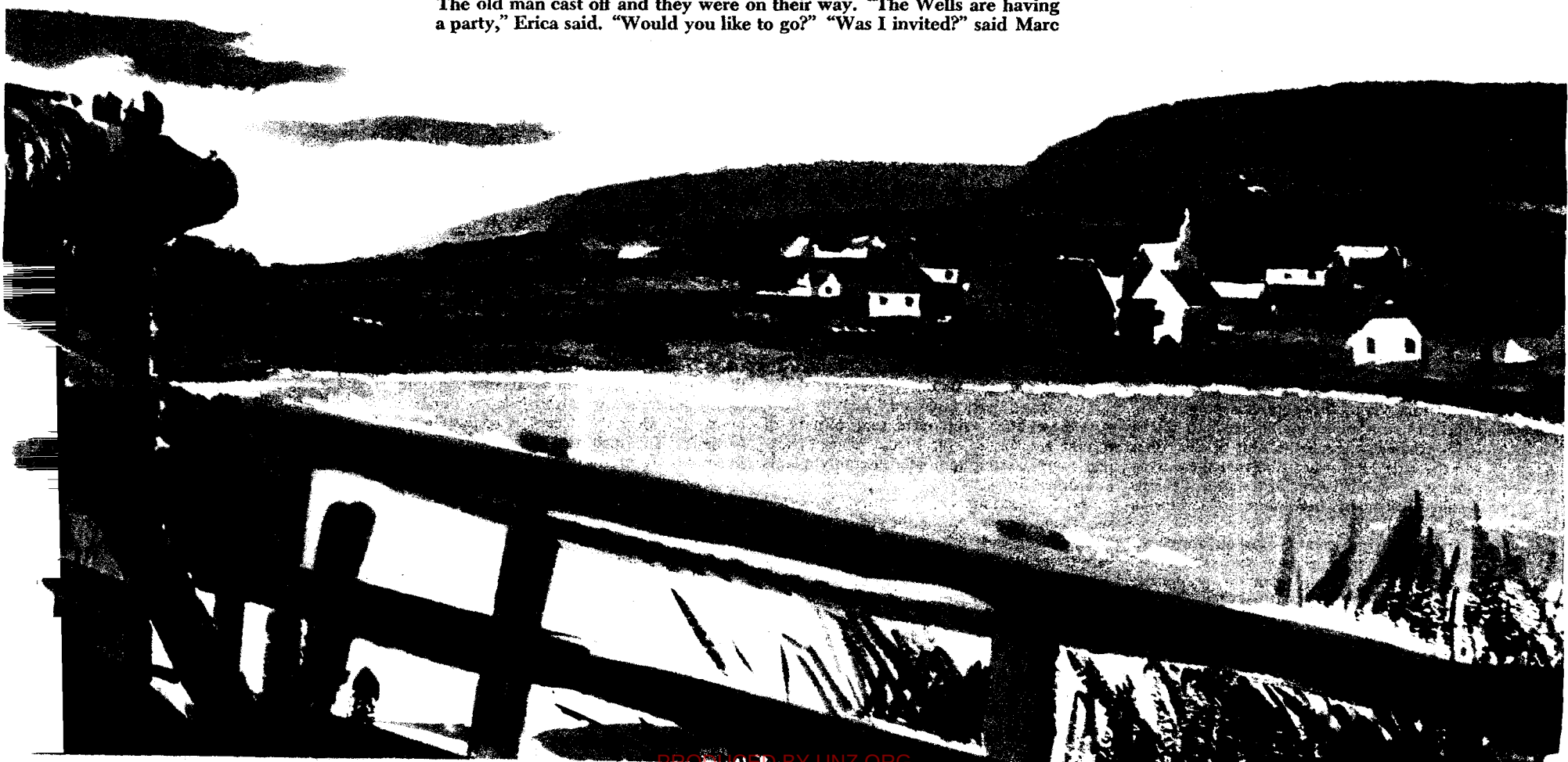
They sat side by side on the white leather banquette facing down the room, Erica in a green and white print dress, and Marc in uniform.

"What's *ris de veau à la bonne femme*?" Marc wanted to know.

"Haven't you read Young Man of Caracas?"

(Continued on page 71)

The old man cast off and they were on their way. "The Wells are having a party," Erica said. "Would you like to go?" "Was I invited?" said Marc





Chief pride of Argentina's strong-arm governors is their Nazilike army, here shown on parade. Note similarity of helmets and uniforms to German equipment



Gen. Edelmiro Farrell is president of Argentina, but takes orders from Peron
PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC



Fritz Mandel, Austrian munitions magnate, now does big business in Argentina
INTERNATIONAL



Juan Peron is the real boss who molds the state to a Nazi design

NAZISM'S *Last Stand*

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

Just back from South America, Collier's correspondent reports on totalitarian government in Argentina, its link to Hitlerism, and what to do to guard our future security

HITLERISM has already prepared the bulwarks behind which it hopes to make a last stand in defense of its ideas in the Americas. The totalitarian doctrine, spawned and spread by the Axis powers, has not only taken root, but is flourishing in Argentina. Worse still, the breezes of nationalism are blowing its seeds to other parts of the continent.

We have the word of the military rulers in Argentina to confirm this. Colonel Juan Domingo Peron, who, in the manner of Mussolini in his heyday, occupies several of the ministries of his own government, as well as the office of vice-president, and may, before this is published, become president, openly declares it. In a recent address at the University of La Plata, the pompous colonel announced that it makes no difference to him or to his country whether the Axis or the Allies win the war. He further said that there is no other way in which Argentina can achieve its destiny except by becoming a totalitarian state.

The military extremists now in power, of whom Peron is the present spokesman and strong man, not only plan to perpetuate themselves and their doctrines, but they already dominate the entire life—material, spiritual and political—of the far-southern nation. The military dominates the schools of the nation from kindergarten to gradua-

tion. With what frail humor is still left among the regular teachers and professors, the common remark at the close of a school day is, "Class dismissed until tomorrow," and then, under the breath, "or until a colonel takes over my chair."

The fanatically nationalist Minister of Justice and Education, Alberto Baldrich, is organizing the primary and secondary schools of the country after the old-time Hitler and Mussolini ideas. In speeches and propaganda, in the press and over the radio, Señor Baldrich commands the youngsters of the country to cultivate the ideal of living dangerously. He tells them they must keep always before them the fact that the greatest glory of a citizen is to be willing to die for his state.

In the field of organized labor, where, as in Germany and Italy, the roots of democracy and liberty had reposed in the past, the military is also dominant and complete. When Colonel Peron occupies his chair as Minister of Labor, he exhorts the workers to protect the national sovereignty, to keep watch on foreign enterprise, as well as on designing foreigners, and to co-operate exclusively with the state.

"You have been exploited," he tells them, "by these alien employers and owners of foreign enterprises—the Yankee-owned packing companies, automobile-assembly plants and other firms.

"All the best minds of the nation," he counsels them, "each one in the field connected with his own activities, should strive to know war, to study and to understand it, as the only way of reaching a complete solution of the problem that may be presented to us at any time, and which we shall have to resolve, if some day God should decide that the clarion call of war must resound on the banks of the Rio de la Plata."

Meantime, he has seen to it that competition or opposition is at least kept at a minimum, by insisting upon a single union to each trade or craft—the single union organized by himself. To soothe any sense of lost political or public influence upon the part of the workers, wages have been hiked, rents lowered, and prices of the necessities of life slashed.

"Some say," the colonel observes, "that this is following the policy of Nazism. All I can say is: If the Nazis did this, they had the right idea."

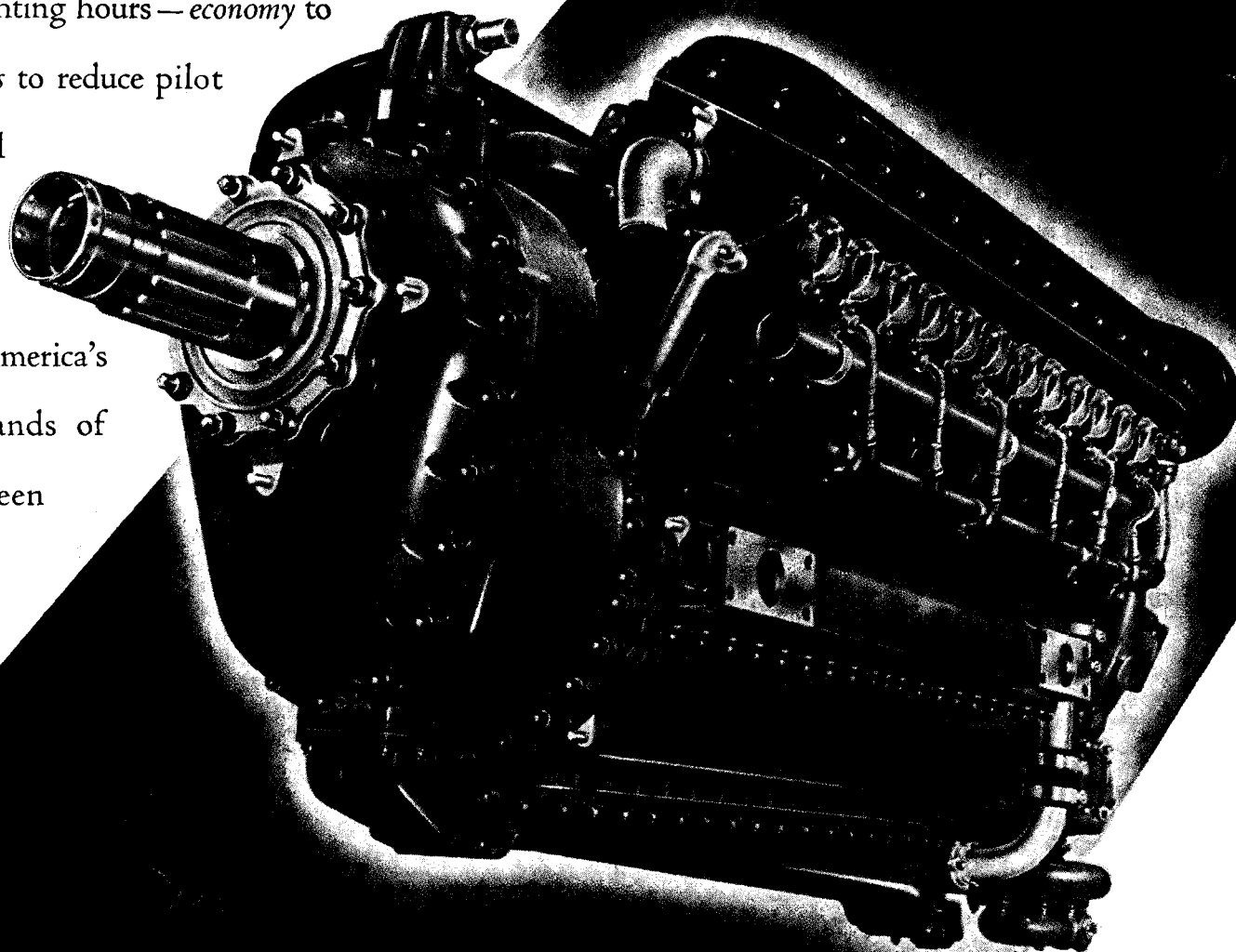
The national congress, provincial legislatures and city councils have been abolished. Governors and mayors are appointed by the national cabinet. All political parties or groups, all civic welfare organizations, male or female, have been taken over or disbanded by order of the state. The press, the radio, all agencies of information and opinion have been completely throttled. Nothing may or can be published that does not accord with the expressed wish and will of the government. The great La Prensa, La Nación and other metropolitan dailies, for fifty years the freest and most independent newspapers in the world, may not print a sentence that criticizes the persons or parties in power, or that praises the ideas and successes of the United Nations. Yet such pro-Axis sheets as the Federalist (formerly the notorious Pampero), the Cabildo and numerous others may denounce the United States and England and praise the Germans and the Japs, not only without fear of opposition, but with the tacit blessing of the Casa Rosada.

(Continued on page 54)

Collier's for September 2, 1944

FIGHTING EDGE

U. S. Army pilots have flown more Allison-powered fighter planes into battle than planes powered by any other engine. ★ Pilots like Allison *reliability* to get there and back — *durability* to stand up under more fighting hours — *economy* to extend range — *smoothness* to reduce pilot fatigue. ★ This numerical superiority and these Allison qualities have added much to America's fighting edge. Thousands of enemy planes have been downed by pilots flying Allison-powered fighters.



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A-36 and P-51—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

Allison has already furnished more than 50,000 engines for use in these planes.

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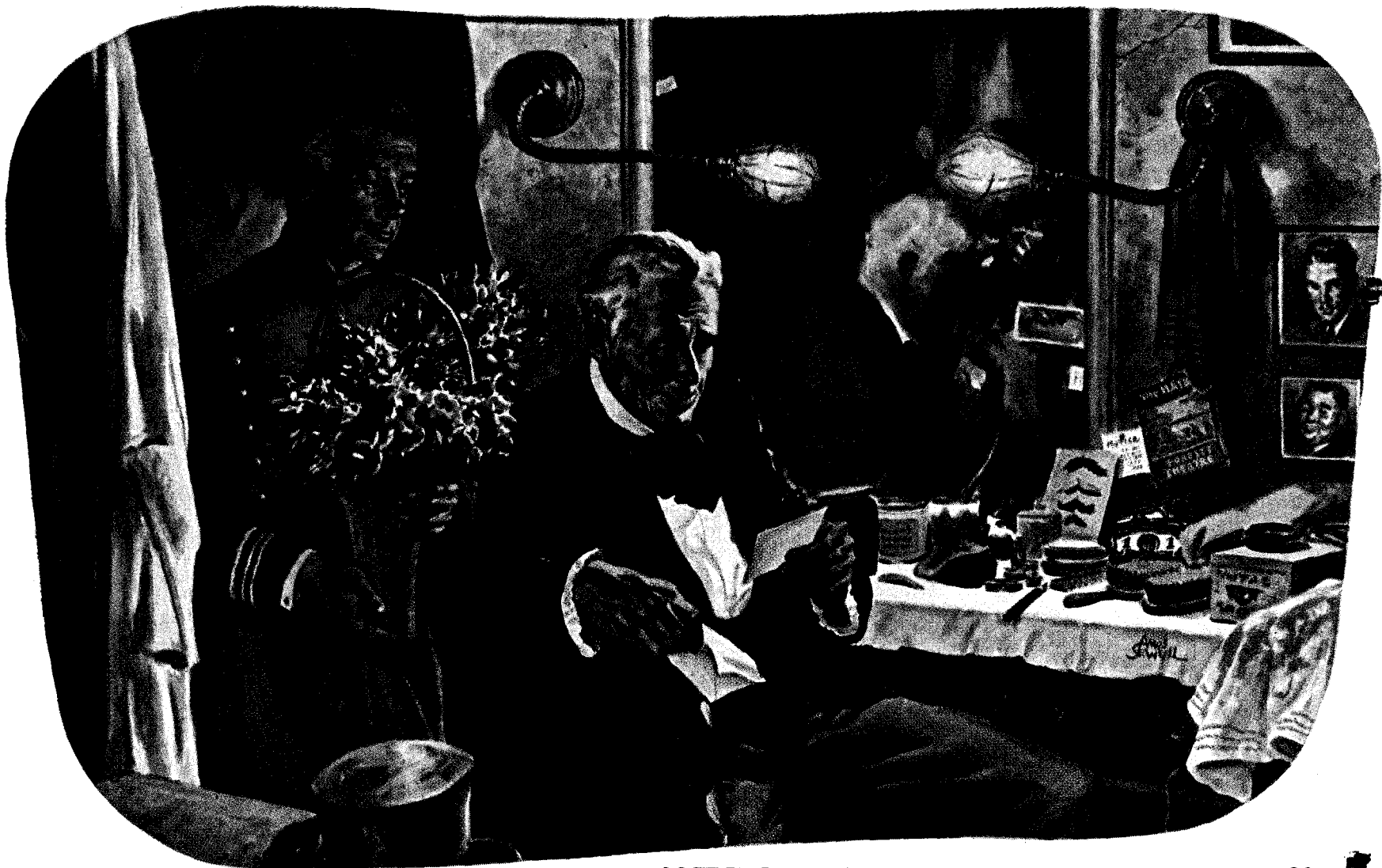
DIVISION OF

Indianapolis, Indiana

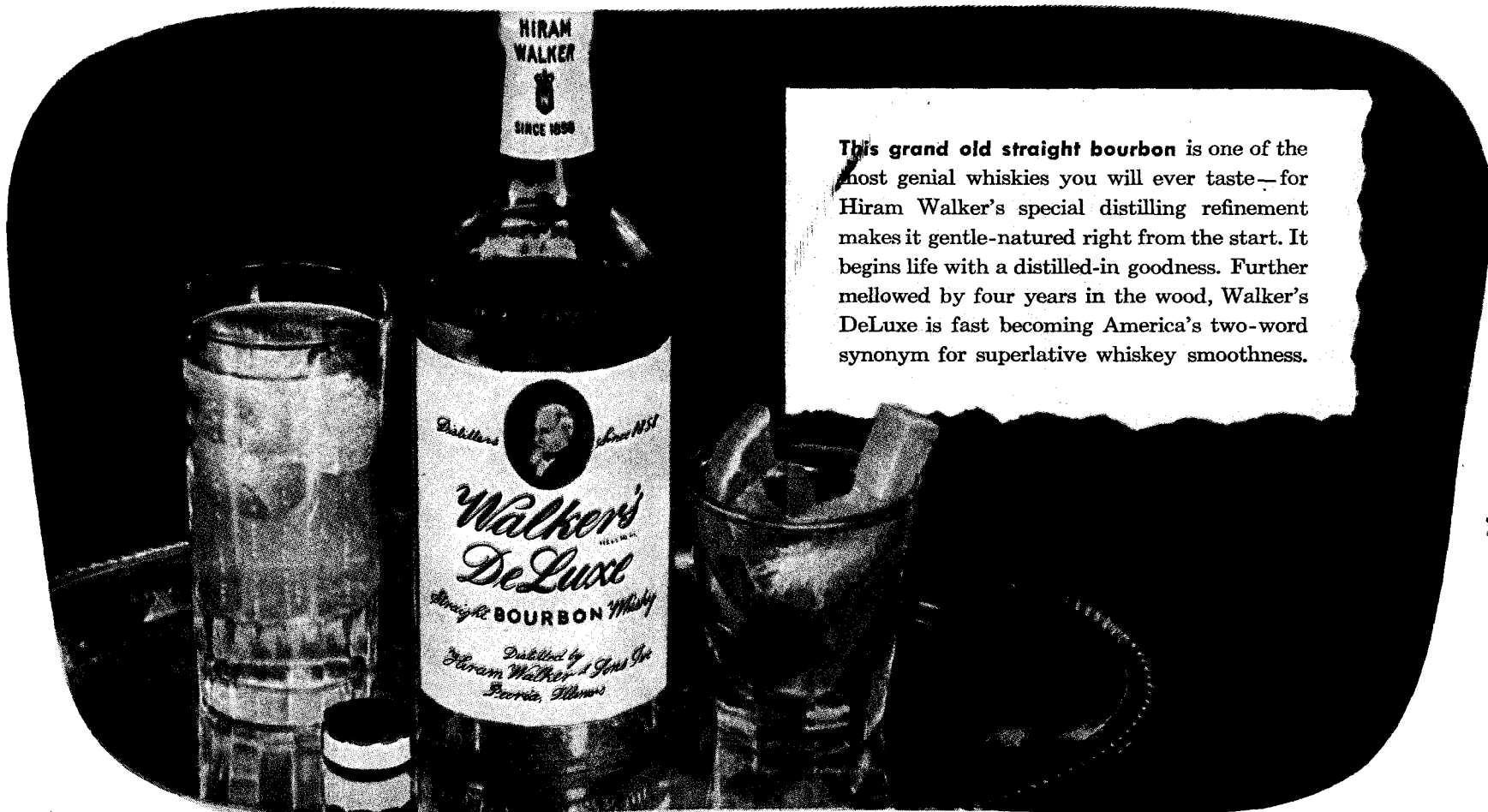


Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

"Old Trouper"—2 words that mean greatness



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"



This grand old straight bourbon is one of the most genial whiskies you will ever taste—for Hiram Walker's special distilling refinement makes it gentle-natured right from the start. It begins life with a distilled-in goodness. Further mellowed by four years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe is fast becoming America's two-word synonym for superlative whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

wore when waiting on table in the Old Oaken Bucket Tea Room, was playing chess with Everett Wilton. She was a tall, thin girl of twenty, with dark hair done in a curious, sinister style which recalled pictures of George Eliot. Everett, with whom she had been playing chess off and on, ever since they had met each other as high-school freshmen, was equally tall, and even thinner; because of his eyes he had been classified 4-F and wore glasses with the thickest lenses I have ever seen. Chess seemed to be his only interest in life, but I suppose he was somewhat interested in Belinda, too.

Mrs. Barnway was shelling peas, and they kept missing the colander and rolling away under chairs: Alexander, in his remote, slow way, was down on his hands and knees, retrieving them.

Benjamin, who had always tended to rebel his family's esthetic preoccupations, was standing close to the phonograph, playing his saxophone to the accompaniment of a hot jazz record, and the look on his face was somehow disquieting. The architectural scheme on which Benjamin was constructed was globular—a smaller globe for a head, a larger globe for a body, and strings of little globes hitched together for arms and legs. He had an enormous appetite and throve astonishingly on the creamed tuna fish, except that his skin was very pallid. He was quite harmless, but I always felt that if you came on him suddenly on a dark night you might get a nasty shock.

Altogether it was an entirely normal Sunday afternoon, for the Barnways; but its peculiar charm was lost on Donna Jeanne, who stood up presently and began to pace, stepping back and forth across Mr. Barnway's legs.

"I keep trying to figure out what you live on," she said. "Far as I can see, the only money coming in is from Belinda over there, and what my poor little Aleck sends home from camp. How the heck do you make out?"

"It isn't easy, of course," said Mrs. Barnway, with the pained look she got whenever the subject of finances came up. "A trickle comes in from the estate, every now and then. And my husband gets a little for his classes at the art gallery. Enough to pay for his own materials, at least. And there are our—guests, of course."

"They don't pay up," Donna Jeanne objected, and looked down at Mr. Barnway. "If the Civic Theater doesn't pay you for designing sets, why bother with them?"

Reform and the Barnways

Continued from page 13

"It's an amateur organization. If we didn't contribute our services," Mr. Barnway said mildly. "Broadfield would be deprived of serious drama."

"Would Broadfield care?" Donna Jeanne inquired loudly. "What's the matter with all of you? Here you got a boy, he's going off to maybe die for his country, and all you do is sit around worrying about what happens to Broadfield if it's deprived of serious drama. In my opinion, you should be ashamed of yourselves."

I don't know if I guessed what was going to happen; I'm sure the Barnways didn't. They merely looked hurt, and sat in silence for some time after she had swept from the room, with Alexander in tow, to get, as she said, a little fresh air into her lungs.

Then Mrs. Barnway finished shelling the peas and stood up, spilling all the pods on the floor. She smiled at me sadly and said, "We don't seem to make any progress with her, Frederick. She just doesn't understand."

I NOTICED the first real straw in the wind several nights later, when I dined at the Old Oaken Bucket. The food there was served slowly, in minute quantities, but the atmosphere—Currier and Ives on the walls, candles and bittersweet at every table, elderly ladies and gentlemen conversing in whispers—was genteel.

Belinda waited on me and she was wearing her smock, as she had to; it was part of the atmosphere. But also she wore shoes with high heels in place of the huaraches to which she'd long been addicted, so that her feet clattered instead of creaking; her face showed the effect of cosmetics; she'd had her hair cut shorter, and waved, and swept up on top of her head; she looked years younger, and almost pretty.

"I need your advice," she said as she set down my dessert. "Donna Jeanne has been at me, Frederick. She thinks I ought to join that Girls' Service Club that goes to dances at Fort Custer sometimes. Mother says no nice girl would, but sometimes nice girls do."

"And it would be a contribution to the war effort," I said.

"That's what Donna Jeanne says. And there are nice boys in the Army. . . . Of course, there's always Everett." Belinda sighed. "But Donna Jeanne says Everett is

a goon. She says if I've known him six years and he's never even *tried* to, well, make a pass at me"—Belinda looked flustered—"he'll probably just go on like that, coming around to play chess, until he's an old man. I'm very fond of Everett, but I suppose in some ways he really is a goon." Belinda concluded, and walked off hastily at a warning glance from Mrs. Augusta Brierly, proprietor of the Old Oaken Bucket.

Then there was the following Sunday afternoon, the last day of Alexander's furlough, when I went around to say goodbye to him. He was standing on top of a very long ladder, washing the upstairs windows, and the little heaps of thick black muck, all around the house, showed that he had already cleaned out the gutters, something which hadn't been done, I feel sure, since Mr. Barnway had inherited the house from his father.

"Hello, Fred," he called down to me. "Donna Jeanne's inside and she wants to talk to you." It was, when I came to think of it, the most intelligible sentence I'd ever heard Alexander utter.

I found Donna Jeanne in the living room, which was still in a state of chaos, but chaos with a difference. Gone were the leaning towers of books, gone the dress form, gone Mrs. Barnway's loom; the window shades were in good working order. Donna Jeanne had a hammer in her hand and her mouth was full of nails; she was kneeling on the floor, reupholstering the horsehair sofa.

"Have a seat, Sugar," she told me through the nails.

I asked where everybody was and Donna Jeanne emptied her mouth to tell me that she didn't know and what's more she didn't care.

"Didn't they drive you crazy when you lived here?" she asked.

"In a way," I admitted. "But in small doses they're sort of restful."

"Restful!" Donna Jeanne snorted.

"I think there ought to be a few Barnways in the world," I said. "You want to try seeing things from their point of view?"

"Not me! There's no fight in them. One thing I can't stand, it's people who have no fight in them," Donna Jeanne said, whacking away with the hammer. "And Alexander's a sweet boy," she added presently. "He's kind of innocent and ignorant—it's the only reason he married me—I'm not kidding myself, Sugar. But, my Lord, how can you expect the poor kid to go out and fight, when this is all he has to come home to?"

"It's what he's used to," I said. "Maybe he likes it."

"Unh-uh. Not Aleck." She had finished her pounding, and I helped her to turn the sofa right side up and push it into place.

"It still looks horrible," she said, "but we can't get new furniture until somebody around here starts making real money. With a little dough, we could go places. Just you wait," she said, hefting the hammer.

I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for the Barnways.

THE thing worked gradually, of course, and for a long time it seemed as if a good deal of it wasn't going to work at all. Belinda had been a comparatively easy problem, needing only a slight push, but the other three presented graver difficulties.

Mr. Barnway took to his bed, after Alexander had left, and stayed there for two weeks, saying that the thought of his eldest child being sent overseas had aggravated his nervous stomach to the point where he feared that any added strain—even that of completing the sketches for "Twelfth Night"—would doom him to ulcers. And, as Donna Jeanne said to me, you couldn't send prospective employers after him like bloodhounds, no matter how acute the manpower shortage.

Benjamin, having reached the mysterious age of twelve, would have been beyond Donna Jeanne's ken even if he had been normal. "But I tell you, Sugar, he gives me the willies," she said one day when I found her spading up a considerable area of weedy lawn for a Victory garden. "The way he

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DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 10

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations commonly used and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. Danl. | 13. G.O.P. |
| 2. flex. | 14. Amer. |
| 3. AP | 15. hf. |
| 4. Cor. | 16. A.G. |
| 5. ab init. | 17. Camb. |
| 6. ex lib. | 18. bul. |
| 7. dept. | 19. gals. |
| 8. a.b. | 20. dig. |
| 9. Inf. | 21. clar. |
| 10. Atl. | 22. Af. |
| 11. hrs. | 23. D.S.T. |
| 12. fict. | 24. hdkf. |
| | 25. csk. |

(Answers on page 34)

—Charles Prout

CO. BK. N.O. N.D. A.M. P.M. M. MINN. ETC.

looks at me with those funny little eyes, and always either blowing that sax or playing those records. Heck, I like music myself," Donna Jeanne said, "but not *that* way. But I have an idea Bennie doesn't like to live this way any more than Aleck did. I'm still working on him."

As for Mrs. Barnway, Donna Jeanne confessed herself licked before she started. "I can't help liking her in a way, you know," she admitted. "There's something kind of awful sweet about her, and pitiful, even if she is always talking about old Maximilian Barnway. But what can you do with a woman like her? Aside from buying her a few more hairpins and maybe making her get a permanent. I don't know, vitamin capsules might help."

Donna Jeanne herself, having made a few stabs at setting the Barnways' house in order, took a course in welding and was soon working on the night shift at Amalgamated. She preferred the night shift, she explained, because it left the days free for housework and taking care of the Victory garden and writing to Alexander. Just when she found time for sleep I don't know; but her energy appeared to be inexhaustible, and into her bright blue eyes came almost a fanatic gleam. I felt sure she would solve even the problem of Mrs. Barnway, in the end.

Actually Mrs. Barnway was the first of the three to give in, and Donna Jeanne was only indirectly responsible.

I was having my lunch at the counter of Hansen's one noontime when Mrs. Barnway, looking harried, appeared on the stool next mine, and in a faint, fading voice ordered a chocolate malted milk.

"Frederick," she said, "I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown. That girl will be the death of us all."

"You haven't given up?" I asked.

"Given up?" Mrs. Barnway blinked.

"Trying to reform her."

"You might just as well try to reform a tornado," said Mrs. Barnway, whose veil looked as though it might have been in one. "The things she's done to Belinda! Belinda's going to take up welding, too, because it pays so much better than the Old Oaken Bucket. Poor Everett! He keeps coming around to play chess with her, and she simply isn't



"Now maybe I'll learn the fifth stanza of Mademoiselle from Armentières"

COLLIER'S

FRANK BRANDT

there. And he's terrified of Donna Jeanne. She wants him to join the Y and take up weight-lifting.

"Well," said Mrs. Barnway, "as if that wasn't bad enough, she goes on and on at my poor husband until I honestly believe she'll drive him into getting a job. And it will kill him, Frederick, you mark my words. It got so I couldn't stand it, so I have simply run away from the whole thing. I've started working at the Red Cross. Surgical dressings. I thought of becoming a Gray Lady but they decided I wasn't the type." She sighed. "It leaves my poor husband unprotected, but I had to get away from that creature."

The funny thing was, Donna Jeanne told me, that Mrs. Barnway turned out to be a star at surgical dressings. "I marched right down to headquarters and asked—just evil curiosity, Sugar—and they told me Mrs. Barnway's one of the best workers they have. It only goes to show, doesn't it? . . . Boy, what a relief! Now she's off my mind, and she's out of the house, too, so she can't go messing things up. I have my eye on a very smart living-room suite, secondhand but you'd hardly know, and we could buy it, too, if Mr. B. would concentrate on the manpower shortage instead of his stomach. I don't wonder it's in the shape it is, the food those dimwits have eaten all these years. I'm making out daily menus now, every meal balanced, with plenty of fresh vegetables. Believe you me, Sugar, you can't get anywhere if you don't eat right."

Even as she told me this, the light of a new idea was dawning in Donna Jeanne's eyes, and I was hardly surprised, the next time I called, to find the house seething with vigorous young women in slacks. Whatever stray roomers had been around, Donna Jeanne had calmly turned out, along with their unpaid bills, replacing them with a bevy from Amalgamated. Actually there were only four in the bevy, but, as Mr. Barnway sadly remarked, there might as well have been forty.

"They all work on different shifts," he said, sitting on the porch steps in the April sunlight, "so they're always pounding up and down the stairs, whooping and yelling—their energy appalls me, Frederick. And they all have friends, of both sexes, and they are appallingly energetic too. They slap me on the back," Mr. Barnway said faintly, closing his eyes. "They keep asking after my stomach. I can't tell you, Frederick, how tired I am of talking about my stomach!"

IT WAS only a few days later that he had his best suit pressed and what was left of his hair trimmed, and went forth to seek employment. I don't know where his quest started, but it lasted for several days, and when it was over, Mr. Barnway, Family Background and all, was a checker in the largest steam laundry in town.

This left only Benjamin to be taken care of, and I began to think that Benjamin was too tough a nut for even Donna Jeanne to crack. He came around to see me at the Chronicle one afternoon, on his way home, from school, and sat for ten or fifteen minutes in silence, darkly watching me pound my typewriter.

Then, without preamble, he asked, "Can you tell me what they'd do to a minor who committed murder?"

"You'd be sent to the reformatory, Benjamin," I said. "I don't think you'd like it. Your life would be blighted."

"My life is blighted anyway," Benjamin said. "She's hidden the saxophone and the records, and she says she won't give them back until I join the Boy Scouts and earn five merit badges. I'd rather be in the reformatory."

Bemused by a vision of Benjamin in a Boy Scout uniform, I could find nothing to say; and presently, without another word, he stood up and walked out, brooding, into the afternoon.

It took him until the end of the month to make up his mind, but in the end he decided against murder. On a mild May evening, I found him hoeing the Victory garden, as fiercely absorbed as he had once been when listening to hot jazz. He looked up for only a moment as I approached, and then continued to chop away at the weeds. His aspect was even more peculiar than usual because

of a combination of sunburn and poison ivy—his eyes were mere slits.

"Went camping over the week end," he muttered between swollen lips. "I'm out for a camping merit badge. Going to get another identifying birds. And I've taken over the Victory garden and maybe that will be three merit badges. But how am I going to get the other two?"

I asked him how he liked being a Boy Scout, but I didn't care for the look he gave me, and withdrew to the house. The living room was filled with soldiers and girl welders, dancing to music issuing from an enormous radio like a juke-box. I leaned in the doorway for a while until I discovered that the loudest and merriest of the girl welders was Belinda.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnway were sitting side by side on the reupholstered sofa, looking dazed. I felt somewhat dazed myself, and after a few minutes I left. Donna Jeanne had passed a miracle, but I wasn't altogether sure I approved of it.

FOR the rest of the spring I saw very little of the Barnways. Mrs. Barnway was absorbed by the Red Cross, Mr. Barnway by the steam laundry. Belinda spent eight hours

her," he said, and rode off again to deliver his papers.

When I walked past the Barnways' house and looked at the new coat of paint, the windows with the shades all pulled precisely to the halfway mark, the clipped hedge and mowed lawn and flourishing Victory garden, I wondered about Alexander, and whether he'd like what his wife had done, after he came home from the wars and found out about it. The fact is, I don't suppose Alexander would have noticed the difference.

He hadn't been sent overseas right away. His letters continued to trickle back, from one camp in the United States after another, all through May and June. And then in July they stopped coming. Donna Jeanne called me at the Chronicle and said there had been no word from him for almost a month, so she supposed he was on his way overseas at last.

The telegram from the War Department arrived on the first of August, and it didn't tell very much—hardly enough for an item in the Chronicle. Still, we were able to run Alexander's picture on the front page, and say that he had been wounded—presumably overseas, though the telegram hadn't said so, and not necessarily in action, because the

terribly tired of going around with soldiers. They exhaust me."

"If you all go," said Benjamin, who had been polishing his bugle, "I'm coming with you. You'd be sure to lose the tickets, or get on the wrong train."

Donna Jeanne took a firm stance in the center of the room.

"The only person who's going east to see Alexander," she announced, "is yours truly. My Lord, do you want the poor kid to have a relapse?" She glared at them one by one, and one by one they subsided. "You're all staying right here," she went on, "keeping up the good work. And believe you me, if there's any backsliding while I'm gone, I'm giving each and every one of you a piece of my mind you won't forget in a hurry. I'm trusting you, see? I'm trusting you to remain the kind of a family a poor wounded soldier boy can be proud of when he comes back on his convalescent furlough."

That settled it for the time being, but, as things turned out, Alexander never came home for a convalescent furlough, and Donna Jeanne never came back either.

I stayed away from the Barnways' house for a long time, because my mind was divided between fear and hope, and quite often I couldn't even decide what I was hoping for and what I feared. I kept expecting, in a vague way, to find Donna Jeanne at my elbow again, Alexander in tow, to ask me to run another item in the Service News column; but August passed, and September, and she had not reappeared.

IT WAS a cold night, ominous of winter. When curiosity got the best of me and I went to the Barnways' to find out what had happened. There was no moon so I couldn't see how the Victory garden had wound up; but I was not unprepared for what I found inside.

There was the quiet, first of all, proving that the girl welders had long since taken their leave. There was the accumulation of newspapers, the chill in the air, the wholly unsuccessful woodfire smoldering on the hearth. There was the loom again, occupying far too much space, and it seemed to me the blanket was at least four inches nearer completion. There was Belinda, in smock and huaraches, looking once more like George Eliot and dreamily playing chess with Everett Wilton. There was Mr. Barnway, lying on the floor turning over some sketches he had made for a Civic Theater production of "Macbeth."

And there was Mrs. Barnway, wandering about the room with a letter in her hand.

"Frederick!" she cried as I entered. "Where have you been all these months? We've missed you terribly." She gazed at me reproachfully, and then said, as I imagine Mrs. Siddons might have said it, "Donna Jeanne has betrayed us."

"She's never coming back," said Belinda.

"Thank goodness," said Everett Wilton.

"And Alexander isn't coming back either," said Mr. Barnway.

"They gave him a medical discharge," Mrs. Barnway explained, "and now he and Donna Jeanne are living in New Jersey. They've bought a chicken farm. She says Alexander loves chickens and has always wanted to raise them."

"What a fate for a Barnway," sighed Alexander's father.

"I said from the start she was a hopeless case," Mrs. Barnway moodily poked the fire, which went out altogether.

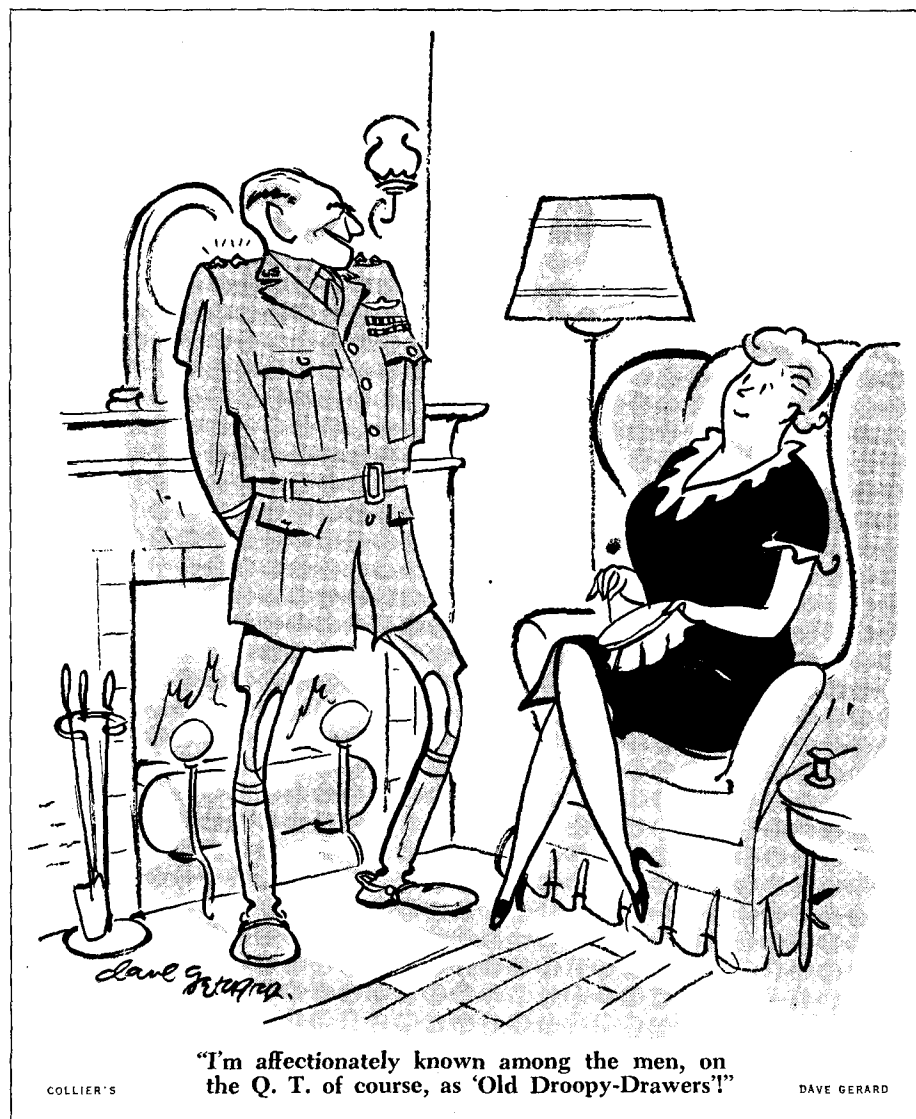
For a few moments there was absolute silence. I sat down in a chair with a broken spring, and lit a cigarette, and sighed deeply, because Donna Jeanne had been right, of course.

And then I stopped sighing, because she had been wrong, too. The Barnways were themselves again, and there was peace in their house.

But the peace was shattered abruptly by Benjamin, who had locked himself, as usual, into his little bedroom behind the kitchen. He was playing reveille on his bugle and he was playing it very well.

I wrote to Donna Jeanne the next day and told her about Benjamin. I thought she'd like to know.

THE END



"I'm affectionately known among the men, on the Q. T. of course, as 'Old Droopy-Drawers!'"

daily welding at Amalgamated, and a good many more making life a little brighter for some lonely serviceman.

Mr. Barnway and Belinda had begun to buy War Bonds, and presently Benjamin was buying them, too, because he took over a Chronicle delivery route from a boy who was entering service.

I saw him sometimes, pedaling along swiftly on an old bicycle which Donna Jeanne had discovered in the cellar and had overhauled. There was the familiar dedicated expression on his face, but his face itself was different—less round, and brown from all the hours he was spending outdoors. He had begun to look almost normal.

But there was still a spark of the old Benjamin left. He coasted up to me one day, and propped his bicycle with a foot against the curb.

"I'm taking up bugling," he announced, with what was almost a leer. "She can't stop that, because it's for the Troop. I'll teach

telegram hadn't said anything about that, either.

I walked around one evening to offer what comfort I could, and found the Barnways holding council in the living room. They had received a letter that day, containing all the details, and what had happened to Alexander was, really, the only thing that could have happened to him in a war. He wasn't overseas, but in a hospital near New York City. He had no sooner marched aboard the transport, it appeared, than a large, heavy object had dropped from somewhere and struck him on the head; he was said to be making normal improvement.

"I MUST go to him right away, of course," Mrs. Barnway declared.

"I'll have to go with you," said Mr. Barnway. "The trains aren't safe for a lone woman these days."

"I think I'll come, too," said Belinda. "I never have been to New York. And I'm



Remember when . . .

Vacation meant a fishing trip with the old gang?

REMEMBER THE DAY, when everybody piled in the good old car and rolled off for that distant lake where the fish were hungrily waiting? And the time Jim came in with that whopper?

Long fishing trips and motor vacations are "out" this year—even if you have enough gas coupons, because *it's still vitally important to go easy on tires.*

The new tire outlook is getting better every day, but we are still far from the time when there will be plenty for every-

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So keep on driving carefully. Keep on treating your tires as one of your most important possessions—which they are.

That needn't stop you, though, from getting ready for another big day when the gang will be together again, tackle all shipshape and the car ready to hit the road. And by doing a better job of going without a lot of pleasures and luxuries *now*, you can make that day come sooner!

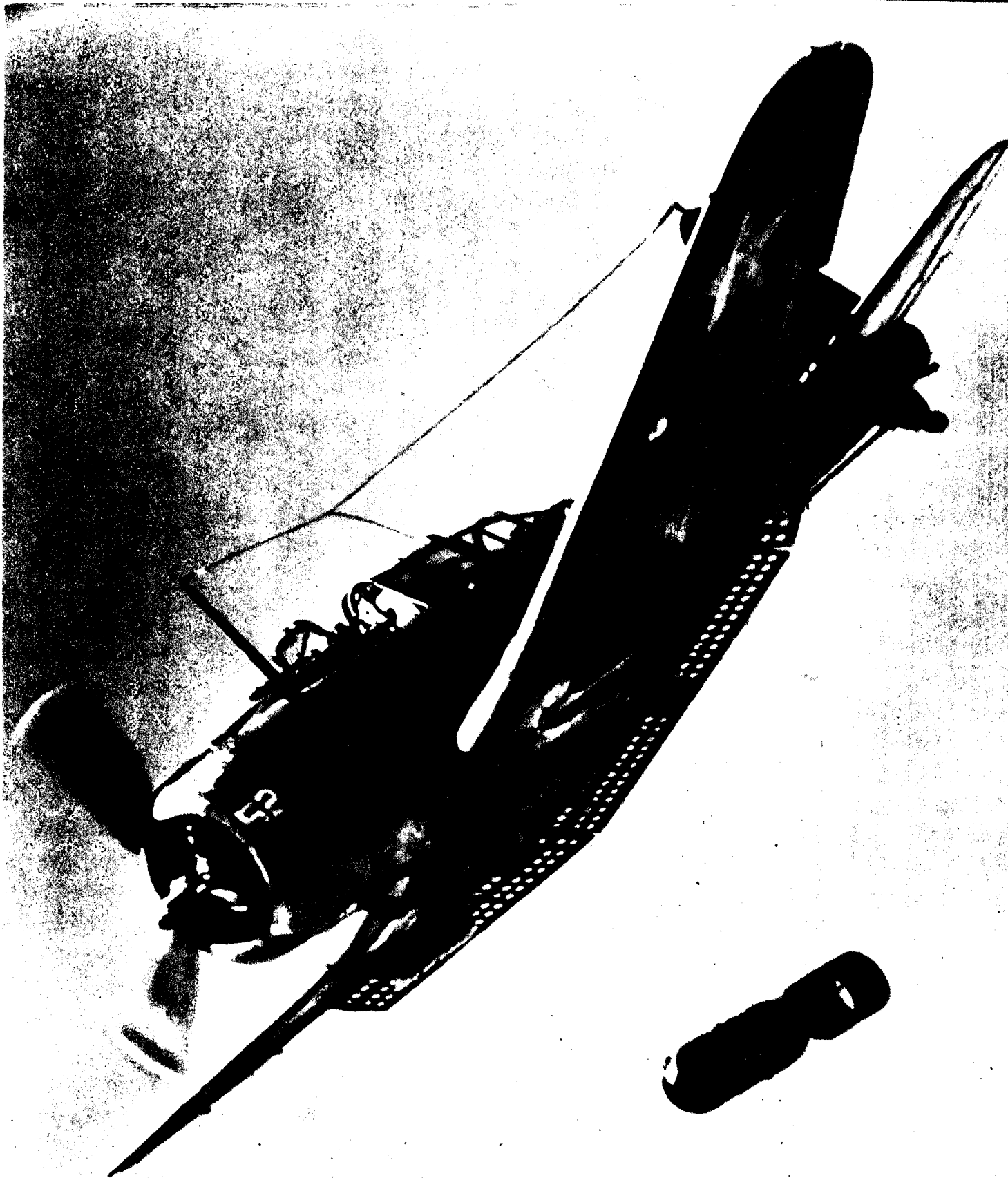
REMEMBER, as tires become more plentiful, the place to go is your nearest Seiberling dealer—for quality tires, and individual service with a real personal interest in YOU! And, if you are eligible to buy new tires NOW, or want help in making your present ones last longer, he's the man to see.

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The Navy's Dauntless, hero of the early Pacific war, looses its deadly 1,000-lb. bomb as it reaches the bottom of its dive

ously tenuous lines from Pearl Harbor to Australia until we built and assembled the crushing weight of planes and ships and men now moving inexorably toward Manila, the China coast and Tokyo.

Obviously, it could not have beaten back the Japanese singlehanded. There had to be tough men to fly it and rugged ships on which to base it. There had to be Marines on Guadalcanal and Bougainville and Tarawa and Saipan and Guam; Army infantry at Kwajalein, New Guinea and Hollandia, and dismounted cavalry at Los Negros.

Sometimes there were torpedo planes to deliver the final, killing blows and fighter to shoo away Zeros—but not always. Only too frequently, the SBD had to fight alone with twin .30-caliber guns at the rear, twin .50s in the nose and 1,000 pounds or less of TNT under its belly. During the dark days of our eyelash hold on Guadalcanal, a mere handful of these planes and a single, partially disabled carrier, the Enterprise, stood, for a time, almost alone against the Japs.

For us, the crucial period in the Pacific was the seven months from the Battle of the Coral Sea to the last big Jap strike against Guadalcanal in November, 1942. In those months we lost the Yorktown, the Hornet and the Wasp, saw the Enterprise damaged, and suffered heavy losses among our destroyer and cruiser forces.

Against these losses, dive bombers and their incredible crews gave us, in this time, a margin for victory, sending to the bottom of the Pacific four enemy carriers, fourteen of his cruisers, six destroyers, fifteen transport or cargo ships, and scores of lesser craft.

In addition, the SBD collaborated with torpedo planes, Navy guns and a submarine in the destruction of two more carriers and at least one battleship, and inflicted heavy—in some cases crippling—damage upon three carriers, five battleships, eleven cruisers and five transports or cargo ships.

Success Under Handicaps

This damage was done almost entirely by an airplane that seldom carried more than one bomb, never more than two; that was required to go into battle carrying 2,000 pounds more than it was designed to lift; that, until recently, was unable to fly at more than 200 miles an hour.

In the heat of battle, it is not always possible to keep anything like an accurate count on the number of hits made by a bombing squadron. But from best available reports it is possible to say that SBDs—in those seven months alone—dropped at least 190 bombs squarely on the decks of enemy warships whose widths ranged from 105 to 35 feet and whose greatest deck area was about that of a small city block. In a single engagement—the Battle of Guadalcanal, November 13-15, 1942—SBDs flown into the Solomons from the damaged Enterprise scored direct hits with 57 per cent of their drops. That's precision bombing.

The record is even more remarkable, when it is remembered that, in those months, the SBD was fighting, not ships at anchor, but vessels that maneuvered frantically to avoid being hit. In most cases, furthermore, they were warships from whose decks volcanic, seemingly impenetrable cones of antiaircraft fire, and, with few exceptions, the SBDs were opposed by scores of Japanese fighter plane capable of twice the SBDs' top speed for level flight.

It is one thing to bomb a ship at anchor. It is quite another to hit one that is steaming at top speed, changing course every few seconds and throwing every shell and machine-gun bullet she can at you.

Nobody—except, possibly, the Japs—div a bombing airplane as our Navy and Army fliers do. The Germans don't, neither do the British. The most obvious distinction is the angle of the dive itself. American pilots apparently, the Japs shoot themselves at target in a dive that is almost vertical.

(Continued on page 44)

BOMBER

BY ROBERT DE VORE

There's a difference between dive and glide bombing. Here's the swan-song story of an airplane that made real dive bombing possible during grim days in the Pacific and gave us a margin for victory

A DISTINGUISHED line of fighting airplanes has expired. They stopped making them because the Navy has better dive bombers—a lot of them—and still better ones to come.

On July 21st, at 6:45 P.M., to be exact, the 5,936th dive bomber was assembled in the Douglas Aircraft Company plant at El Segundo, California. That was the end of the line.

The Navy called the plane the SBD. But the public knew it better as the Douglas Dauntless. During part of its first-line fighting career, it was, in truth, nearly an obsolete airplane. Yet it dealt death and destruction in the kind of oversized doses you dream of handing out with a secret weapon. It saved our hides in the early days in the Pacific. SBD bombs alone sank three carriers and

stopped a fourth dead in the water to smash the Japanese assault on Midway.

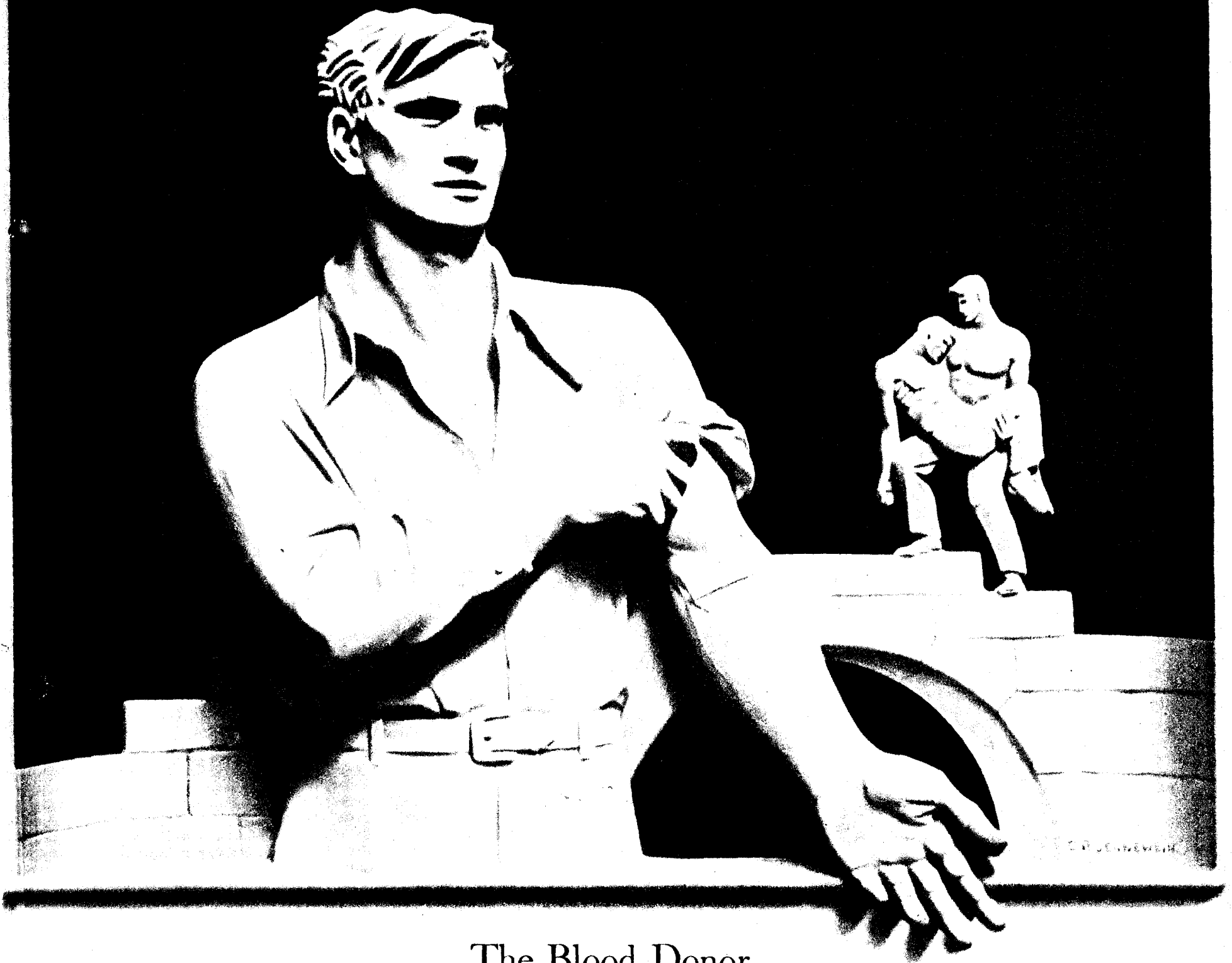
It no longer is a first-line combat airplane. It has been largely supplanted, on our carriers, by the Curtiss Helldiver which carries a heavier bomb load faster and farther. But the SBD, in team with torpedo and fighter planes, set a pattern for eventual destruction of the Japanese fleet.

Helldivers and SBDs went out with the torpedo planes late last June and, in the Philippine Sea, turned back a counterattack on Saipan by sinking or damaging 18 ships of a Jap carrier-battleship-cruiser force. They used substantially the same tactics with which the SBDs, time and again, battered Japanese naval forces many months before.

It is impossible now to understand how—without the SBD—we could have held peril-

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He gives his blood to them with pride
 and exaltation,
He gives it asking not their names or creeds . . .
He gives with one purpose only —
That men of Freedom, stricken on some
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May now have strength to live again
 . . . and fight . . . and win!

He is a Clear-Headed American!

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Calvert Distillers Corporation publishes this message
in the interest of the home front war effort



wiping the tears from his face and trying to steady himself by staring at the accustomed landmarks in the yard. Near by, the chicken sheds loomed in a homely, solid mass. He knew there was no need to inspect them; knew that all was snug in the shelters, the bulb burning in the brooder, the fence gate latched. He might be growing careless and distracted about some things but not about the source of his living. He had been a California chicken rancher for half his lifetime—ever since his return from France after the last war.

"When I get home we'll be married and go to live some place where the sun shines all the year 'round."

A quarter of a century ago this winter, writing to his sweetheart in Ohio from a fog-bound evacuation camp in Brest, Private Ben Pringle of the A.E.F. had made this promise to himself and to Clara. Well, he had kept that promise. . . .

In June, 1919, with all their worldly goods packed into Ben's old flivver, the young bride and groom had followed the sun westward, mile after strange mile, till they came at last to a valley ringed with hazy hills, where the light seemed to rest in a great quiet pool that offered fulfillment of their dream.

Later they found that the modest house and lot they had bought—which they soon learned to call a ranch—was not precisely the paradise they had expected. The winds from the mountains blew hot and cold, sometimes freezing cold; the winter rains caused annual floods and once an earthquake shook the valley till the date palm outside Clara's kitchen bowed nearly to the ground and the house swayed drunkenly on its foundations.

BUT the sun shone almost, if not quite, the year around and they never lost the feeling of a dream fulfilled. That feeling was threatened only once, suddenly and frighteningly, when their son was born, for Clara had come close to losing the new life and her own with it. Afterward, she could never have another child. To Ben this was a fact to be accepted, and in time Clara came to regard it as the Lord's will.

They had each other and the boy. They had the little that was enough for their bodily needs. Their days were long with satisfaction. The great light was upon them and around them; they lived in a slowly widening circle of friendship with their neighbors and they went regularly on Sundays to the church in the valley to give thanks for their sojourn in this good and golden land.

It had seemed a full life, crowded with essential happenings; but as Ben tried now to grasp the fullness of it he could not do so. It was like trying to hold a handful of grain. The harder you squeezed, the faster the smooth kernels slipped through your fingers till at last you had only a few left in your palm and, for the rest, the feel of dust on your hand.

Sitting there on the bench outside the tool shed, Ben Pringle thought that it would be easy to let everything go, to cast away even the few grains of life that were left to him. But his instinct about that was the same as it had been when he was a soldier at the front in France. He simply did not want to die before his time. That was all. It was wrong, it was cowardly to die in your heart before death actually struck you down.

He wished he could say that to Clara. But the catastrophe of Jim's death, instead of drawing them together, had created between them a kind of desert space in which they were lost to each other. He wanted to find her again. It was a part of his wanting to live out his days to the end. . . .

He got up and started slowly back to the house. The moon rode huge and full above the Santa Monica mountains, the night air was sharp in his lungs and the thought occurred to him that there might be a frost before morning.

Frost!

The thought crystallized into an idea, the idea into an immediate purpose. He quickened his footsteps. When he entered the kitchen Clara was there, but she was busy at the stove, stooping with a cloth in her hand to take her bread from the oven. The yeast-sweet smell of the fresh loaves followed Ben

The Orange Tree

Continued from page 15

Pringle as he went on into the living room.

He looked at the tall clock in the corner, the one they had brought from Ohio. It was a few seconds past eight. He moved swiftly, almost stealthily to the radio on the magazine stand. He flipped the switch, turned the dial to reduce the volume to a whisper. Sounds leaked easily through the partitions of the small frame house. He did not want Clara to hear the radio.

He bent down and listened intently to the voice of the forecaster predicting the night's temperatures for southern California: "San Fernando, twenty-six. Canoga Park, twenty-five. Chatsworth, twenty-five." The dry murmur droned on, paused briefly; then told Ben Pringle what he wanted to know: "Temperatures in the San Fernando Valley will be generally below the danger point. Firing will be necessary for citrus fruits about one A.M."

Ben switched off the voice. He had a definite sense of guilt, which he attributed to the fact that he was keeping a secret from Clara. At the same time he felt a certain grim relief. He was glad now that he had not destroyed the orange tree by his own hand, in blind anger. The violence of such an act, in spite of what Clara had said, might have roused

Jim's personal belongings, the clothes in his closet, the books, the pictures, the school pennants, the furnishings in his room. There was even some comfort in these things for her, Ben had decided.

Now he understood that it was because they were inanimate; they were like casual fixed monuments to Jim's memory. They did not have the galling element of life in them. . . .

HE WAS vaguely surprised to find himself out on the porch. He must have opened the door automatically, his actions governed by the pull of his mind toward the object that served as a magnet to draw him down the steps and across the front yard. He was there by the tree, standing in the shadow it cast on the ground.

He had broken that ground to set it out on the day the doctor had told him that Clara and the baby would live.

It had seemed appropriate, then, to mark the beginning of the child's life with a living symbol that would grow as the boy grew; and he had chosen an orange tree because it seemed to typify the wonder of this new land, this fabulous California to which he

He wondered, as he stood there thinking about it, whether Jim had any way of understanding that what he planned was not forgetfulness but a burial—a sort of burial to take the place of the one they could not give his body lying perhaps in the sand of that island or in the strange waters of the western sea.

"It will set your mother's mind at rest," he said aloud. But he was troubled in his own mind and he wasn't altogether certain about Clara's. He did not know his wife any more.

The first really cold breath from the north blew on his face; he could smell the snow on the mountains and he shivered in spite of his leather jacket. Instinctively he thought of the smudge pot in the garage, but he told himself that he had used it for the last time.

Another kind of light penetrated the shadow where he stood. It came from the front window of his and Clara's bedroom. He saw her in her nightgown standing immobile and lovely for a moment at the window before she opened it. Then she turned away and the light went out. But he thought that she had seen him, and he felt guilty again.

He went in and closed up the house for the night. Clara had left the gas heater burning in the bathroom, and he undressed there and hung up his clothes on the hook next to hers at the side of the door. The air of the bedroom when he entered it was like a clammy hand on his flesh. He got into bed and lay still beside his wife and never had he been lonelier. He tried to tell himself that she was already asleep, but he knew that she was not and he hated the silence pouring into this time that had always been their time for confidences as well as for love.

"Ben?"

He was so utterly unprepared for the sound of her voice that he could not answer her.

"Ben, you didn't set the alarm clock."

FOR an instant more he struggled with his confusion, and then of course he knew what she meant. She was thinking of the many nights like this when he had set the alarm according to the local weather forecast so that he'd be up in time to save Jim's tree.

"Why," Ben said, trying to sound casual, "I don't figure on having to smudge tonight."

He wasn't lying to her, exactly. But he knew how feeble his deception was when she spoke again.

"You don't fool me any," she said; and she seemed far away. "I can feel the frost in the air, and I know you listened to the eight-o'clock broadcast. I saw the light flicker in the kitchen like it always does when you turn on the radio." She stopped and he heard her draw in her breath, but there was nothing more. Not even a sigh.

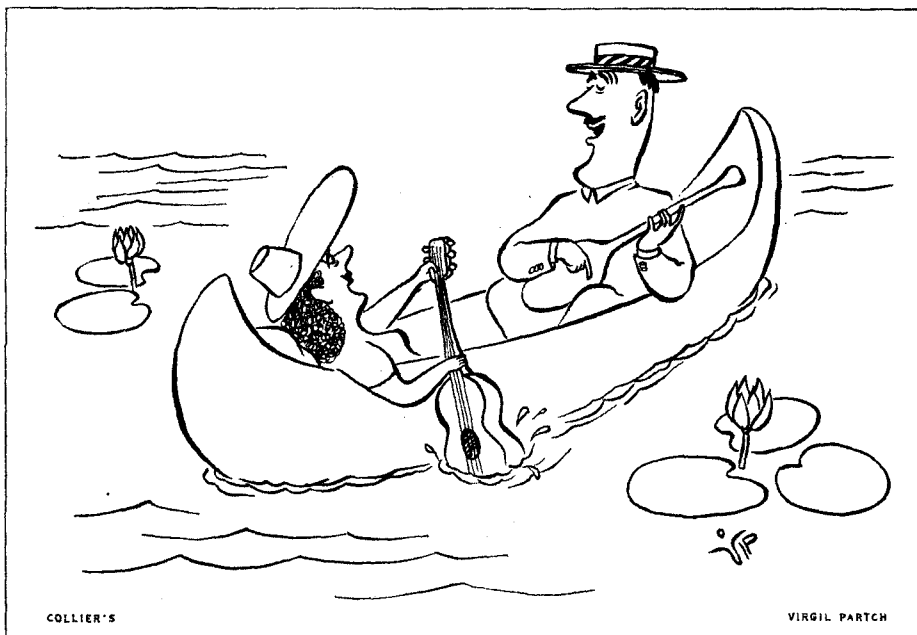
Hope went out of him and he felt tricked by forces he did not understand. He had schemed to do this thing and now it was done, or would be done by morning, and Clara knew about it. She knew. That should have drawn them together, but mysteriously it did not. Maybe he was wrong to accept her stillness, her apparent indifference to him. Maybe she wanted him as he wanted her, remembering how it had always been with them in love, waiting for him to take her in his arms.

Impulsively he reached for her hand and found it clenched against her breast. It was cold to his touch, hard and cold as a stone upon the softness of her body that no longer had any welcome or comfort for him.

He took his hand away and turned on his side, mourning the lost healing hunger for flesh for flesh and wondering also what had become of Clara's faith. She had always been one to see the Lord's will in everything but now—

"Oh, God," he began, under his breath and then could not go on, partly because he too was tired and partly because he'd never been good at making up prayers for himself though he had always enjoyed the prayin' and the singing with others in the church.

BEN was up as usual at dawn. When I went out to feed the chickens he found a pan of water frozen solid in the yard. He stopped and stared at it, then kicked it angrily aside. The pan clattered and turned over at the round cake of ice fell out and lay by its on the bare ground, with a glint of light in



in her a life-long resentment; for she had always hated violence of any kind.

He would convert his weakness into cunning. He would let the frost accomplish subtly and inexorably what he had been unable to do with cold steel. If the tree's death seemed to be a natural accident it would be better for them both. Better, at least, for Clara.

HE HAD walked without conscious volition to the door leading to the front porch—the solitude of the night outside was less hurtful than that within the house—but then he heard her come into the room. He stopped by the door and looked around. The lamplight touched her and he saw the droop of her shoulders, the deep shadows under her eyes.

"You're tired," he said. "You do too much without stopping to rest."

She answered without looking at him. "There's always a lot to do on Saturday night. But I'm through now. I'm going to bed, Ben."

"That's right," Ben said. "You've got to rest."

She had paused by the fireplace. Above the mantle hung Jim's picture—the one he'd had taken in his Marine's uniform. The picture was a little askew and Clara reached up to straighten it. She did so quite naturally, with the simple gesture of a housewife putting her small world to rights. After which, she turned and walked out of the room.

Ben had a moment of insight so clear that it amounted to revelation. He had noticed before that Clara did not shrink from their son's photograph; nor did she grieve over

and Clara had come so recently. It was natural for him, a farmer's son, to turn to the earth and the planting of a fertile thing of earth in order to express his feeling about the baby.

That first winter he had protected the young tree from frost by covering it with burlap sacks. Later he'd bought a smudge pot from one of his neighbors who had a large grove. When all the other citrus growers in his part of the valley were abroad at night smudging their oranges and lemons, Ben was up, too, tending his one pot so that its thick oily smoke would protect his lone tree.

Some of his friends joked him about his solitary firing, but there was always a gentleness in their joking because they knew why the tree had been planted and how much it meant to Ben and Clara. It was a fine, healthy Valencia, which everyone in the neighborhood called Jim's tree.

Ben knew that the neighbors would talk when it was gone. Some would criticize him for his negligence and some, suspecting the truth, would condemn him for a sacrifice so useless. Well, he would have to stand the talk for Clara's sake. He would do anything to free his wife from the living memories that haunted her. In a way, he intended to deceive her, but only as one deceives a sick child for its own good.

This night, he was sure, would lay the ghost that lived in the tree. If the frost did not kill, it would cripple the Valencia so that he could use his ax with a good conscience; and this time he would not falter. He would remove from its place in the earth the last root and fiber of Jim's tree.

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If your car was built by Chrysler Corporation, it is made of 100 or more *different* materials!

Research in the use of metals, plastics and fabrics gets the special attention of the entire operating and producing organization. All Chrysler Corporation Divisions are organized to share their experience, strengthening *each* with the strength of *all*.

Combining imagination with materials led directly to many important developments introduced by Chrysler Corporation cars, such as high-compression engines, all-steel bodies, tough Amola steel and Oilite bearings. *It helps today in our production of tanks, bomber engines, ammunition, anti-aircraft guns, harbor tugs and other war equipment.*

After the war, it again will play an important part in the cars and trucks we make for you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration

CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines

OILITE Powdered Metal Products

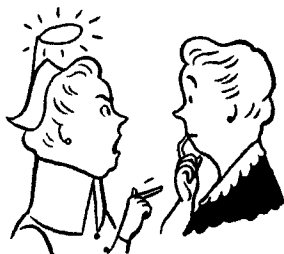
YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



"BUT I'M NOT SCREAMING!"

War Conscience: Pardon, Sis, I am not here to quibble about whether or not you were screaming at me to go away. I am here to buttonhole you about tin salvage. I'm your new Wartime Conscience, Kiddo.

Woman: But...



War Conscience: Exactly, Madam. And at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, did you, or did you not throw away a perfectly good tin can?

Woman: Yes, but what's that—

War Conscience: And you claim you don't need me! Madam, had I been around,



that never would have happened. I would have made you flatten that can and put it in for salvage. I would have reminded you

how much your country needs tin for airplane motors, for electric wirings, gas-mask parts, Baby, I wouldn't have let you sleep nights, for thinking about that can you threw away!

Woman: So! Well for your information, Nosey, I don't sleep at night anyhow! Two cups of coffee for dinner and I'm up all night barking my shins on the living room furniture!

War Conscience: Ah. Well, in that case, Sis, I'll make a deal with you. Play ball with me on your Wartime Job and I'll introduce you to a coffee that lets you sleep like a baby!



Woman: You mean it?

War Conscience: Little Sister, if it's caffeine in coffee that keeps you awake... then beautiful, wonderful, flavorful 97% caffeine-free Sanka Coffee is your pigeon! It is coffee that does everything but plump up the pillows for you! And taste! Little friend, this Sanka is coffee on its best behavior. Just try it, Girl! Try it!

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN-FREE • YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

For delicious iced coffee—make Sanka Coffee double strength (2 heaping tablespoons to one cup water). A product of General Foods.

from the dull shine of the day just breaking. There was a sullen haze over the valley, but the red disk of the sun showed through the overcast, and as Ben went on to do his chores he felt the softness of the south wind against his cheek.

Later, when Clara called him to breakfast and he started back toward the house, he saw that the cake of ice had already made a dark circle in the dust around it. It was beginning to melt, which meant that the cold was letting go its grip on whatever it had killed during the night.

During breakfast he was grateful, for once, that they had nothing to say to each other, for he was ashamed of the anger that possessed him and did not want to betray it by word or action. He got through the meal somehow. Afterward, he went into Jim's room and lay down on the bed there.

He closed his eyes and tried to think of Jim, unconsciously hoping for some vision of his son transfigured and at peace; but what he saw in his mind was the somber sky of dawn and the red sun shining through it to strike cold fire from the cake of ice lying in the dirt of the yard. The tree would be withering at this moment. . . . He saw that quite plainly against the blankness behind his eyelids.

He saw the half-golden oranges hanging shriveled, the leaves drooping and lusterless. . . . Its beauty and its meaning were gone, and already he was chopping at its roots with an ax. . . . He must destroy it while his strength lasted. Clara was there watching him in silence, and the neighbors stood around them in a dark circle, whispering as people do at a funeral, saying that the Pringles could not stand up under their sorrow because, look, they were cutting down Jim's tree. . . .

H E HEARD Clara's voice and thought how strange it was that she should seem so far away. He opened his eyes. The day was bright at the window and he realized at once that he had been asleep for some time.

"Ben! Ben!"

She was calling him from outside the house and suddenly he knew where he would find her. He got up quickly, went down the hall and out into the front yard—into a world curiously divided between light and shadow. The sun was ablaze in the southern sky, but the smoky mist that had veiled the early morning still hung leaden against the mountains to the north and east.

Clara stood near the orange tree. She turned toward him as he approached, and some wonder on her face kept him from glancing at the stricken mass of foliage beyond her. He stopped before her and saw that the wonder was that she was smiling.

"It's the Lord's own doing," Clara said; and the smile was fixed on her lips. "It's the Lord's will, Ben."

He looked at the tree. It was not stricken. He drew his hand across his eyes and looked again. There was no doubt about it, the frost had not touched the Valencia. It stood alive, inviolate: a fixed green fountain spraying up from the earth, the graceful branches bowed with the ripening fruit, the leaves still glossy, proud and beautiful, their delicate mechanisms intact.

He heard Clara's voice continuing almost without pause: "It's the sign I've been waiting for. The miracle, you might say."

Then he was afraid, thinking that her mind had gone beyond reason. With a kind of inner desperation he sought and found, in the northern sky, the natural cause of this seeming marvel. The explanation lay in the gray haze that hovered over the far side of the valley. He started to point it out to her, then dropped his hand; for she was speaking again and her calm tone dispelled his fear before her words told him that she understood: "I know it was the smoke of the neighbors' fires that saved Jim's tree. But that was just the instrument, Ben."

He did not move or answer her, because he felt that she was trying to make clear to him some truth she had found.

"Last night," she said, "after you'd gone to sleep I lay awake thinking about it, about the tree. . . . The way you'd worked over it and taken care of it all these years. And I said to myself, it was the same with Jim. I thought: how we'd sheltered him and pro-

tected him since he was a baby. How I watched his food and his clothes and his digestion, and how carefully you taught him to use his first knife, and the time he had that awful earache and the telephone wires were down and you drove through the flood to get the doctor."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All that," Clara said. "All that and a thousand things more and it was no use in the end. Jim died in spite of us. . . . And I thought, let the tree die, too, for there's nothing greater than death and we're fools to go on fighting it. Oh, I said it to God in the night. I said, 'If You are stronger than death then prove it to me. Give me some sign so I can believe in You again.' All these weeks I've been asking Him for a sign, Ben."

Still he did not say anything, but his hand went out to her and his fingers closed on her arm.

"This morning," she went on quietly, "when I came out and saw what had happened I didn't realize at first that God had answered me. I saw the smoke in the air and all I could think of was that the people of the valley—people we know and some we'll never know—were up last night smudging their groves. . . . Doing for us and protecting us while they were doing for themselves."

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 27

1. Daniel. 2. Flexible. 3. Associated Press. 4. Corinthians. 5. Ab initio; from the beginning. 6. Ex libris; from the books (of). 7. Department; deputy. 8. Able-bodied (seaman). 9. Infantry. 10. Atlantic. 11. Hours. 12. Fiction. 13. Grand Old Party. 14. American. 15. Half. 16. Adjutant General; Attorney General. 17. Cambridge. 18. Bulletin. 19. Gallons. 20. Digest. 21. Clarinet. 22. Africa; African. 23. Daylight Saving Time. 24. Handkerchief. 25. Cask.

(Abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

"Yes, that was it," Ben said.

"But the Lord's hand was in it! I know that now." Her voice grew stronger, surer: "The Lord's will is in the people. . . . In plain people going about their business, working to make things live and wanting life to go on. . . . It's the working and the wanting that's greater than death, and you and I are a part of it, Ben—and so is Jim, I believe."

"So is Jim," he repeated mechanically.

She put her arms around him, clinging to him and pressing her head against his breast.

"Say you believe it, Ben!"

He leaned down and kissed her cheek, then her lips. "I believe it," he said.

H E LIFTED his head and looked in peace at Jim's monument. It was a green and growing thing; and he, Ben Pringle, would take good care now that it did not die before its time.

"Listen!" Clara said.

Across the valley church bells were ringing, sounding their first calls to worship. One in particular came clear and sweet to the man and woman standing by the tree.

"Ben, if you still want to go to church this morning, I'll go with you."

"Why, Clara—"

"I'd like to attend the services," she said. "I'd like to take the communion."

There was a choking tightness in Ben's throat, but he made an effort to speak naturally.

"Well," he said. "Well, I guess we can make it, if we hurry a little."

THE END



"These are fundamental"

Homes and families; practical, efficient schools; church leadership that makes devotion to religion a spiritual inspiration; elimination of class hatred and resumption of confidence and mutual interest in each other; employment for all who want it and independence for everyone who will work for it: *these are fundamental* for normal and continued prosperity.

Helicopters, ultra-streamlined motor cars, household conveniences akin to magic . . . may be highly desirable

. . . many of them are doubtless attainable . . . but the pursuit of that happiness which is guaranteed to every citizen by our Constitution rests on simpler, more fundamental things.

Republic Rubber and LEE of Conshohocken Tires are conscious of these fundamentals. At Youngstown and Conshohocken our objectives have already been plotted . . . objectives on the direct line of march toward a happier, a greater and a permanently prosperous America.

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

REPUBLIC RUBBER, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
HOSE • BELTING • PACING • INDUSTRIAL & AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTS



LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF N.Y., INC., CONSHOHOCKEN
TIRES • TUBES • SUNDRIES & RUBBER ACCESSORIES

BLACK WATER

By Nick Boddie Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Meat was watching the water rising on that last step, and praying to himself



He had escaped the ocean once and he hated it. Now it reached out for him again, and he found himself caught between his loyalty and fear

WE WERE standing on the old pier at Ketcham's Point, waiting to go aboard my father's schooner, when Meat first noticed it.

"Mr. John," he said, "dat water looks black to me. Mighty black to me."

"Oh, go along, Meat," my father said. "That's the way the Chesapeake always looks."

Meat knelt down on the pier and watched the waves. There was a sensitiveness in his attitude, a kind of tension that we boys instantly felt.

"It's black," he said, and squinted up at my father. His face had that strange and mystic look that sometimes comes to Sea Island Negroes. A juju look, Father called it.

Father turned impatiently. "Now, Meat, none of that. If you don't want to go to Cobb's Island this time, you can stay at the house. I'll send word to Mr. Waddell at the grocery about charging things—"

"Oh, I'm going, Mr. John," Meat said, and scrambled hastily to his feet. "Here, you boys, git along. Keep out from under your daddy's feet and help me wid dese hampers. Ain't never seen such worthless boys since I been born."

That was Meat's way of shifting attention onto us, for we already were busy as fiddler crabs. He knew that all of us were suddenly remembering his dread of deep water and pitying him for it. It happened every summer when we were ready to go to Cobb's Island. He always found some reason for not going, and then he always went. We couldn't understand it, we boys at least. We'd been brought up on that strip of fertile sand that they called the Eastern Shore of Virginia, with the sea and the Chesapeake on either side. We were land people, farm people, but the sea was part of all our memories, and we weren't old enough to be afraid of it.

But Meat was afraid of it, and my father knew why. It went a long way back, back to the day when Father first found him. Even then, they called him Meat. He must have had some other name, but it was lost with the years. There had been a good many years before we knew him, for his tight, crinkly hair was iron gray the way a Negro's hair gets white, and the fine sheen of his skin upon the cheekbones had that depthless polish of old mahogany. He loved my father and my mother, and he worshiped us boys. If he hadn't, he would never have gone that summer day with us to Cobb's Island.

It was a grand day for a cruise. The sun was blazing hot, and on shore it was sultry, but out there on the water of the Chesapeake, the heat and sultriness had a pleasant feeling, like a warm bath, but not too warm, for the spray from the schooner's prow was enough to dapple us with momentary goose-bumps.

Of course, we didn't think of it as just going out to Cobb's Island for the summer; we thought of it as an ocean voyage, a real voyage, with my father and Meat and us for crew. We were on the Main, heading for fabled isles—around the peninsula to Cobb's Island, with Hog's Island on beyond, and Chincoteague Island where wild ponies lived. The ancient domain of the right whale, of Blackbeard in colonial days, of blockade runners in the War Between the States.

"There it is," my mother cried, pointing. "Cobb's Island. I can see the lighthouse."

And there it was, a hump of sand rising out of the sea, with a few dozen cottages and the lighthouse at one end. We tacked slowly around, heading toward my father's pier. I doubt that even Christopher Columbus ever got the thrill we had at seeing that. Land ho! Our land—our pier!

Our cottage was a pleasant, spacious place, with a second-story deck where we boys slept, the three of us in bunks built in the wall. It had the summer smell, musty and salt, the odor of grass matting on the floor, the dust

of net curtains. And over all, insistent, soothing, was the gentle rumble of the surf. "Go along, you boys," Meat ordered us. "But don't go far. Be wheres I'd hear you holler if you did."

"Oh, Meat, nonsense," my mother laughed. "Why should they holler? They can swim."

"Yes, ma'am," Meat said, wagging his head, yielding not an inch. "But I'd feel easier in my mind."

He stopped, a sudden tight squeeze in his face, and then his hand moved slowly to his chest.

Mother took his arm. "What's the matter, Meat?"

Meat let his breath go out. "Just sort of grabbed me 'bout de heart," he said. "Just getting old, Mis' Nan." And then, indignantly to us, "You boys, go along—go along—"

We ran away. The freedom of that moment was a thing that boys live for. We went back again to our Main—explorers, voyagers, footloose and daring all. We found the bleaching skeleton of a whale upon the sands, far up where some storm of the winter had shoved the monster hulk. We crawled and slid between the bones, peering out through the gaping jaws, pretending we were little Jonahs. Then, breathless, we started for the lighthouse. We'd almost got there when Meat caught up with us.

"You go back home," he called. "No fooling now. I told Mr. John dat bay was black, and now looks like we got a hurricane."

We didn't see any hurricane. But far out toward the eastern horizon, the sea and sky had lost their sharp distinction and were growing blurred, as if a dark mist were increasing there. As we watched, we felt the warm air move.

It was too gentle, too sluggish—only a ripple on the knee-deep marsh grass—to be frightening, but Meat's voice scared us. Meat's voice—and then a few thick drops of rain. Unseen by us, an arm of cloud was pushing through the sky. We looked, and then we ran.

Before we reached our cottage the rain was coming hard. Yet there was no wind—no hurricane, as Meat called it. My father was out on the pier, doing something to the schooner's ropes, and Mother was closing the windows of the cottage, latching them. We came in drenched, with Meat behind us, his lips moving as if he were talking soundlessly to himself. Mother darted one quick look at him and said:

"Go out on the pier, Meat. Mr. John needs your help."

Meat ambled slowly to the door and went out. He closed the door behind him and then suddenly, terrifyingly, it ripped open and banged against the wall. A vase fell from the mantel and shattered on the hearth. We saw Meat outside, his clothes driven against his lanky body, his face putty gray.

"Go on, Meat," Mother called sharply. Then she closed the door. "Old fool," she said beneath her breath, meaning us to hear.

THE cottage felt smothering hot as we stood there, watching my mother slam the windows shut, while little rivulets of sweat formed on our faces and the backs of our hands. It wasn't long before my father and Meat came back. By then the wind was stiffening, and through the rain-streaked windows we could see the ocean pounding at the shore. The sky was black and now the sea was black, too, but tipped with angry froth, like bits of mica embedded in a seam of coal. The waves weren't high but they were choppy, and choked-up looking. On them, the schooner bobbed ridiculously.

"Looks like a little blow," Father smiled. Somehow his words fell flat. We had only to look at Meat—

"Mr. John, I'll start the kitchen fire," he said, and left us.

Mother looked quickly at Father. We knew that look. It meant: Do something, John. His lips pressed tight. "Meat needs a drink," he said. "I'll get him one."

It was after supper that we heard what was wrong with Meat. The storm seemed to have settled down into a steady blow from the southeast, lots of rain and lightning, but nothing special. We were still at the table when Father began.

(Continued on page 48)

A TRUCK-TRAILER DRIVES UP



NEED A THOUSAND HOUSES?
One or a thousand, the process is the same for National Homes. In fact, 3,000 were recently erected on one order in the Detroit area. Other large groups have been erected in Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska and Wisconsin.

Thanks to our network of roads and the efficiency of Trailer hauling, these homes are practical throughout most of the United States. They have been erected as far as 700 miles from the factory. *Truck-Trailer hauling is economical, too. National's Fruehauf Trailers, carrying 10-ton loads, are pulled by trucks which are designed to carry only a fraction of that weight.*

and PRESTO - there's Your New Home!

The erection of your new home can be almost as fast as Presto! . . . thanks to National Homes Corporation's assembly-line production and its use of Truck-Trailers* for delivery from factory direct to homesite.



The construction time for a 5-room house is about four hours . . . one hour for the floor and three for the upper structure. Then, just a few days for plumbing, wiring, painting and heating installation . . . and you move in.

Or, if you move to another city or neighborhood, your National Home can be demounted and re-erected in less than seven hours, plus, of course, the transportation time by Trailer. And these are just normal operations with a small crew . . . not stunts with an army of workmen.

*National Homes house sections are transported by Bud Marks Truck Service.

Mass production and fast, synchronized transportation are, of course, the answers. And, as so many other companies have learned, Truck-Trailers do a transportation job that wouldn't be practical any other way.

In this case, the house sections are loaded at the National Homes factory in Lafayette, Indiana . . . go direct to the new homesite . . . are unloaded as the building goes up.

War workers are now getting the homes that National's Fruehauf Trailers are transporting. After the war, a host of other American families will likely choose these attractive homes that they can take with them wherever they go.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY ♦ **DETROIT**
Service in Principal Cities

MOTOR TRANSPORT Will Get Your Job Done!

If you aren't using truck transportation, have you ever challenged your shipping costs and over-all efficiency with the job that professional haulers can do for you? The fact that the for-hire motor transport industry has grown so rapidly is indicative of what others think of its services. Why not at least get the facts and stack them up against your own records?



FRUEHAUF Trailers
"Engineered Transportation"

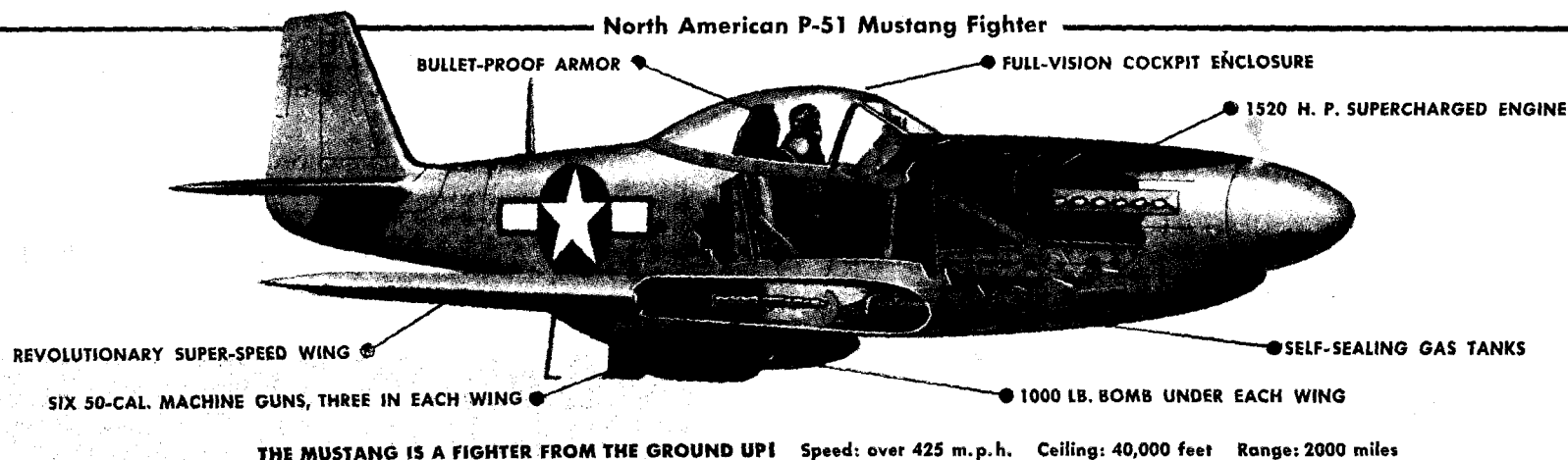
TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA



This Peace Talk Makes Sense

You don't have to translate the language of a Mustang's 50 calibre guns or the 75 millimeter cannon talk of a Mitchell bomber. The Japs already understand. So do the Nazis. So let's keep talking. You bet you can help! Think of it this

way. The Bonds you buy help build these fast-talking planes. The waste fat you collect helps arm them. Waste paper helps ship them, and gasoline flies them. Wouldn't you like to say a few words of this kind of "peace talk," too?



THE MUSTANG IS A FIGHTER FROM THE GROUND UP! Speed: over 425 m.p.h. Ceiling: 40,000 feet Range: 2000 miles

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES . . . the B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan combat trainer, P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

able to penetrate Russia's "Garden of Eden"—Central Asia.

Johnston arranged for correspondents to accompany him. Explaining to Stalin his belief in the importance of Russia and America understanding each other as fully as possible and the importance of the role of the American press in such an understanding, he suggested to the Marshal that the correspondents be allowed to go along on his trip, which was the most extensive ever arranged for an American in the Soviet Union.

Wherever Johnston went, we observed that he saw anything he asked to see, and the managers of Russian plants and administrators of the Soviet republics answered every question he put to them. It seemed plain as a pikestaff to me that the Russians wanted Johnston to see that they know how to use modern industrial equipment, and that if they can do business with America their machines will not go to waste.

The Russians moved hundreds of factories and hundreds of thousands of workers out of western industrial regions just ahead of the advancing Germans in 1941 and shipped them behind the Urals. One thing that saved Russia in the war was the foresight of Russian officials in building up the productivity of the Urals region so that it could mount the present offensive against the Axis. Those bare facts were known; what was not known was the magnitude of the whole undertaking. That is what Johnston and we who accompanied him saw for the first time.

Mass Migration of Workers

Millions of Soviet civilians were moved from the west to towns in Siberia, the Urals and Central Asia, where they had a chance to resume war production. The high tide of this evacuation has long since ebbed, and the majority of the workers have returned to their homes. At Sverdlovsk, for instance, the prewar population of half a million was doubled by the evacuation; now it is back to three quarters of a million. But the sacrifices these civilians made while in the Urals were unbelievable. These workers were not in danger of death as were the men of the Red Army, but in every other respect, their existence was just as Spartan. We saw how they lived in hastily erected huge barracks and sod huts. Enormous new war plants had to be built. All but the most essential buildings were taken over. Everywhere there was an acute shortage of water, food, shelter and fuel—and this in some areas that have winter temperatures like Minnesota. In Novosibirsk, housing for 300,000 persons was built in 75 days; Tashkent built 10,000 square yards of housing space and 100,000 square yards of industrial space. At Omsk, residents were allowed only 28 liters (a liter is about a quart) of water a day for all purposes; but Omsk also built 9 brick plants with an annual production of 86,000,000 bricks.

Johnston saw where, in some places, schools were used for living quarters; one hospital became a parachute factory; air-drome hangars were turned into aircraft factories. Heavy steel mills became tank factories within forty-five days. Streets were unpaved, permanent sewers virtually unknown, transportation hopelessly overburdened. Teen-age youngsters swarmed over the Russian version of the Douglas DC-3; women and girls worked in potato fields four or five hours on food production after a long, hot day over drop forges and giant presses.

I went with Johnston through the 24-square-mile integrated steel enterprise at Magnitogorsk which is scheduled to produce sixty-million tons of steel annually after the war—about two thirds of U.S. production. It is typical of this area which closely parallels the Alleghenies fifty years ago.

Started in 1930, Magnitogorsk is due to be completed four years hence, and will have a larger plant than Gary, Indiana. Scores of thousands of workers in three shifts man its six huge blast furnaces, and prepare its seventh. Near by, a huge mountain (which contains three hundred million tons of ore that assays sixty per cent iron, plus another eighty-five million tons of forty-five per cent ore) daily feeds the plant's six blast furnaces, twenty open hearth furnaces, two blooming

Russia Beckons Big Business

Continued from page 11

mills, eight rolling mills, six coke batteries and a small wire mill.

We met the director of this huge operation, 38-year-old Grigori Nosov, who makes 20,000 rubles a month. He told Johnston that the plant, capitalized at two billion rubles, ran at a substantial loss through 1939, but made a profit of twenty-five million rubles last year and may double it this year. (For comparison, the ruble is worth about twenty cents in U.S. money.)

The cavernous steel mills are completely mechanized and seemed almost vacant, as a comparative handful of workers manipulated great traveling cranes, giant ingot rollers and automatic presses. The average age of workers is thirty-two, and forty-five per cent are women; the accident rate is eight per 10,000 workers per month.

Centers of Soviet arms production in the Urals are Sverdlovsk and Omsk. For reasons of military security, exact locations and production figures of these plants cannot

cans would work under such conditions. Yet a few hours later, in the center of town, I saw these same girls whirling in the dizzy pattern of jitterbugs on a raised platform under the stars to the music of a small jazz band which pumped out five-year-old American tunes.

This kind of vitality is especially evident in Siberia—the old Wild West of present-day Russia. Towns like Novosibirsk resemble Montana frontier villages, and inhabitants act and talk like Los Angeles real-estate promoters. Americans think of Siberia as about like the Hudson Bay country, with nothing but snow, ice, dog teams and wolves. Actually, it's like Superior, Wisconsin, or Duluth, Minnesota—cold in winter but warm in summer. The best strawberries in Russia grow there; so do the best airplane factories—one of which Johnston said was the equal in efficiency, smoothness and cleanliness of operation of any giant U.S. plant in Buffalo, Long Island or California.

Boss of this section is Mike Kalugin, who



Moving the Chrysler tank arsenal from Detroit to Denver would be equivalent of shift of this plant from Leningrad to Kirov

now be given, but it can be stated that we saw a huge machine-building plant which put out 30,000 tons of heavy machinery per year before the war; artillery, self-propelled artillery, tank and shell factories, some built before the war, some moved from west Russia and some built especially for this war. The men directing these plants, which employ from 30,000 to 50,000 workers each, are young—in their thirties or early forties. In one plant, 35 per cent of the workers are women and only 20 per cent are skilled enough to have had ten years' experience. All work eleven hours a day, many in plants with broken roofs which there has been no time to repair, with poor ventilation and bad light.

Compared to Youngstown steel plants, the Chrysler tank arsenal in Detroit or the Consolidated assembly plant in California, we saw working conditions that are bad—not because anyone wants them that way, but because the war has been so tough and production demands so severe that there hasn't been time to think of conveniences for workers. All have plans for elaborate improvements after the war.

Despite these conditions, workers are enthusiastic. Typical of their spirit is the Ural Tank Corps. The workers in the Urals arsenal decided to make, outside their regular production, sufficient tanks and armored weapons for an entire brigade. After turning out the equipment, many of them joined the corps and went to the front with it.

In another shell factory, Johnston saw thousands of teen-age girls working in a basement where there was no ventilation and the electric light was pale and yellow. The girls looked tired and harassed; I doubt if Ameri-

is built like a Golden Gloves champ, is as dynamic as an electric spark, as tough as one of Zane Grey's Texas gunmen and as adept a politician as Jim Farley. While conducting Johnston through plants, Mike didn't waste a second. He was continually talking to workers.

The Robust Pioneer Type

When the evening's entertainment came around, we saw Mike take the lead in swirling pretty Siberian girls in native dances and singing choruses of patriotic songs. A veteran of the Bolshevik cavalry during the revolution—when it was a bad day that he didn't get at least two enemy officers—Mike is the kind of guy who could stand up and slug it out toe to toe with such American pioneers as Jim Hill, Jay Gould or Jim Fiske.

Like them, he's interested in a robust kind of culture. In Novosibirsk he built a forty-million-ruble State Theater which rivals Moscow's great Bolshoi Theater and isn't far behind New York's largest movie show places. But Siberia has been growing so fast that there's been little time to think of post-war cultural implications. Siberia's greatest need has always been population, and the war has provided that with the millions of refugees from the west. Many of these are returning to the west, but the new factories will stay. Before the war, this frontier section produced chiefly timber, fish and furs; today its biggest industries are ammunition, aircraft and radio products.

Typical of the transition is an optical plant in Novosibirsk. It was removed from the west on November 16, 1941; twenty-two days

and two thousand miles later it went into operation on the site of what had been a cultural institute. Its director is Alexander Kitliar, 36-year-old Leningrader, who says their products are now definitely superior to similar ones made by the great Zeiss plant in Germany. All equipment, he told us, is given four tests before being turned over to the Red Army.

Perhaps the most startling change the Soviets have made is in Central Asia, around Samarkand and Tashkent. It led Johnston, at a big Douglas transport factory in Uzbek, to offer the following toast: "I have seen what great things Communism and the Soviet system have done for Uzbek. I can see what this country was like thirty years ago, and the progress you've made is notable."

A Whole Country Reclaimed

Johnston need not have gone back thirty years. He had seen Asia Minor which has identical climatic and physical conditions. There are crippled beggars in rags, crowds of dirty children, and everywhere the horrible eye and skin diseases. In Tashkent, there are industry, irrigation, clean streets and healthy children. Along tree-lined streets, irrigation ditches surge with water diverted from streams of the Altai Mountains; the water channels cut across fields green with corn, sorghum, cotton and sugar beets.

The "starvation steppes"—waterless plains to the west of Tashkent, which formerly only the most courageous nomads dared cross—will soon include two and a half million acres of crop-producing land, the result of the Ferghan and Farkhad projects which changed the course of the Sirdarya (Gray) River and sent its water through canals and irrigation ditches to the parched land. Half is already growing crops, the other half will when Farkhad is completed.

The closest U.S. parallel to this section of Samarkand, Tashkent, Alma-Ata and Fergana is the Imperial Valley of California and the irrigated regions of Arizona. Alma-Ata is the Russian Hollywood. Samarkand and Tashkent, where the temperature sometimes reaches 160 degrees, are the capitals of the area which fed Russia during the German occupation of the Ukraine. They were food centers before the war, but while the Nazis were eating from Russia's breadbasket, production was stepped up so much that Victory gardens alone produced fifteen times as much food as all gardens did before the war.

For instance, when the Ukrainian sugar-beet lands were lost, Central Asia started to grow them for the first time. This year Uzbek has 85,000 acres in sugar beets, plus another 40,000 growing seed for the liberated Ukraine. The average yield is 25,000 kilograms a hectare (about two and a half acres) as against the Ukrainian average of about 30,000, but in some places it goes as high as 120,000 kilos. Uzbek alone has four sugar refineries, with others in Kirghiz and Kazak. Uzbek also grows two kinds of rubber plants and has double the acreage of vineyards it had ten years ago—sometimes the bunches of grapes weigh ten pounds.

Three million Central Asia acres are planted to cotton, with a production rate roughly equal to those of Arizona and California. Uzbek has a quarter-million-spindle cotton factory which employs 14,000 workers and produces half a billion rubles' worth of textiles a year. This same region produces nearly a billion kilos of wheat a year.

In the midst of this vast agricultural section, Samarkand, rich with relics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with Tamerlane's historic tomb and all the medieval pomp and color of the exotic East, flourishes, a modern cultural center which residents proudly compare to Leningrad. It is also an agricultural center, supporting a huge experimental farm on which are grown fifteen hundred varieties of fruit. One of them is an apricot which contains so much sugar that it can be allowed to dry right on the tree, and one man can harvest the crop from two hundred and fifty acres. There are eighteen kinds of peaches—mostly American; half a dozen kinds of apples, again mostly American. Samarkand has increased its producing land since the war began by 375,000 acres, daily ships hundreds of carloads of dried fruit, silk



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J-62

NAME

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cocoons, caracul skins and cotton textiles to the west.

You don't have to know U.S. production facts in order to see the seven-league strides that the country back of the Urals has made since the war started. But Eric Johnston toured that country with those U.S. facts always in the back of his mind and was thus able to evaluate the things he saw. Having seen, here is what he thinks:

Russian factories are far from perfect; some are as efficient as their U.S. counterparts, many are not. He doesn't think the Soviet Union is perfect, any more than he thinks America is perfect. He saw good things—he saw achievements which America couldn't equal and things which America wouldn't tolerate.

One of his observations is about queues.

He's against them. He believes that when the war is over, Russia should invite some American chain-store men to assist in improvement of the distribution system, because many precious man-hours are lost in Moscow and other cities as thousands stand in line for food and other products.

Johnston saw the immense progress toward widespread literacy, health and comfort that has been made in Central Asia and he saw the other side of the picture—the vast sacrifices the Russian people have been making to keep the Red Army supplied with guns, cannons, planes, tanks and vehicles of war. He saw what is undoubtedly the most total mobilization of a country for war that the world has ever witnessed.

Probably the most important impression that he carried back to America is that there

are two Russias. One is the Russia which Germany seized in the war. That is the Russia which the Soviet Union sacrificed temporarily in order to beat Hitler. It is European Russia, the steel mills of the Donbas, the precision industries of Leningrad, the sugar complex of the Ukraine.

Industrially and economically, that was the Russia that counted before the war—or more realistically, before the first of the two Five-Year Plans. But by 1943, there was a second Russia, the Russia of the Urals, of Siberia and Central Asia. This second Russia accounted for the victory over Hitler's Wehrmacht.

This second Russia is the country America is going to be doing business with after the war.

THE END

The Unbelievable Browns

Continued from page 14

at third and being given credit for furnishing the spark that had made the club.

The outfield has Mike Chartak, Mike Kreevich, Chet Laabs (another war worker for half the season) and Gene Moore, all refugees from other chain gangs and not regarded highly by baseball folk. But Milt Byrnes was doing well for the young people, and Al Zarilla, up from Toledo, had a streak in late July when he pounded out fifteen hits in eighteen times at bat, many of them extra-base clouts.

The catching department is definitely weak. When Rick Ferrell was sold to Washington, Sewell was banking on Helf of Milwaukee to take his place, but the Army plucked the gentleman, and what Luke had left was young Myron Hayworth, brother of the more famous Ray, and Frank Mancuso, brother of the great Gus.

But the team had guts, no losing streak beyond three games and a most admirable quality of taking a ferocious beating in the first game of a double-header and coming back to win the second. Just when the skids seemed well greased, the nondescript boys lashed back. There were experts who maintained that the success of the pitchers could be laid to a coaching staff with three old receivers, Zack Taylor, Freddy Hoffman and Sewell, but Luke would have none of this.

"I just tell 'em to throw it on in there," says Luke, adding, "You can put me down as a man whose mind refuses to work more than twenty-four hours in advance. I don't know how many games anybody else is behind, and I don't care. I have enough to do right here."

Lately, a St. Louis newspaper has been running a symposium on What's Wrong with the Browns. It turns out that the fans have been slow in appreciating the merits of the club because hot dogs cost too much, the program has been hiked from five cents to ten cents, Luke Sewell refuses to use the sacrifice, Sewell traded away Johnny Niggeling, Rick Ferrell and Harland Clift, and got nothing in return, beer costs too much, the park is hard to get to, the park is dirty, the Browns have no color, American League ball is no fun compared with National League ball.

The truth of the matter is that St. Louis may be a one-team town, but it certainly isn't a two-team town. The Cardinals acquired their popularity back when Rogers Hornsby won the first pennant and followed with the Gas House Gang and the present hurricane boys. But even while winning pennants, the Cardinals have drawn fewer people than the Philadelphia Athletics in last place. The burghers along the Anheuser belt may like their baseball, but not to any insane extent. Sam Breadon has made money with the Cardinals, but only through working every angle known to publicity.

When Phil Ball bought the Browns from the Hedges estate as part of the deal killing the old Federal League, it was said that he did it as a sporting gesture, which it soon turned out to be. After 1922, when the team piled up a home attendance of 712,000 (still a record for the town), it dropped to 80,922 in 1935, allowing Mr. Ball to see the games in what amounted to solitary splendor.

When Mr. Ball died, Bill De Witt, then

with the Cardinals, got busy with a plan to buy the club and interested Don Barnes through the fact that Barnes' daughter had gone to school with De Witt's wife. Barnes joined with the Muckerman brothers to take the club and found, to his surprise, that hundreds of romantic people wanted to get in on this form of financial suicide.

The books were opened, stock was sold with no brokers' commissions, and at present there are 1,132 stockholders who get no dividends but have the happy feeling of being in on the ground floor of a failure. It is estimated that the club could break even on a home attendance of 350,000, but at least 400,000 is needed to allow for a good scouting and farm-club system. The Browns have farms in Toledo, Springfield, Illinois, and Youngstown, Ohio, and will operate again in San Antonio when the Texas League resumes.

The Jack-Pot Question

This brings up the question of what to do about the Browns or, better still, about St. Louis. It has been established that St. Louis has the smallest drawing territory of any big-league club, and two teams are trying to live on it. Here are the figures, as compiled out Missouri way:

St. Louis (100-mile radius)—2,601,000
Chicago—7,090,000
Cincinnati—3,906,000
Detroit—4,341,000
Cleveland—4,301,000
Pittsburgh—5,755,000
Washington—3,968,000
Boston—6,118,000
Philadelphia (50-mile radius)—7,000,000
New York—21,151,000
Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Washington have only one club, and yet they have more population to draw from than St. Louis with two teams. This would

seem to indicate that one team would have to leave and, brethren, the scramble to get out of town is going to be terrifying, and don't imagine that the urge will be confined alone to the Browns. The Cards are just as eager to depart, and the thing may end in a desperate foot race of desertion.

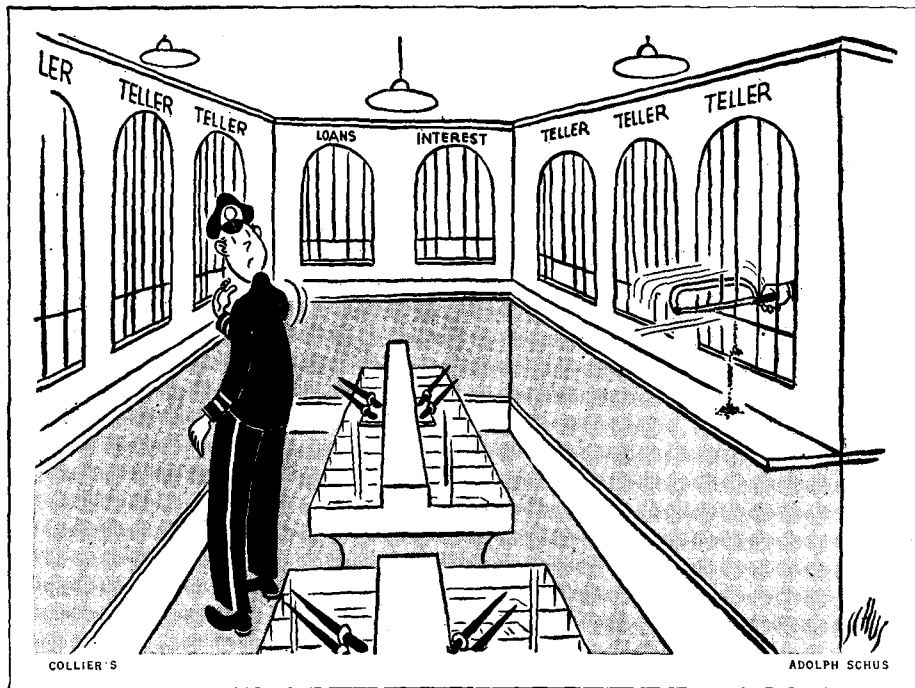
Before the war, rumors were thick that the Browns would move to Los Angeles, and President Barnes discussed them openly. His business and life are in St. Louis and he would prefer the Browns to stay, but nothing—not even a baseball club—can fight against nature. The Browns will be in Los Angeles after the war unless the Cardinals beat them to it by landing in Detroit as a second club. Whatever may be said in denial, that move is in the air. It is certain that St. Louis is going to lose one team, which will go either to Los Angeles or Detroit.

However, the future is no concern of Luke Sewell's. His job is to win a pennant with the strangest group of athletes ever assembled on one club. When the team was seventh in club hitting and fielding on the first of August, and the best pitcher was Muehrcke, with a 11-6 record, nobody was quite certain what was holding them up. It isn't Mr. Sewell's fault that a man named Hitler was born. There are still plenty of good hitters in the American League, and Sewell must feel he is taking part in a miracle when his pitchers start and finish a game, something unheard of in recent Browns history.

Even in midsummer, it was a queer sensation to see them in the lead; it didn't look right on paper, and nobody could tell whether it would continue through the season. Critics have attributed it to the fine spirit on the club.

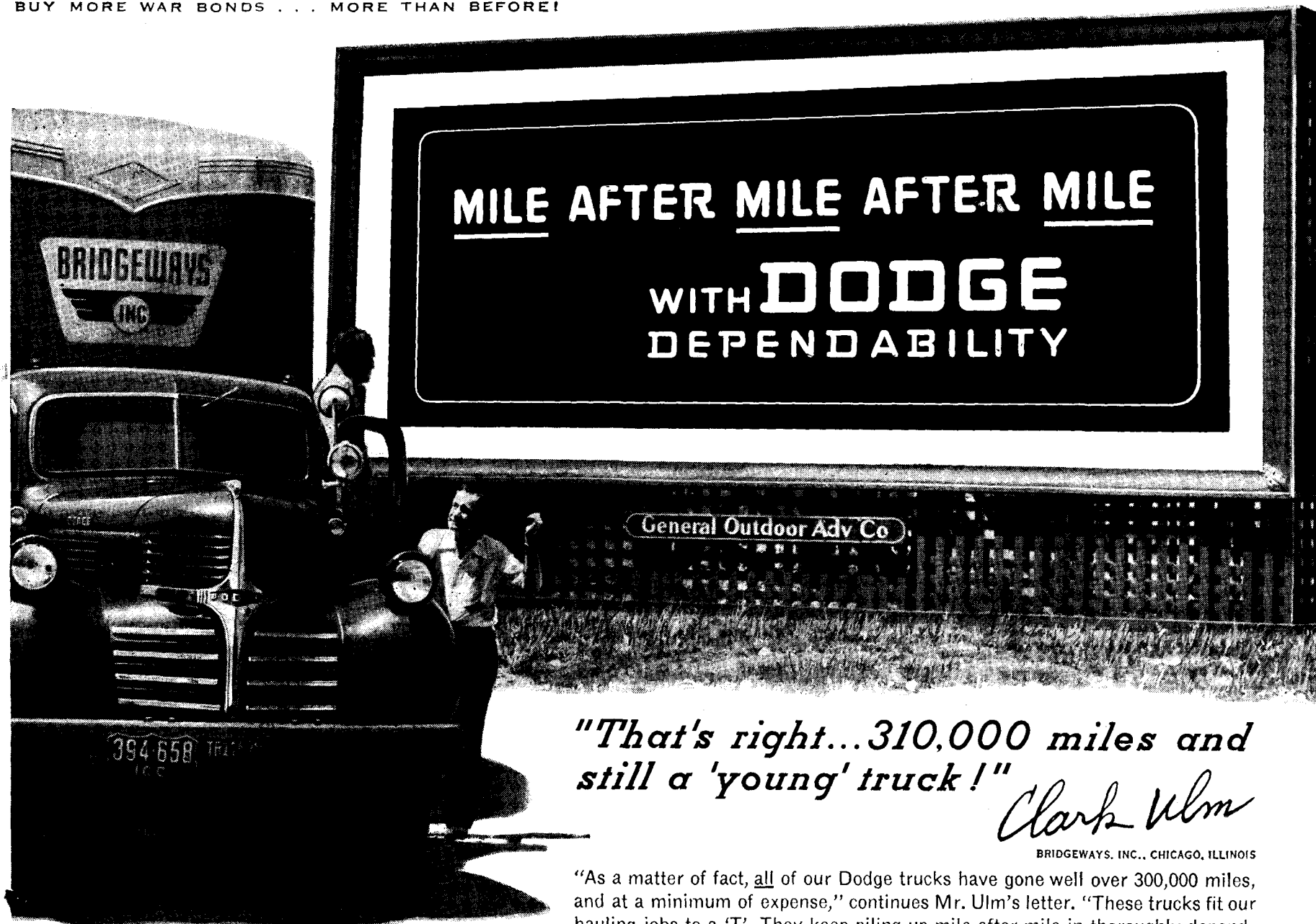
"You always have fine spirit on a winning club," says Sewell, shaking his head as if that couldn't be the whole explanation.

THE END



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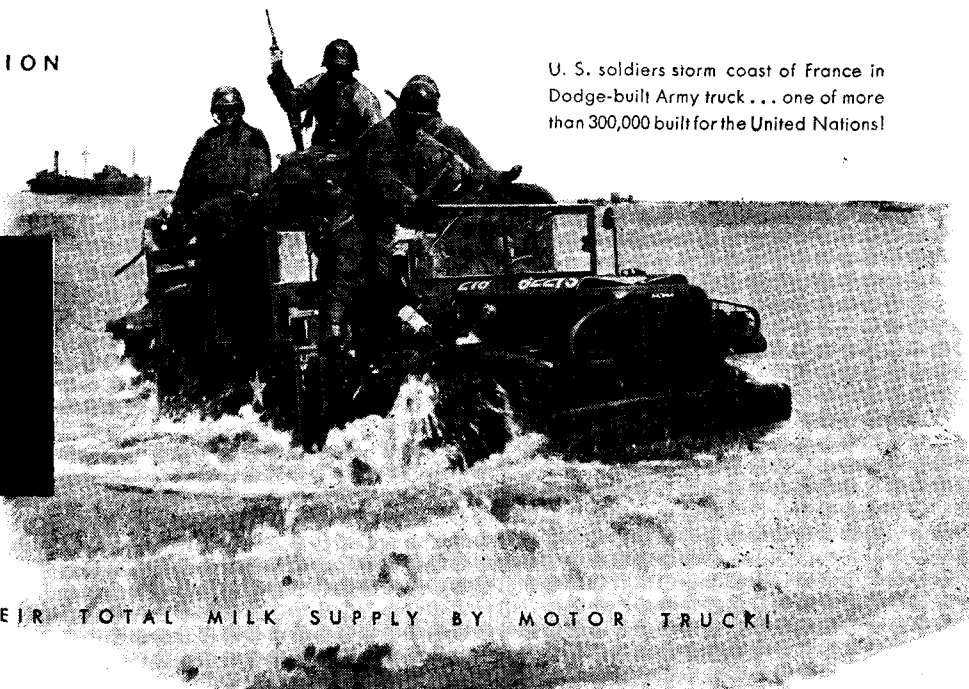
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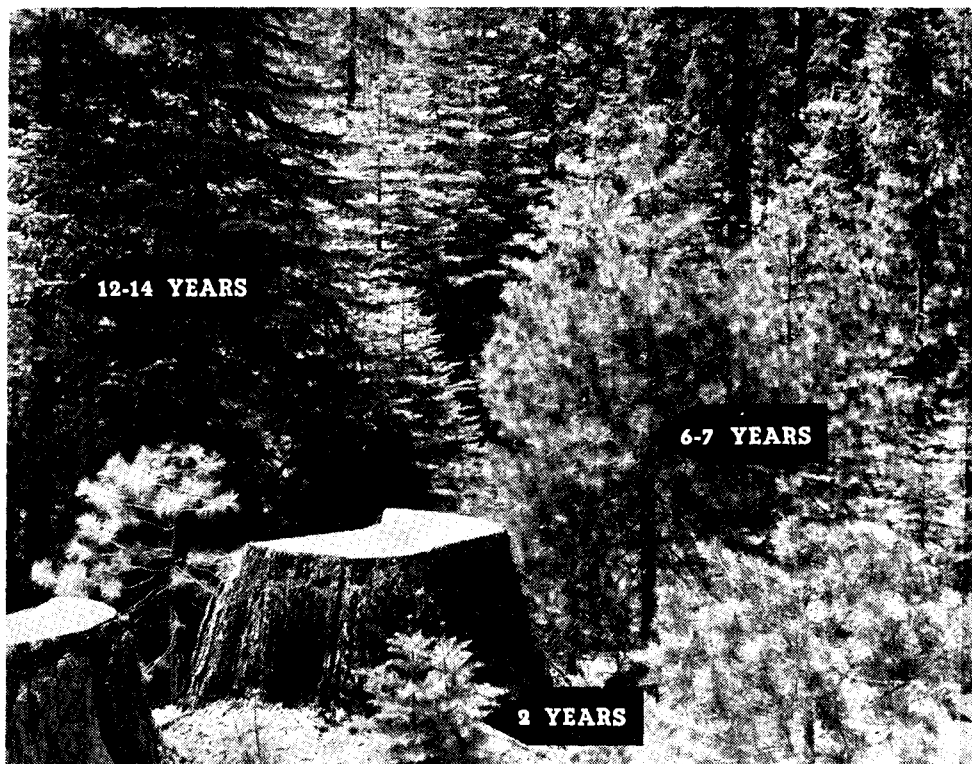
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This Western tree farm will never run short of timber, for young sugar pines filling in the forest openings were left when overmature trees were cut



Fire is the Number One enemy. The Clemons Tree Farm in Washington maintains almost \$100,000 worth of fire-fighting equipment ready to go into battle



Forests

FOR TOMORROW

By Stewart Holbrook

In the past, we devastated our forests for profits. Today, tree farms of millions of acres, scientifically managed, assure a bountiful supply of standing timber for the future

of equipment for fighting forest fires—trucks, power pumps, back-pack pumps, bulldozers, miles of hose, hundreds of axes, saws, shovels—and sleeping and eating quarters for fire crews.

These smoke-eaters can get to within a thousand feet of any spot on the farm. Hose will reach the rest of the way. At the main fire station are wind gauges, thermometers, barometers and a hygrothermograph, an instrument that registers and records the moisture in the air. The Clemons fire chief keeps close tab on humidity, especially during the hazardous months when the forest often becomes so dry that a single spark may loose quick disaster. The Clemons crews are so well organized and equipped that during three long summers no fire has spread more than six acres, and most blazes never reached a quarter of that size.

Tree farming is unlike most crop growing in that very little planting is required. The Pacific Northwest is blessed with ideal timber-growing climate and soil. If as few as five seed trees to an acre are left, the area will restock itself. In sections where fire has wiped out all seed sources, the trees must be planted by hand—a slow and expensive process. Planting stock for all western Oregon and Washington tree farms is grown in the tree nursery at Nisqually.

A Vast Empire of Trees

Charles Marston, a tall, rangy and able technical forester of long experience who has also worked as a logger, is in charge of the Clemons and other Western tree farms of the Weyerhaeuser company. He says that the potential area of industrial tree farms in western Washington is 5,832,000 acres; in western Oregon, 5,041,000 acres. These lands, he believes, have a yearly growing capacity, under good protection, of not less than 6½ billion feet of timber. He hopes to see the day when all this potential area is in tree farms, protected and scientifically managed, just as one would manage any other industrial property.

In older days, everybody said there was always more timber—plenty of timber, just over the next hump. The first hump was Bangor, Maine. The lumberjacks gave New England a close shave—once over for pine, again for spruce—then swept into New York and Pennsylvania. Those woods went down like so much wheat in a storm, too, and the boys piled into Michigan, making sawdust forty-two feet deep on which to build Saginaw and Bay City. They moved on again, ax in hand, to fill Wisconsin's rivers full of logs, then swarmed into Minnesota like locusts.

Homesteaders and others who followed in the wake of the lumberjacks burned the new forests that were coming up, drained the swamps to turn good forest land into worthless farm land.

When at last the loggers had swept across Montana, across Idaho, and had come down the Columbia River and to Puget Sound, they whaled into timber bigger and thicker than they had ever seen before. But, though few of them realized it, they were in their last stronghold, with their backs to the sea. There was no hump to go over from here.

It was when a few reflective lumbermen began to realize just how near they were getting to the bottom of the basket that the trend toward industrial forestry took roots in America's last frontier.

(Continued on page 61)

BETWEEN the Cascade Mountains and the sea, in western Oregon and Washington, a tremendous piece of farming is under way. On three million acres of cut-over forest land, loggers and lumbermen are growing trees on a gigantic scale and using methods and equipment so new that the general public has not yet heard of them.

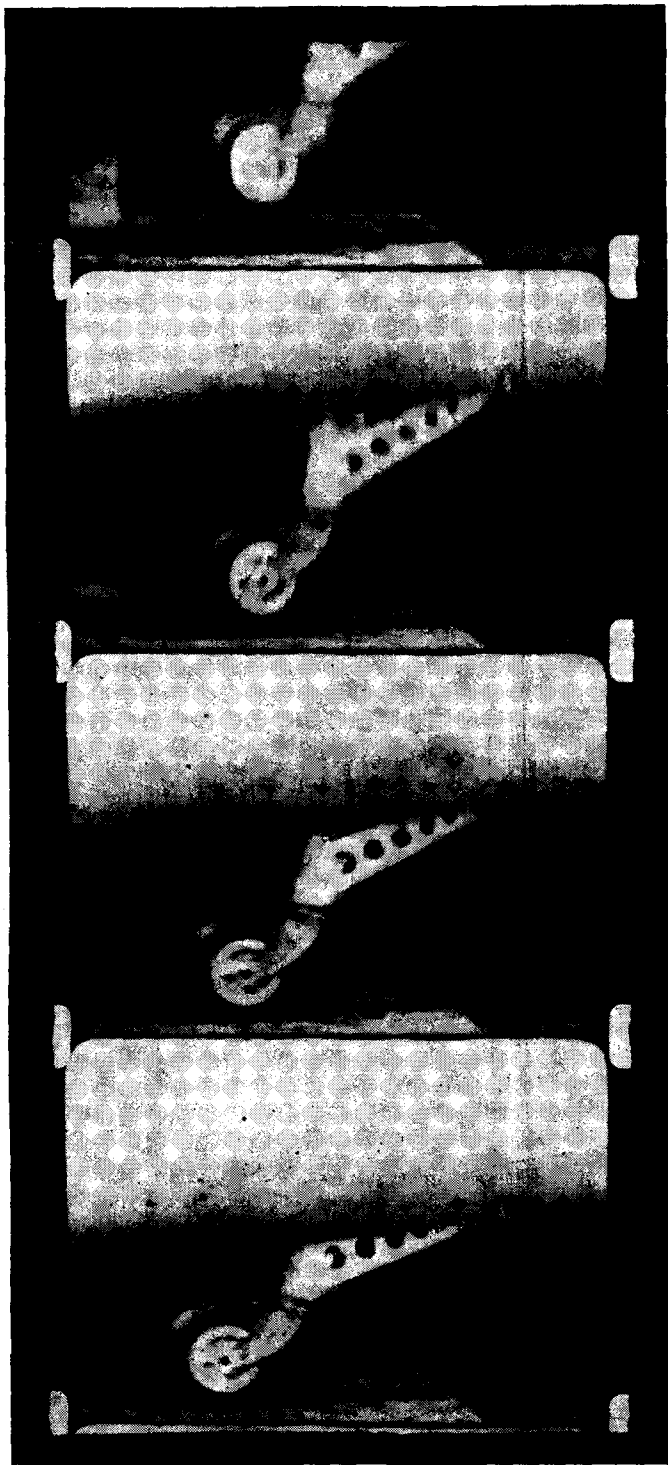
No general harvest of these trees is planned or expected until around 2000 A. D., although some minor cuttings may be made forty or even thirty years hence. It is long-term farming any way you look at it, and it is a good deal riskier than growing potatoes or wheat. But the loggers and lumbermen who are investing hundreds of thousands of dollars in tree farms are convinced that they have the answer to what is loosely called "America's timber-conservation problem." Practical businessmen all, they contend that the only conservation worth considering is one which allows us to use our forests and have them, too. Timber cropping is designed not only to protect present stands of timber but to keep the Pacific Northwest producing its third of the nation's lumber supply for centuries to come.

Most spectacular of the timber-growing programs is the huge Clemons Tree Farm in southwestern Washington, midway between the Cascades and the Pacific shore. Begun three years ago, it was then a pioneer in Northwest tree farming. The Weyerhaeuser Timber Company chose as the site for this first tree farm—the company now has five in Oregon and Washington—a 130,000-acre tract of as good timber-growing land as could be found anywhere. The virgin timber had been cut from most of the area, and new trees of varying age were growing up on the logged-over land. The farm manager's job is to see that the new crop of trees is given every chance to reach commercial maturity. He was told to spare no expense in giving them every protection known to science.

The Clemons farm already is becoming wilderness again. Trees range from knee-high saplings to stuff eighty feet tall. In places, one sees great old stumps six feet in diameter, moss-covered now, and, growing up beside them, scores of tall, straight new trees. Along the streams are fast-growing alder and miles of pungent cedar. There are patches of hemlock, the long-fibered wood so excellent for paper and plastic products. But the dominant tree is the fir named for David Douglas.

Yet the whole area is under the strictest management of man. Two hundred miles of old main-line logging railroad and spurs have been converted into hard-surface highways for the fast movement of fire-fighting apparatus. On four high and widely separated peaks are fire-lookout towers in radio and telephone contact with other parts of the farm. Near the farm's center is a modern fire station containing nearly \$100,000 worth

Part of the plan to insure a continuous harvest of forest products are precautions like this at left



This is an official Navy Photo from the Navy Engineering Laboratory, (untouched). Under full load, the tail wheel tire of a plane strikes the landing strip and squashes almost flat under the impact. The old tires simply couldn't take it.

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WHEN a Navy fighter "sits down" on a carrier deck, it sits down with terrific impact on the after tire.

This presented an ever more serious problem as the weights of our planes were increased with life-protecting armor... with added fire power, gasoline and bomb loads. A way had to be found, and found without delay, to build stronger, safer tires.

The new tires had to be able to take these increased giant loads... yet tire size could not be increased a single fraction of an inch, for that would have meant the re-design of planes.

United States Rubber Company scientists had worked for years with fabrics of many kinds to make tires lighter and stronger. Using rayon, they found that they could build stronger, safer airplane tires. Going further, they found tires made with nylon weighed even less and could take a greater landing impact—up to 50%—without any increase in size.

This is another story of how our laboratories have placed themselves at the command of the leaders of our armed forces to serve through science.

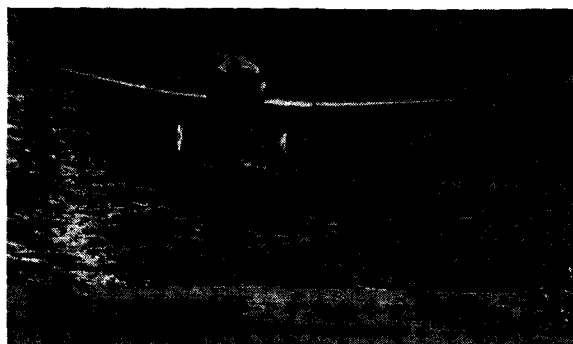


SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE TO SPEED THE VICTORY



Official U. S. Navy Photo

DROP TEST—At one of the test laboratories of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, landing wheels and tires are "drop tested" on a rig like this. Here a set of landing wheels is mounted on the rig and dropped under full load simulating landing impact.



Official U. S. Navy Photo

DECK TEST—Actual service tests, carefully supervised by Navy engineers, show how the product stands up in service. On tests like this, U.S. Royal Airplane Tires—and tires of all other suppliers—must prove their ability to stand up.



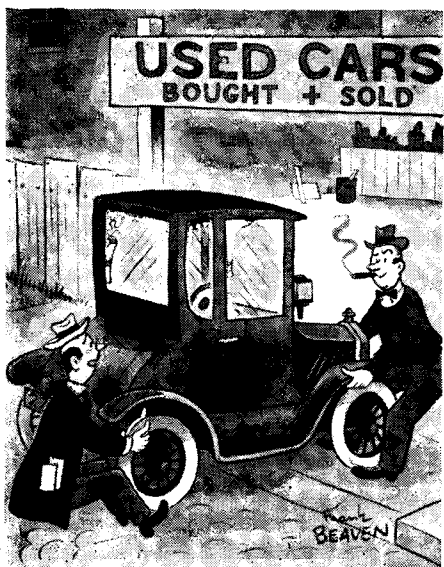
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BATTLE TEST—The toughest test of all is the battle test where the most extreme conditions must be met, where loads are heavy and speeds are high. It is here that all tests pay off in the creed of our Fighting Forces—"never to waste a life."

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Dive Bomber

Continued from page 30

Ever ride in a dive bomber? You ought to sometime. You don't have to be a superman. You'll need only a normal constitution and a friend who is a dive-bomber pilot.

Your friend will seat you in the rear cockpit. He'll make sure that your seat belt is well fastened. He'll see that you understand about pulling the rip cord on your parachute. Then he'll rehearse you a few times in opening the hood over your cockpit.

"How will I know when to jump?" you ask. "If you see me going by you, get out fast," he replies.

You practice opening the hood a few times because you don't want the thing to come loose and go slamming against your head when you are in a dive. Then you are ready to take off. The first thing you notice is that this airplane gets into the air very quickly.

You relax and enjoy the ride. The plane has a pretty fair rate of climb. Before long the altimeter in front of you shows around 11,000 feet. You have an oxygen mask, but you don't need it. You feel fine, a little gay. Then the voice of your friend comes over the intraplane phone. You can't see him at the controls in the front cockpit; you're separated from him by armor plate. He tells you to open your hood and check your seat belt.

Presently, you roll into a steep bank. You watch one of the wings disappear. Then everything disappears. You can't see the sky. You can't find the ground. Your seat belt tightens. You think you're falling; you make a grab for the cockpit cowl. The panic you feel is unbearable. You say to yourself: "I can't stand it! I can't stand it!"

Headfirst Toward the Earth

Then you find the nose of the plane and, way on past the nose, the earth getting bigger. You seem to be going straight down. The seat of your pants points to the sky. Nevertheless, you almost enjoy yourself. You thought this would be a roaring, screeching ride like those you've seen in the movies. There is a rush of air so swift you can't breathe it. You gulp it like water, but there are no Hollywood sound effects.

The nose of the plane lifts up. You are pulling out. The force of your inertia jams you back into your seat, hunches your shoulders and bends you double. That is a good, solid, comfortable feeling.

You pick up your telephone and tell your friend you certainly know now what dive bombing feels like, and if he wants to go back to the field, it will be all right.

"Oh, no," he says. "I want you to know what it really feels like."

He takes you up to about 12,000 feet. On the way, you take a really good look at your seat belt. You examine the buckle and the heft of the webbing. You practice reaching for the rip cord on your parachute.

The plane levels off presently, and then the nose dips down a little. As you open the hood again, your friend points out the "target," an island in the river, and explains that we are now in the "high-speed" approach. We get all the speed we can to make it tougher for "enemy" fighters to get us.

"Now we're entering the area of enemy antiaircraft," says your friend, as the plane begins to weave and bank erratically.

The nose suddenly drops out of sight, and, when you find it again, it is outlined against the island. You realize then that the plane rode into the first dive on its back. This time it just tipped over. You're in a longer dive now, and the pressure against your body is much stronger as you pull out. You are a little dizzy for a moment, but you don't black out. Fighter pilots, because they maneuver at much greater speeds, often do. But dive-bomber crews seldom have black-out trouble.

You are shooting down the river at almost treetop level when the plane begins to hop around. You remember that the pull-out made you dizzy. You begin to wonder if your friend is feeling well and are about to inquire about his health when he informs you that he is simulating evasive action while leaving the "enemy's" antiaircraft.

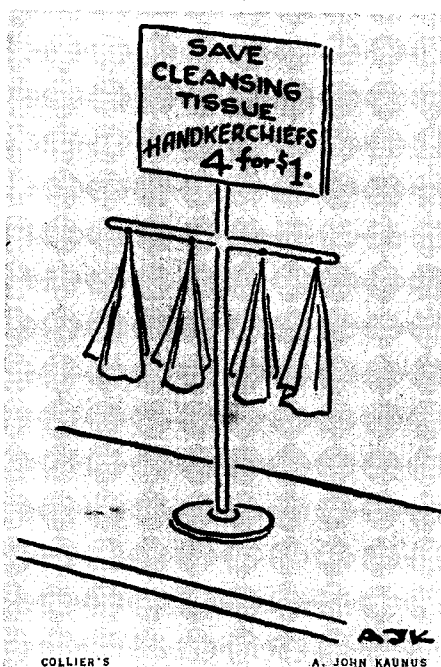
Back at the field, your friend begins to tell you how he felt when he made his first dive with an instructor. He is saying, "I told myself, 'I can't stand it! I can't stand it!'"

Two notions about dive bombing used to be pretty general outside the Navy. One held that the dive bomber was prohibitively vulnerable to antiaircraft fire; the other that it could not be used against land targets as successfully as other types of bombing airplanes.

The first notion has lately been discarded by everyone—in and out of the Navy. The second notion is being rapidly and drastically revised—also in and out of the Navy. Such revision is abundantly indicated by a long list of dive-bomber accomplishments at a long list of places in the Pacific where the Japanese used to be a very formidable foe, indeed. Such places as Tulagi, Rabaul, Marcus and Wake islands, Munda, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Ponape, Palau, even Truk, and, of course, Saipan.

The notion that dive bombers are peculiarly vulnerable to antiaircraft fire probably was given wide credence by reason of the high mortality rate among German Stukas. Naval pilots who have flown SBDs against Jap warships and land targets can bear witness to the assertion that dive bombers are harder to hit than other types of bombers.

This is true, however, only when the dive is nearly perpendicular. The Navy has discovered that maximum accuracy is obtained at a diving angle of between 70 and 80 degrees. That's the way the Navy dives. What the Germans and airmen of many other na-



tionalities call a "dive," the U.S. Navy contemptuously refers to as a "glide."

To an antiaircraft gunner on the ground or aboard a warship, a bomber in a 70-degree dive appears to be coming nearly head on. The gunner has an almost unavoidable tendency to regard the plane, because of the steep angle of its dive, as offering him a straightaway shot. What he has, on the contrary, is a deflection shot of the most insidiously deceptive sort, inasmuch as his target is moving vertically and horizontally at the same time.

Easy Target for the Enemy

The moment of greatest antiaircraft peril for dive-bomber crewmen exists during the pull-out of the dive. Then the dive bomber makes a fairly easy target, but for a few seconds at most and, largely, only for the enemy's lighter caliber guns. Our dive bombers are able very quickly to recover from dives and engage in evasive action. Probably not more than five per cent of our dive-bomber losses have been due to antiaircraft fire. As many—or more—were lost when they ran out of gas before they could get back to our carriers. The bulk of SBD casualties were inflicted by enemy fighter planes.

In our first major sea engagement of the war and the first time in history that two fleets have slugged it out with airpower alone

—the Battle of the Coral Sea—the Navy demonstrated that the co-ordinated attack of dive and torpedo bombers is the most promising means at hand of attending to the annihilation of Koiso's navy. Since the battle of May 7 and 8, 1942, there have been improvements in tactics, as airplanes were improved.

Dive- and torpedo-bomber squadrons now operate in closer contact. Both have more effective fighter support on the way to the target and during and after attacks. The SBD was made faster with more horsepower to carry bigger bomb loads.

Then came the still better Helldiver. The last SBD left the assembly line in July, although spare parts will continue to be manufactured. The torpedo plane with which we started the war has long since been replaced by the Grumman Avenger (TBF) whose performance is in all ways comparable to that of her teammates, the new dive bombers. Our naval fighter planes are the best in the world.

Tactically, this is about what will happen in the air on that day when the United States fleet finally catches up with the Jap's first-string navy.

New Pattern of Battle

Dive bombers by the hundreds will head for the enemy's carriers, battleships and cruisers at high altitude. Several hundred feet below them will be the torpedo-bomber squadrons. There will be plenty of fighter cover for all. As soon as the targets are sighted (which may be as much as fifty miles away, depending upon visibility) both dive and torpedo bombers will begin high-speed glides.

Torpedo bombers must drop down to around 200 feet to launch torpedoes.

Dive bombers start their diving attack from about 10,000 feet. During the approach run from high altitude to diving altitude, squadron leaders will have assigned targets. Carriers come first, because these carry in their decks and hangars the main striking power of the enemy. So many planes are assigned to the first carrier, so many to the second, and so on. If there are enough planes—and you can bet your last dollar there will be enough this time, not thirty or forty planes, but 800 or 1,000—assignments are made to battleships, cruisers and destroyers, in that order.

Once targets have been assigned, it's up to each pilot to take aim and decide when to release his bomb. Squadron or division leaders lead the attack. The bombers come down in a line, dive flaps spread to keep the planes from dropping faster than about 300 miles an hour, so that maximum bombing accuracy may be obtained.

If the pilot dived much faster, it is doubtful if he would have time to aim precisely with the little illuminated glass sight in front of his nose. There is so much for him to do—change engine adjustments from high to low altitude conditions, trim his airplane, arm his bomb so that it will explode, throttle his engine to cruising speed, try to estimate how much he should "lead" his target to allow for wind conditions, try to remember to drop with the wind.

Dive bombers attack first. They drop their stuff from around 2,000 feet. If they go any closer than that, they might run into their own bomb blasts. It takes about 25 seconds for an SBD to drop that 8,000 feet.

The first bombs dropped kill or wound enemy gunners or drive them away from their weapons. (Sometimes, when there is nothing else to do, fighters help out in strafing attacks.) Subsequent bombs may penetrate the enemy's decks and blast his innards.

After about 50 per cent of the bombs have been dropped, the TBFs should be launching torpedoes. By this time, enemy crews should be mightily confused. Enemy antiaircraft should be largely out of action. (Torpedo planes are highly vulnerable to antiaircraft because their close-to-the-water approach makes them an easy target, and they frequently have to run through cross fires from screening ships.) Furthermore, the dive bombers should have committed enemy ships to a course. There can be no time for further evasive maneuvering. Torpedo planes should drop on both sides of the enemy's bows. They shouldn't miss. Results should be wonderful.

THE END

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Pal Hollow Ground fits in your razor like this. Edge is flexible in razor.

This is the way an ordinary blade is held—edge is RIGID in razor.

BECAUSE Pal's are hollow-ground, they're FLEXIBLE in the razor...

BECAUSE they're FLEXIBLE, in the razor, they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH".

BECAUSE they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH" they shave cooler and last longer.

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES

4 for 10c

10 for 25c



Fit all regular razors perfectly

You cannot enjoy maximum heating comfort unless your home is equipped with the new MODUFLOW Control System developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell . . . MODUFLOW is available now for installation in a limited number of homes having any type of automatic heating plant. The cost is surprisingly reasonable.

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Some Got Away

Continued from page 17

Because we had more time than anything else, we were determined to use that and patience as substitutes for the tools and facilities which were totally lacking except as we could improvise them.

Our first problem was the construction of a trap which would defy detection by the German "ferrets"—the guards whose sole duty was an unending search for tunnels or other escape devices. Equipped with flashlights they would crawl under our barracks, probing every inch of soil; they would tap our walls and poke into dark corners, not just occasionally but in an unceasing hunt.

Ingenuity was needed, and there was plenty of it among the 1,600 Allied officers who comprised the personnel of our compound. In one corner of each hut, there was an enormous concrete block about four feet square, which was sunk into the ground to a depth of about five feet. Only its top, covered with a layer of firebrick, was visible above the floor. On this stood a stove which served us for both heating and cooking.

First we improvised an extra length of stovepipe, which permitted us to lift the stove aside quickly without smoking up the hut and yet keep the fire going. Then, working swiftly whenever the coast was clear, we carefully loosened the layer of firebrick to construct a lid which could be hastily lifted or lowered over the concrete block. With cutting tools devised from scraps of metal, we hacked and scraped our way down through the more than five feet of reinforced concrete. It took us over three months.

Outwitting the Germans

Our trap worked so well that we could shift the stove off or onto the block in less than fifteen seconds. Together with an elaborate warning system which still has the Germans mystified, this gave us adequate time to assume conventional poses—reading, playing cards or just talking—when a guard appeared to put a halt to operations.

The tunnel shaft was sunk deep enough so that the digging could proceed without disturbing the delicate seismographs suspended at intervals on the double barbed-wire barrier which enclosed the camp. At the bottom of the shaft, we built three small chambers, one as a dressing room so that we could change from our digging clothes; a second to serve as a dispersal chamber for the tons of sand we were to remove; and a third to house a pumping station which would ventilate the tunnel. We constructed the pump from old kit bags.

With the preliminaries complete, we started driving the tunnel, aiming for the densest part of a small forest outside the enclosure. We were digging through sand, and, to safeguard against collapse, every inch of the tunnel roof had to be shored. Periodically, we requisitioned bed slats from the various huts. This had to be done on a quota basis, so that mattresses and bedding on the bunks would not sag too noticeably.

Our construction project called for perfect co-operation and the ability of every one of the officer prisoners working on the project to guard our secret. A careless word spoken by one man could destroy our plan. No such word was spoken.

When we pushed the tunnel for a distance of 100 feet, we found that we needed an efficient device for carrying dirt away from the digging surface. This was solved by the construction of a makeshift tramway with rails built from strips of wooden wall molding. We then improvised a small cart, rigged on a pulley. Lying flat on the cart, we could pull ourselves to and from the working surface and, while digging, could use the cart for hauling sand back to the dispersal chamber. As we pushed on, we added to our "railway" in relays of about 100 feet each, as our improvised cables would not stand the strain for a greater distance.

The tunnel was only eighteen inches high, so there wasn't much room for moving around while we worked, but as the months went by and we began to realize that our



Lt. Per Fjell

chances of making a break were improving with every day, the discomfort became more bearable. Fortunately we had been able to rig a string of electric lights, so that we weren't required to work in the dark. It was no job for a man who suffers from claustrophobia, but we soon developed a number of diggers who could remain on the job for several hours at a time. My longest shift at the working surface was about five hours.

While the main effort in our compound was concentrated on the big tunnel, it was by no means the only escape project hatched there during my last year in Stalag Luft III. Other tunnels were being built; building materials were so much in demand that many of the huts, stripped of all their removable parts, came to resemble flimsy skeletons. We had to be careful about leaning against the walls for fear they would collapse.

There were other plots, too. Once, by creating a pair of diversions in the open-air exercise area, the prisoners were able to distract the guards long enough to permit a small group of men to rush the fence. Equipped with wire cutters they had improvised, they were through the fence in a matter of seconds. The guards quickly discovered the ruse, however, and all the escaped prisoners were recaptured.

Another scheme came very near to succeeding. We had noticed that "ferret" guards, who were changed frequently, often strolled quite casually through the main gate when

Handsomeness, slightly built Lt. Per Fjell (not his real name, of course) may not conform to the popular conception of the rugged Norseman. A Norwegian naval officer who fled Norway in the same boat with him told us Per was so seasick no one expected him to survive.

"We thought he was too frail either to reach Britain alive or ever to become a fighting man if he did," said the naval officer. As you can see from his harrowing experiences in **SOME GOT AWAY**, Per proved otherwise.

Although recently assigned to instruction duty in Canada, Lt. Fjell hopes for more action. But his real longing is to return to Norway—a free Norway.

supply trucks entered or left. From an old uniform, one of our men made a very creditable replica of a ferret uniform. He was then provided with German identity credentials which were quite good except that they lacked his photograph. One day, shortly after a new batch of ferret replacements had arrived, the prisoner saw his opportunity.

Dressed in his German uniform and carrying the indispensable flashlight (also a dummy), he walked through the inner gate behind a truck. Stopped by a guard, he showed his papers, explained the lack of a photograph by saying he had arrived at the camp too recently to get one, and was permitted to pass through.

His disguise, plus the fact that he spoke German fluently, was evidently convincing—convincing, that is, so far as all the guards except one noncommissioned officer, were concerned. The NCO argued heatedly with the guards for a moment or two, then chased the escaping prisoner. He then insisted that the pseudo ferret show his papers to the camp commandant, a choleric 70-year-old Prussian officer. Quickly discovering the prisoner's true identity, the commandant exploded with rage at the guards.

The prisoner was placed in solitary. There he remained for about a fortnight until he gave his word as an Allied officer that he would not attempt another escape. A week or two on parole was enough for the prisoner, however, especially since work on the tunnel

project was proceeding rapidly. His request to be removed from parole was granted, and he was returned to solitary. A few days later, however, he was released again, this time without the embarrassing commitment.

The tunnel was the center of all our thoughts and the symbol of our hopes. We regarded it proudly as a masterpiece of engineering improvisation and a monument to patience. As I recall the many occasions when other tunnels were discovered and the Germans came to admire the ingenuity which had gone into their construction, I can only imagine the bewilderment and amazement with which they studied the masterpiece after our escape.

I know for a certainty that they are still mystified as to how we disposed of the sand, for the tunnel finally reached a length of 380 feet, and every three feet of excavation produced about a ton of sand. So far as the Germans are concerned, we might have mailed the dirt home. It is not my duty to enlighten them.

When it began to appear that our tunnel would succeed, it was necessary to start planning details of the escape. We knew, of course, that only a limited number of us—perhaps a hundred—might get out before the tunnel was discovered. About ten per cent were chosen by mutual consent because of the tremendous amount of work they had done on the project. Another small group was selected according to seniority, determined by the length of imprisonment. The remainder were chosen by lot. We who were chosen drew lots again to determine the order in which we were to make our final trips through the tunnel. I was No. 44.

We worked many weeks to perfect plans for escape once we emerged from the tunnel. For instance, I converted an old uniform to a suit of civilian clothes. Although I am no tailor, I was proud of the result. The others, too, made clothes to suit their own escape plans. Most of us proposed to go our own way outside the camp; some paired up, but none planned to stick together in large groups.

There were several reasons for this: In the first place, it obviously required many hours for a hundred of us to work our way through the tunnel. We could not risk waiting in groups outside the tunnel. Secondly, we were all of military age. There was too much danger of being picked up as German deserters for us even to consider traveling in groups. One or two might get through the Gestapo net, but a group was out of the question.

With the darkness, on March 22, 1944, we were prepared. It was a nervous night. Our hearts were beating wildly as we went down into the tunnel and inched our way along. Then, one by one, about 80 of us emerged from the mouth of the tunnel in silence, into a patch of woods outside the high barbed-wire fence surrounding Stalag Luft III. Then each man vanished into the darkness.

I cannot tell you anything about the various routes we used to make our way to freedom. Even though only a handful of us made good our escape, the routes we took are known to some of our comrades we left behind. They may be used again.

Massacre of Escaped Men

When the Swiss report that the Germans had shot 50 of the escaped men was played up in the newspapers, the Germans began screaming that the men were shot while resisting arrest during a rush to the prison gates.

I have talked with men who remained in Stalag Luft III after I escaped and who have since been repatriated. During the two days after our flight, they saw those 50 men returned to the camp. Later, they saw them simply manacled and driven away in trucks. To me, this suggests that the 50 men were removed to another camp and announced as shot with the intention of frightening the remaining prisoners.

But if those men were shot, it was not for rushing the gates as the Germans have claimed. That was not what we planned and that was not what we did. If they were shot, it was because the Nazis were infuriated at the largest prison break by Allied officers in the history of the war.

THE END



"Ju-u-ust a minute! He was annoying me first!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Collier's for September 2, 1944

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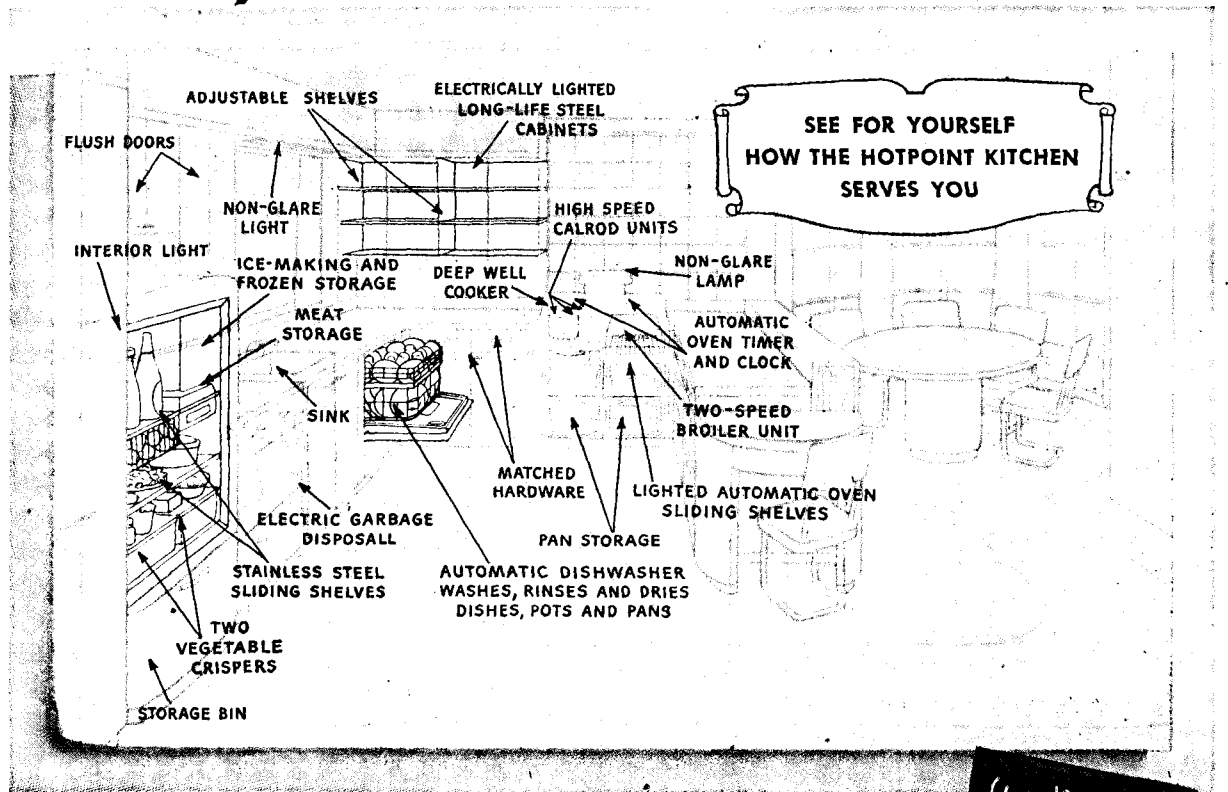
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Refrigeration Center—Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps foods fresh—provides fast, thrifty freezing and better arrangement of storage space.

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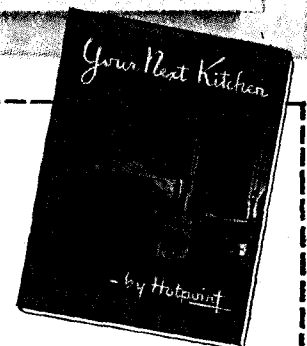
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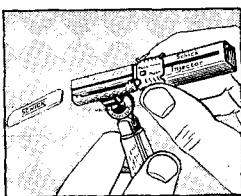
(Sorry—No New Razors Yet
Except for the Armed Forces!)

Make a note. You and your Schick Injector Razor have a date tomorrow A.M. There's no more waiting and wishing—because Schick Blades are back again. You can get 'em right now! And that means . . . well, you know a good thing when you see it. Else you wouldn't have been a Schick Injector fan in the first place.

While we still can't get material for the razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Injector Blades. From now on you can enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

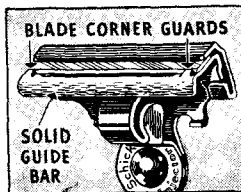
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



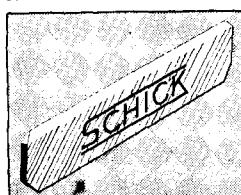
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... has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



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... just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



**SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR BLADES**

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Black Water

Continued from page 36

"Meat's scared," he said to us boys. "Scared badly—but he's got reasons of his own. Of course, you boys aren't frightened by a storm. You've seen a lot of them. But when I first saw Meat—"

He had to stop, for Meat was coming in with the coffeepot. He had put his white coat on, and while he poured the coffee, his thinly corded hands were steady. He'd got over his first trembling fright, but now something deeper gripped him, as if he held tight rein upon himself—with a superhuman effort. Silent, he faded back into the kitchen.

"It was at Pawley's Island, off South Carolina," Father went on. "There was a man there ran a fishing business. But instead of fishing from boats, he had his men seine in a slough upon the landward side. Something about the current or the tide flats brought the fish in there. He'd send these men, eight Negroes, wading out with this huge seine, and then they'd draw it in to shore. Meat was one of those men.

"It was a good business. Made a lot of money easily, and the Negroes were well paid. A few hours' work a day, and that was all. The first time I was down there, I watched them wading out singing words that had no meaning, but the song itself had meaning. From shore it was hard to catch. It was sad—low-pitched and slow, like a dirge. They must have got their tempo from their slow pace as they waded out, or from the motion of the sea, for it was like the sea. And, in a way, it was frightening. I didn't know why, but I thought—well, all that sorrow. What did it mean?

"THEN I found out. And that was the day I got Meat to work for me. That day I watched them wading out with their heavy seine, far out on the landward side of the island, on the tidal flats. I was lying there on the sand, hearing them sing, and suddenly the song stopped. The men were plunging toward the shore.

"They were Sea Island Negroes, used to the sea, and they could feel the first surge of the unexpected tide. It was simply that—the water tugging at their legs—that warned them that the hurricane was coming. Out at sea, the sky was blackening, but as yet there was no wind, no rain. They could feel that movement of the water, though, and they tried to run.

"But they'd been wading out with the seine dragging behind them, between them and the shore. On those flats, the storm tide made an undertow, sweeping away from the island, and when it caught that heavy net, it wrapped it around the men, taking them out. All except Meat who had the end of it. They didn't scream—they fought silently, but they didn't cry for help, for there was no help. Only the man who ran this fishing business and me.

"I knew then what their song had meant, after Meat reached shore. It meant that they'd expected death as it had come. But Meat—well, Meat had beaten fate. Meat felt that he was back on borrowed time. He couldn't fish like that again. He couldn't march into the sea again. For Meat dreaded the tide as much as death.

"And that's all, boys. Meat doesn't reason when he thinks the ocean's black. He thinks he's back again off Pawley's Island, trying to fight his way to shore—"

"It's his imagination," said my mother, and Father nodded.

"That's it," he said. "Imagination. I know you boys won't let it worry you." He started to pick up his coffee cup, then paused. "There's one thing more I'd like to tell you about Meat. But I'm not sure you'd understand it. It's why he comes with us in spite of dreading deep water. Why—"

Whatever it was that he was going to say, he didn't finish, for Meat came quickly from the kitchen.

"Mr. John," he said. "You better know. Dat tide's coming in."

My father's coffee cup clicked sharply in his saucer. "Yes, Meat, of course. It's time it did."

"Mr. John, dis ain't no ordinary tide. It's coming way in. It's sloshing over where dat pier hooks onto land."

"Why, Meat, that's absurd," my mother said. "You haven't been out there, and it's too dark to see that far."

"It ain't too dark to hear dat far," Meat said. "Mr. John, I think you better come and see."

"All right," Father said, and dropped his napkin on his chair. "You boys go on with your dessert. And, Nan, put them to bed. I might walk over to Joe Caton's cottage. They should have got in today."

It was so casual, all except for Meat. But now we knew about him, and we made a few jokes while my mother herded us upstairs to bed. I think she even joked with us, but when she left, after blowing out the kerosene lamp beside our bunks, we crept out quietly and glued our noses to the windowpane.

There was nothing to see. Outside, everything was black, except for the light from Mother's parlor windows which glinted on the slanting rain. It was driving hard, making that gurgling sound that water makes when running thickly to the ground. As we watched, a single streak of lightning zig-zagged down, then forked, and split into a hundred brilliant capillaries. Just for that one instant there was light, and we thought we saw the sea, running in long black swells where our pier had stood.

We watched until our ears rang with the hard intensity of it but we saw nothing more. We heard my mother downstairs, turning the pages in a magazine. That reassured us some, and we went back to bed. Perhaps we dozed or perhaps it was only the drowsy monotone of rain that was like sleep. But we were wide awake again when Father returned. We heard his voice downstairs and padded to the head of the steps.

"It's cut across the island between here and the lighthouse," he was saying. "It's washing away the sand. The Catons' cottage is gone. The Catons got away—they're at the Mannings' cottage."

"What about the schooner?" Mother asked. "Wouldn't that be best?"

"It's gone," Father said. "There's not a boat left on the island that we'd dare risk in a sea like this. We've got to wait it out, Nan. You'd better get Meat to help you—here, Meat! Where are you, Meat?"

"Right here, Mr. John. Just looking out de window."

"You'd better get Meat to help you take some things upstairs. Bedding and food and lamps."

We heard my mother's voice come catchily. "John, you don't think—"

"The tide's coming up," he snapped. "How far, I don't know, but the waves aren't bad, and this house was built on piling to stand.

We're not in the center of this. The pressure out at sea is building up the tide, though."

"Mr. John!" Meat called out. And then, his voice husky, he whispered, "It's here now, Mr. John."

Father ran to the window. He cried: "Hurry, Nan—the lamps. Matches and bedding. Meat, get some stuff to eat and take it up. Hurry, Nan—I don't think there's much time."

They call those things tidal waves, but this was not a wave. The sea simply came up, as if it were a glass filled to the brim and then someone had dropped a stone into it. It overflowed. It surged in. My mother was already on the stairs, a lighted lamp in her hand, and blankets on the other arm. When she saw that water seethe across her parlor floor, she screamed out for Father. The lamp dropped from her hand and shattered on the steps. And fire licked up.

MEAT was below her on the stairs. With one tremendous leap he grabbed her hand and snatched her from the flames, then took the blankets from her arm and dumped them on the blazing kerosene. He stamped on them. Stamped fast and hard, as if it were a crazy juju dance, his lips curled back a little in the concentration of it. The smell of burnt wool filled our lungs. Father was coming from below, his arms loaded with boxes and his trousers dripping wet to the knees.

"For Pete's sake, Meat, watch out for those lamps. If this place catches fire—"

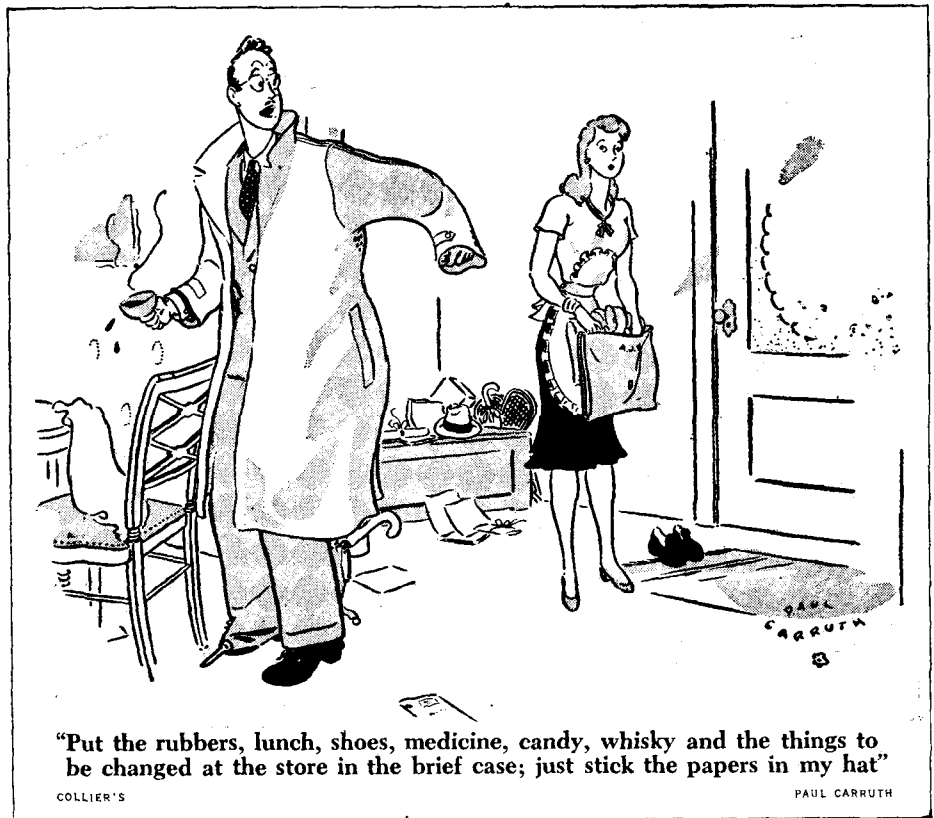
"I dropped it, John." My mother sounded close to tears. "I was so startled— Oh, Meat, you're hurt! You've burned your legs."

"Don't matter, Miss Nan. Just let me stomp them smoldering rags. Don't want no fire."

"You, Meat!" Father snapped. "Get on upstairs. My feet are wet—I'll stamp the rags."

That broke our first overwhelming panic, that accidental wrong to Meat. It took our minds off the rising water for a few minutes. My father was angry with himself, and Mother was concerned about Meat's scorched legs. By the time she'd coated them with vaseline and wrapped them with a strip of sheet, we were adjusted to the shock of seeing water at the bottom of the stairs. And really, then, save for the hissing of the tide around the house and the incessant beating of the rain, nothing so terrible was happening that we could see. We weren't engulfed, as we had feared. We were just cut off, penned to the upstairs of the house. And somehow we believed that we could stand that. Just wait it out, as Father said.

I don't know when Meat took his station at the top of the stairs. He must have gone there after Mother bandaged his legs. There was a lot of confusion at first, running to the



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That is the unusual virtue of the Elastic Stop Nut. Where an ordinary nut lets go, this one grips fast. It locks anywhere on the bolt. It can't wiggle or turn of its own accord — even under severe vibration.

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After a while you'll see these nuts with the Esna red collar on the things you buy. And count on it — whether it's a new car, refrigerator, radio or what not, it will be stronger, safer, quieter and longer lasting because of Elastic Stop Nuts.



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ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

TEAMWORK DOES IT!

In the bright sun of mid-morning, a Jap convoy crawls over the Burma Road. Suddenly the look-outs yell... point to a flash of silver wings in the sky... jump and run as the road under their wheels explodes in a splash of bomb-bursts that hurl men and trucks and Jap supplies into the gorge below. Then, with her bombs away, the "Old 59" streaks down, fighting off Zeros as she comes... rakes the wrecked convoy with flaming tracer streams... and disappears over the peaks into India.

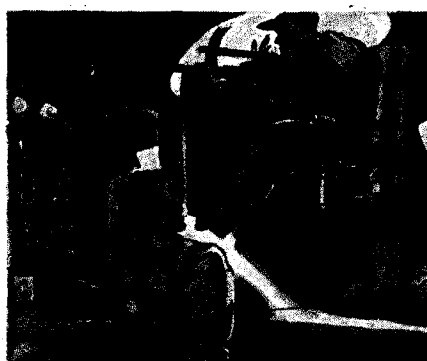
Here is the crew of the "Old 59"... and here's how they do their jobs:



★ "Teamwork does it," says Capt. Robert Ebey, pilot, of Stillwater, Okla. "Every man on our crew is a specialist, but we don't have any 'individual stars'. In the air we fight together, as a team. And that's the way to win." Co-pilot is 1st Lt. Paul Sjoberg, of Grand Marais, Minn. "Salami", a dachshund mascot, rides behind the pilot's seat.



★ The plane, the crew, the mission's success, depend upon split-second timing, pinpoint accuracy. 1st Lt. Hilliard Peavy, navigator, of Montgomery, Ala., checks course by "shooting the sun"... while in the waist behind him, Sgt. Francis Donnelly, radio-gunner, of Philadelphia, mans the world's most modern radio equipment.



★ Sgt. Donnelly shares his "office" with S/Sgt. Lyle Wilson, mechanic-gunner, of Conneaut Lake Park, Pa. Besides firing the top-turret guns, Sgt. Wilson is the "Old 59's" engineering specialist... takes care of engines, bomb-release mechanism, electric, hydraulic and oxygen systems—and in emergencies has repaired them in the air.



★ 1st Lt. George Jernigan, bombardier, of Charleston, W. Va., lets his bombs go, and then gives the gunners a hand. The "Old 59's" bombs have blown Jap shipping out of the Tongking Gulf, plastered Jap airfields from Hanoi to Mandalay, blasted railroad yards, bridges and ammo dumps all over the China-Burma-India theater.



★ All AAF gunners are aerial sharpshooters... and S/Sgt. Rudolf Madsen, of Eugene, Ore., tail-gunner, is a dead-shot with twin 50-calibers. Flying, fighting, working together, the air combat crew of the "Old 59" is typical of the thousands of such crews that have made the AAF the "greatest team in the world."

MEN OF 17...

If you want to fly on the "greatest team in the world", an AAF air combat crew... go to your nearest AAF Examining Board... see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive this insignia... but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.

When called, you will be given further tests to determine the type of training you will receive. If you are trained as a gunner or technician gunner, you will go into actual combat as a non-commissioned



officer. If your aptitudes are outstandingly high, you will be trained as a bombardier, navigator or pilot, and upon successful completion of training, will be graduated as a Flight Officer or Second Lieutenant.

For pre-aviation training, see your local Civil Air Patrol officers. Also see your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the High School Victory Corps. Ask about the opportunities for college training through the Army Specialized Training Reserve Program.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

For information on Naval Aviation Training, apply at nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement... This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE



GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

window, putting our boxes where they seemed safe. And then, from the landing outside the room, we heard Meat's voice.

"Mr. John, Mr. John—it's clombed a foot." Father went to the stairs. Meat was squatting there, staring at the water.

"So it has, Meat," Father said. "And it'll probably come up higher. Suppose you come inside, with us—"

"I'll watch it, Mr. John."

Father stood a moment, silently, then he stooped and touched Meat's shoulder. The tiny wrinkles at the corners of Meat's eyes deepened a little. That was all—and yet, both of them understood. Meat was on guard.

We might have foreseen what would happen next, for it almost happened to us. My mother saw it first. She was passing by the window when she cried, "There's a light, John there! It's a ship. Oh, John, it's a ship!" Father stared hard into the blackness where a small spot of light was widening. He muttered something violent. And then: "Cover that window, Nan."

"But why? We want them to see us. Why should I cover it?"

"That's not a ship. It's the Mannings' cottage. They're on fire."

MY MOTHER'S hand went to her mouth. Above the stillness of the room, above the dinning rain, we heard her breathe. And still we stared. The flames rolled higher, eating through the dry rot of that house. We knew the Manning and the Caton families were there, and trapped like us, penned in the burning upper story of their cottage. The terror of it mounted in our hearts. It was unthinkable—a room like this, and flames. We couldn't picture it, for all around us rolled that sweeping tide. We saw no island now—no island anywhere except that tragic point of flame.

We watched it die at last, not knowing how long it took. But it was not a long time. When fire ate through the roof, the rain came in. And once again the darkness and the sea surrounded us.

"Mr. John—it's clombed another step." Meat's voice was dull.

"Yes, Meat," Father said shakily. "It's all right, Meat."

But it was not all right. We knew that now. And yet we had to keep up the pretense. Mother ordered us to get into our bunks. She pulled the blankets carefully beneath our chins, as if this were a night like any night.

Then she made pallets for herself and for my father on the floor, and took blankets out to the landing for Meat. When she came back, she was crying.

"John, he's praying," she whispered. "He's praying—He's begging someone to save us. But who it is he's praying to—"

My father's mouth was grim. "It doesn't matter who it is he's praying to. What matters is that he loves us enough to pray for us."

"But, John, that's what is so terrible. Just our names, over and over again, and then his prayer. Why shouldn't he pray for himself? He must be thinking of himself."

"He's thinking of us," my father cried, harsh-voiced. "Praying for us, since we won't do it for ourselves."

My mother was a beautiful woman, and when there were tears in her eyes she was more beautiful yet. For always, when she wept, she smiled. I don't know why that was, but it was so. She was crying now, with that smile. "John," she asked, "do you want me to pray?"

It hurt my father terribly. For a moment he looked old. He put his arms awkwardly around her shoulders and held her close to him. "No, Nan—we've never been praying people, and we can't start now. I'm sorry I got upset for a moment—it was because of the Catons. And Tom Manning's family."

The room was silent. We could hear only the rain and the tide. Then my mother's chin came up. "You boys—go to sleep! Close your eyes this instant and go to sleep. John, I declare—"

"Mr. John, dat water's coming up."

This time we barely heard Meat's voice. No more than a whisper, and yet it cut into the room as if he'd shouted.

"Yes, Meat," my father said, and went outside.

And the water had come up—way up. Meat must have borne it silently until the need for sound broke through the iron grip he had upon himself. The stairs were swallowed in the ugly swirling tide until a single step remained.

I think, then, my father was frightened. But, to us boys, he seemed indomitable. It must have taken courage to control himself when he saw that. He touched Meat's shoulder with that same gesture he'd used before—just that and nothing else. Then he came back to us.

"Meat's watching it for us," he said, spacing his words. "Let's try to sleep."

"John, they can't sleep. They know."

EASY WORK

THE WORKER

GENTLEMAN,
Palestine, Texas

FAMILY,
Jeffersonville, Indiana

THIEF,
Covington, Georgia

BRIDE,
Salmon, Idaho

BABY GIRL,
Meadville, Pennsylvania

COUNTERFEITERS,
Guayaquil, Ecuador

THIEF,
East Orange, New Jersey

BRIDEGROOM,
Libertyville, Illinois

THE WORK

He was granted a divorce on Monday, remarried on Tuesday, died on Wednesday and was buried on Thursday.

They moved 50 times in their 42 years of residence in the one city.

He stole the wool off the back of a sheep grazing in a pasture.

Three hours after the judge married her, she returned and asked him to cancel it.

She cut seven teeth by the time she was seven days old.

Two days after a new nickel coin was put in circulation, the government recalled it on account of the great number of counterfeits.

A motorist who pasted a federal tax stamp on his windshield at midnight reported it stolen at 12:30 A.M.

Twelve hours after he married, he was arrested on a charge of beating his wife.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

BUTCH

by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Lemme compliment youse on a fine safe, mister. It was a real challenge to my skill"

"Then let's talk, boys. About the time when Captain Ken put old Ben Walker in a gunny sack—"

It was a familiar story, one of our favorites. Captain Ken was my grandfather, and Ben Walker had been one of my mother's beaux. But this Ben Walker was a cat, a tremendous cat, named for my mother's beau. He got so big and so mean that they built a special pen for him, to keep him from killing chickens, until at last Captain Ken put him into a gunny sack.

A fisherman took the sack out to Hog's Island and opened it, and when he came back, he cried, "Captain Ken, what was that damn thing in the sack?"

We always laughed at that, the picture of it, the fisherman staring as Ben Walker leaped away, but now, tonight, we couldn't laugh. We wanted to, but we could hear Meat's voice outside, just barely mumbling. He was watching the water rising on that last step, and praying to himself. It was impossible to shut our minds to that, and finally my mother went outside.

"Please, Meat," she begged, "come in with us. The boys want you." Meat didn't answer. The water was already up another inch.

AFTER that, long after that, we boys dozed off. What woke us was Meat's song. It wasn't quite a song, for it had no words. It was just emotion, very soft and gentle, and very low. I think it was sad. But there was no terror in it. Only sadness and resignation.

My mother said, "Why doesn't he stop? Oh, why doesn't he stop?"

"He can't stop, Nan," Father answered. "It's part of him. It's the song he sang at Pawley's Island. I've never heard it since that day."

"But why? Why, John?"

My father listened. "He's singing to the sea," he said. "There, can't you hear it? That rhythm of moving water—he knows it, Nan, he's trying to placate it."

"It's just that he's terrified by watching it. If only he'd come in here."

"He won't come, Nan."

"But why? It does no good for him to stare at it. If it's going to come up it's going to come up, and nothing can stop it. John, please! John, you've got to—make him come in here, make him stop."

Father shook his head. "You don't understand. He's doing it for us."

"I don't care who he's doing it for. I just can't bear it, John. I just—"

And then we heard Meat call. We scarcely recognized his voice. "Mr. John—Mr. John—"

We ran to him. He was crouching there, bent low, his head far down between his shoulders. He looked very old, and tired.

"It's dropped an inch," he said whispering it. "There 'tis, Mr. John."

My father knelt. "You've done it, Meat."

"Yes, sir," Meat whispered. "Looks like I had."

"And you'll come in with us now, won't you, Meat?"

"Yes, Mr. John," Meat said, and then he raised his head. "I'm comin', Mr. John. I'm all wore out."

"Lean on me, Meat. I'll help you up."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir—"

But he never got up. He tried, but he couldn't rise. His hand moved toward his chest. He leaned back in my father's arms, just nestled there, sad and resigned. None of us spoke. We never even said goodbye. For he was gone.

It was a long time before my father got back on his feet.

"Meat knew," he said at last. "Meat knew—just as he knew that day at Pawley's Island. Out there, caught in that tide sweeping away from shore, Meat prayed for one of us on shore to swim to him. He told me afterward how hard he prayed. He didn't think we could, and yet he prayed. I swam out to him—caught him and held him up until we got beyond the undertow. I hadn't fought that tide, I had my strength, and when we swept beyond a sheltering point, I brought Meat in. That's why Meat's love for us was stronger than his fear, and why, I'm sure, his prayer was stronger than black water. And now we'll pray for Meat, wherever he is."

My mother bowed her head.

That was the way they found us, some time after dawn. We heard the Coast Guard boat's deep moaning on the heavy sea. And when we went, we took Meat with us, away from Cobb's Island and deep water forever.

The island is gone, its sand washed off. Only the lighthouse stands there now.

THE END

ACROSS THE EQUATOR WITH ROMA WINES

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TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE" C.B.S. Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.

It was his first night landing, and he came aboard the wrong carrier, but he shook with fright when he heard the captain's tragic announcement in the morning

ABOARD a Pacific Fleet Aircraft Carrier: The five Wildcats were lost. They had run into bad weather after taking off from their escort carrier, and now, as they circled our carrier force, the flight leader sent us a message: Could we give him a bearing back to his ship, which was attached to another force? We had to tell him we were sorry but we didn't know the current location of his "jeep," as the escort carriers are tagged.

Dusk was gathering quickly, as it does down near the equator and, reluctant to do any further searching at night, the flight leader asked if one of our carriers would take them aboard. Our flagship replied that she would. From our own ship we watched the first plane skid around into the landing circle. It was quite dark now, and we knew that the pilot was having trouble setting his plane down, but he finally made it. So did the next two, although their landings were bumpy.

Wildcat No. 4 came in too high, and when the pilot cut his throttle the plane slammed down on the flight deck. The landing gear was carried away; the fighter nosed over.

Meanwhile, the fifth Wildcat of the flight was still circling up there, waiting his turn to land. We worried about him.

"Carrier X, can you take that last plane aboard?" A TBS message came over to us from Flag. Immediately our skipper ordered the flight deck "respotted," that is, all the planes massed on the after end of our flight deck for the night would have to be taxied forward to give Wildcat No. 5 space enough to land. Pilots manned their planes, warmed up their engines and, guided by plane handlers, started taxiing them forward to Fly O.

Our flat-top was blacked out, of course, and moving several dozen planes, one by one, consumed nearly an hour. During this time we couldn't see the lone plane hovering around upstairs, but we could hear the drone of its engine.

Finally, the afterdeck was clear, and the Wildcat pilot was given a signal to land. The first pass he made at the stern ramp was too high, so he circled around again and on the second try he made a rough but safe landing. As the wheels of his fighter rolled up the flight deck to a stop, our hearts started beating again.

There were plenty of helping hands as the pilot half climbed, half crawled from the cockpit. He was of slight build, and the weary expression on his thin face was poorly concealed by a growth of sandy beard.

A Twofold Reaction

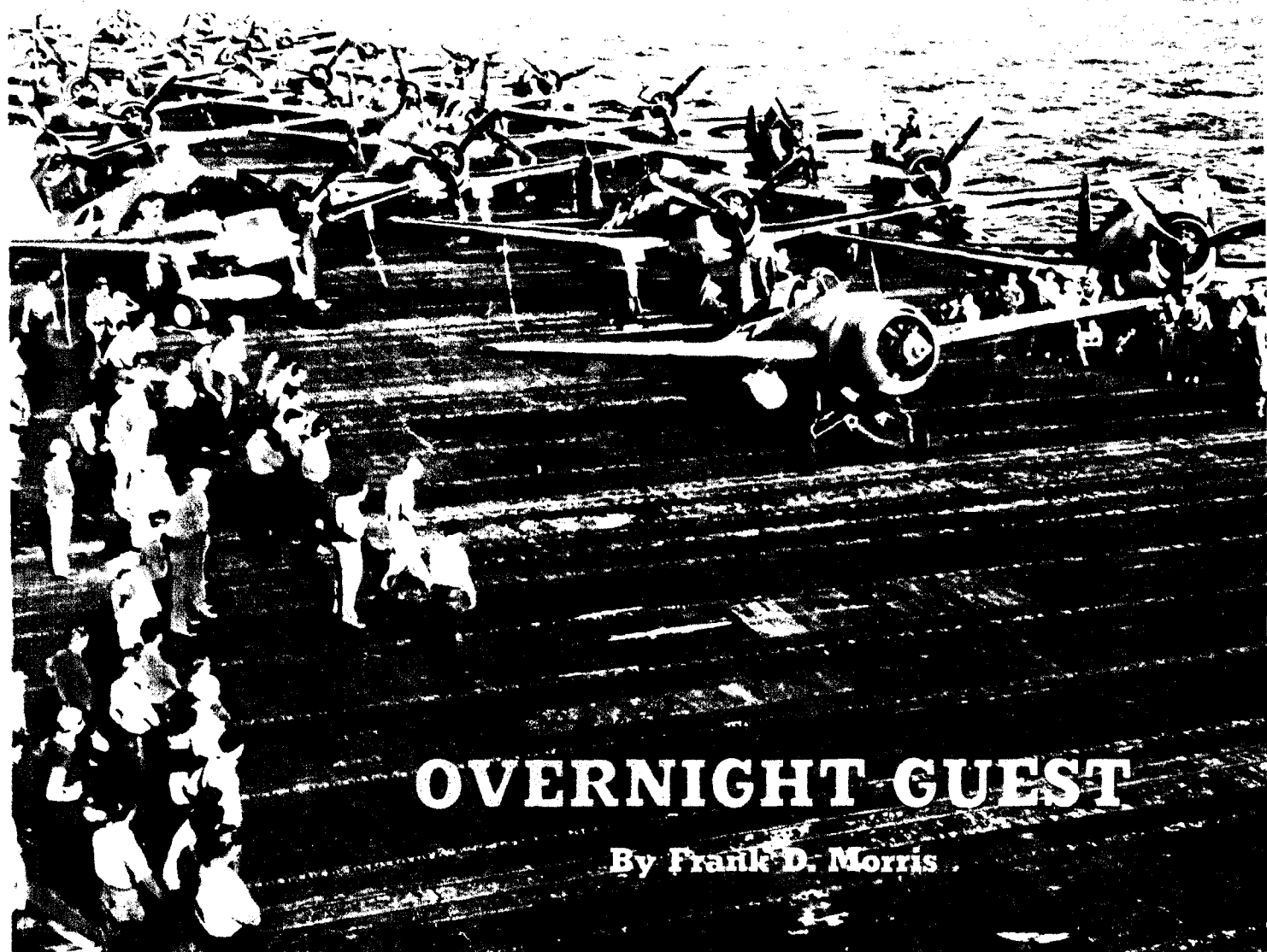
Down in the wardroom a few minutes later, I saw him trying to put away a bowl of soup, but his hand shook so that he could hardly hold the spoon. His nervousness had two sponsors—the ordeal he had just been through and the joyous excitement of bringing his plane and himself down intact.

"What were you thinking about when you were circling around up there after that other plane crashed?" I asked him.

"I was thinking about my wife back in Joliet, Illinois, and wondering whether she was thinking about me," he replied. "When I saw that plane ahead of me go up, I said to myself, 'Well, I guess I'm coked now.'"

"The pilot of the plane that cracked up was our flight leader, Lieutenant Blair. His full name is Lieutenant (jg) Foster J. Blair, but we always call him 'the Crud.' I was flying wing on him, and when they signaled us to come aboard the other carrier, I followed him in the landing circle, but we both got wave-offs the first time because we were too high and too fast.

"I'd never made a night landing before, and when I saw the Crud crash, I worried plenty because I knew he was an old-timer



OVERNIGHT GUEST

By Frank D. Morris

A crowd gathered on the flight deck of Carrier X to cheer Lt. Wells on his take-off. His Wildcat is dwarfed by the newer, larger Grumman Hellcats

Lt. Maurice E. Wells, smiling below, really appreciates the meaning of Thanksgiving Day

in this war, while I am still fairly new at combat flying. Blair was in the first Navy squadron to land on Henderson Field on Guadalcanal and he also had flown with 'Butch' O'Hare's squadron. So if he couldn't get down safely on that carrier's deck, I didn't think my chances were so hot.

"Before we sighted your task force, we'd been flying nearly four hours. The gas supply had me worried, so, after that crash I babied the engine, using as little fuel as I could. Boy! When I got the word to come aboard, it was like a message from Santa Claus!"

Lieutenant M. E. Wells, aged twenty-four, had been flying for six years as a civilian and as a Navy pilot. He had experienced the usual number of close calls, but this one, he figured, was his nearest approach to the pearly gates. Now he was dead tired. That last flight had been his third patrol in one day, so he turned in to snatch a few hours of sleep.

About nine o'clock the next morning, I saw him climbing a ladder to the bridge. He told me he was going up to see our navigator to have him lay out a return course to his own carrier. He was anxious to report back aboard to explain what had happened. As we were talking, the ship's public-address system opened up, and the captain made a brief announcement. Young Wells' face blanched. Without saying another word, he turned and went below.

Down on the hangar deck, Carrier X's mechs had adopted the Wells Wildcat. As you watched them refuel it and check its engine and controls, you couldn't help contrasting its dwarfed size with that of the Grumman Hellcat, its younger, huskier brother which our fighter pilots flew.

The Wildcat's wing span was so much shorter, its fuselage and engine were so much tinier, and the retractable landing gear, in comparison, looked like the undercarriage of a baby buggy. The burly outline of the Hellcat made the Wildcat look very puny indeed. Nevertheless, the mechs were giving it loving care and, in addition to one of the fighter squadron's Airedale insignia, there were other new markings on the Wild-

cat's fuselage—Baby Airedale, Orphan Annie.

The next morning, orders came through for Lieutenant Wells to report to Tarawa to be land-based there. Just before noon, his plane was wheeled out to the starting line on the flight deck, and Carrier X's topsides were crowded to watch the take-off. When the starting officer chopped his flag, the on-lookers cheered and Orphan Annie speeded along the flight deck and into the air.

Thanks for Everything

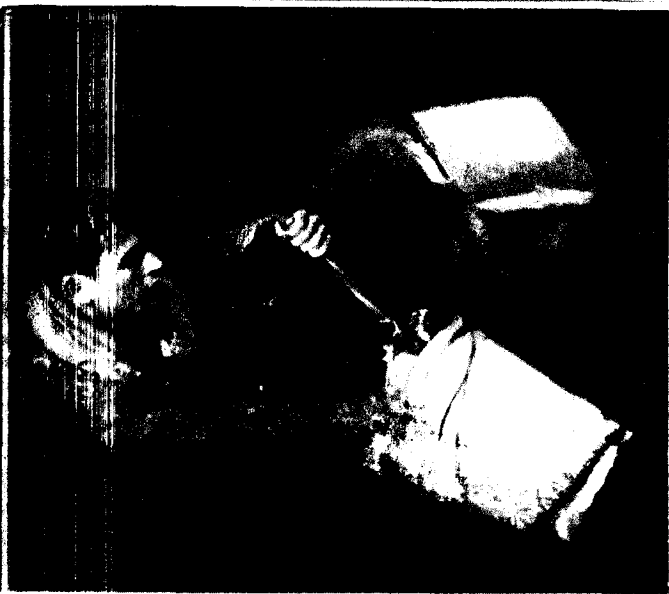
Wells "buzzed" our ship a couple of times, flying low past our starboard side, waving a friendly farewell. He was close enough for us to see the grin on his face. And why shouldn't he be happy and grateful? In addition to that narrow escape he had weathered in coming aboard just before taking off this morning, he had polished off a turkey dinner. It was the first time in months we had been served turkey aboard Carrier X, but this was a special occasion—one particularly appropriate for Mr. Wells. It was Thanksgiving Day.

It also was a Thanksgiving Day that Lieutenant Maurice Ellingsworth Wells, U.S.N.R., will never forget for one more important reason—a reason which ties in with the captain's loud-speaker announcement that made Wells turn so white. The message the captain delivered the day before was this: "I regret, to announce that the escort carrier Liscombe Bay was torpedoed and sunk early this morning."

The carrier that young Mr. Wells had been searching for the night we took him aboard was the ill-fated Liscombe Bay. Less than ten hours after he had joined our company, a group of us on the flight deck, reporting to our General Quarters battle stations, saw a distant red glow in the early morning sky.

We didn't know then that we were watching the end of the "jeep" carrier after an enemy torpedo had made a lucky hit on her, starting a chain of explosions and fires fed by fuel tanks, magazines, torpedoes and bombs. The ship Lieutenant Wells had tried so hard to find that night sank in twenty minutes. ★★★





WING TALK

BAIL-OUT BOAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS GROENHOFF

Freeing himself of his chute just before striking the water, the flier opens his sea pack containing a raft



Pulling a pin from the carbon dioxide tank releases the inflating gas. While the tubular boat expands, the flier pulls it under him and is lifted out of the water (above). Powdered dye tossed overboard (below) turns the water yellowish green over a two-acre area. The line at the right is attached to the sea anchor



EVERY Yank airman flying over water now sits on a pack 15 inches square, 3½ inches thick, and weighing something under 18 pounds. It takes the place of a parachute seat cushion, and contains the following almost incredible number of desirable items: One two-ply rubberized fabric life raft, two paddles, an inflatable tube, a rubber repair kit, scissors and pliers, two bullet-hole plugs, a bailing bucket, sea anchor, tarpaulin, sea marker, and can of drinking water.

If he is forced to bail out of a plane, the fighter pilot or bomber crew member becomes the captain and crew of his own boat. Just before striking the water, he frees him-

self of his parachute and drops into the drink with nothing but his Mae West (which has been inflated during the descent) and the sea pack.

New Lifesaving Technique

The Mae West then keeps him afloat as he opens the pack and pulls a locking pin from a carbon dioxide cylinder. The raft inflates in from 30 seconds to 5 minutes, depending upon the temperature of the gas. While this is going on, the flier pulls the raft down under him and is slowly lifted out of the water.

Once he's afloat, he drops over the side a

sack resembling a tea bag and containing fluorescent dye in the form of a fine red powder, which turns the water a brilliant yellowish green over a two-acre area. This persists for six or seven hours and is visible from a considerable altitude, making it easier for rescuers to spot the floating flier. If he has had time to grab them before bailing out of the plane, he can make use of additional signaling devices such as grenades, flares and pistols.

An open ballast pocket on the bottom of the raft fills with sea water, contributing toward stability, and the canvas sea anchor in the shape of a large funnel also helps to make this one-man dinghy a noble craft. . . . G. W.

Nazism's Last Stand

Continued from page 24

Governmental officials subscribe openly to the Nazi philosophy that all business and industry should exist for the exclusive purposes of the state. They not only preach, but are proceeding to carry out this philosophy. All foreign (and especially United States and Allied) business concerns and industries are harassed daily. Several companies have been expropriated outright. They include the newly remodeled branch of the American and Foreign Power Company in the northern city of Tucumán, the large British-owned Primitiva Gas Company in the city of Buenos Aires, and others. In many instances, their managers and directors have been prosecuted and some imprisoned.

Bill Reese, for twenty years head of an American and Foreign Power Company branch, was recently arrested, along with Dave Matson, the chief engineer, and held in jail, without charges.

When I mentioned the arrests of Reese and Matson, and the expropriation of United States companies, to one of the enthusiastic supporters of the present Argentine regime now visiting in the United States, he hastened to explain that the much more formidable and valuable European-controlled power companies in Buenos Aires had been treated in like manner. Several of their managers had been arrested, held in jail or sent to prison. But he overlooked the significant fact that most of the directors and investors in those companies were Frenchmen or Belgians and citizens of other nations still under the heel of the Nazis.

The Argentine government has harbored spies and saboteurs. Colonel Frederic Wolf, the Himmler of the German Embassy and the latest director of the real Nazi spy ring, remained in Buenos Aires until quite recently. Our military forces have plenty of evidence that Allied ships have been sunk, and American lives have been destroyed as a result of information broadcast from Argentina to U-boat commanders. Although Argentina subscribed to the resolution of the Rio Foreign Ministers Conference of 1942, calling for a break in diplomatic relations with the Axis, she clung to Berlin and Tokyo for over two years, after all her neighbors had severed relations.

A Transplanted Munitions King

Argentina has traded and trafficked with Germany through Spain. Her armament program has been placed in the hands of the notorious Fritz Mandel, former Austrian munitions king, who moved quietly to Argentina at the time of the Austrian annexation, with his fortune apparently intact. Today Mandel owns and controls three factories in Argentina devoted entirely to the manufacture of machines of war.

They are the Impa Aeronautica, which turns out monoplanes and gliders, and Impa Central and Impa San Martin, which produce bicycles and motorcycles for infantrymen, vehicles for transporting light war equipment, and various other war materials. Mandel's companies are all subsidiaries of the Impa Corporation, which he recently organized with joint Argentine government and private Argentine capital.

The Argentine rulers have furnished asylum to Nazi-inspired Yankee baiters from other countries. Doctor Arnulfo Arias, the Nazi stooge who, as president of Panama, tried to set up a Fascist state on the very banks of the Canal, now lives comfortably in the city of Buenos Aires.

Axis penetration of the pampa country is of long standing. I saw the first evidences, the first fruits of Nazism on the Rio de la Plata in 1936 and 1937. German agents and organizers were already far along in their plans. Their ultimate ambitions were clear, even if their methods changed from time to time. They were first interested in building trade and commerce to feed and foster the monster machine at home. In the thirties, German factories and trading companies set

HELLCATS on a "flat top." Sinclair produces enough 100-octane aviation gasoline to fuel 3000 of these planes daily.



Official U. S. Navy Photo

SINCLAIR

AVIATION OILS

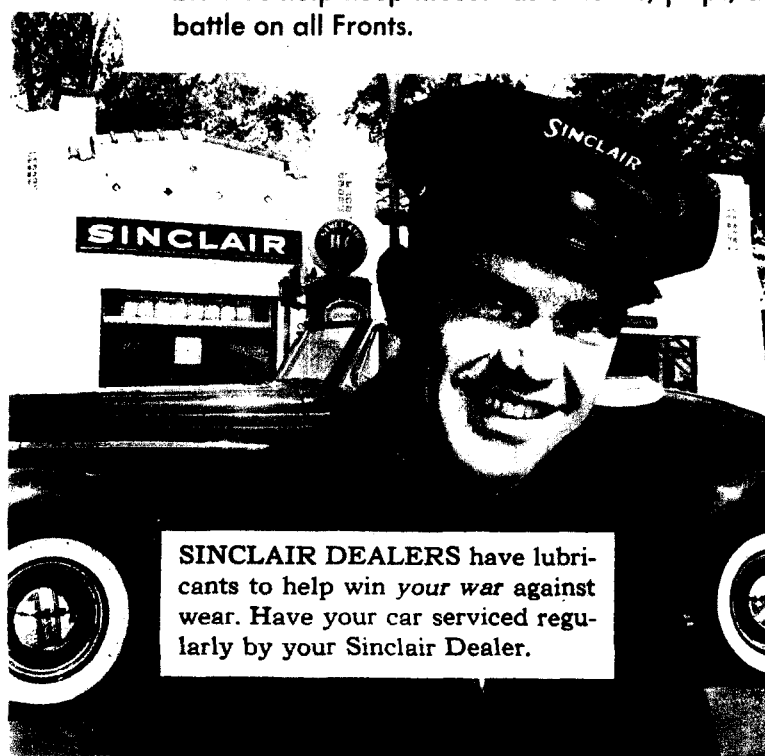
LUBRICATE 3900

FIGHTERS DAILY

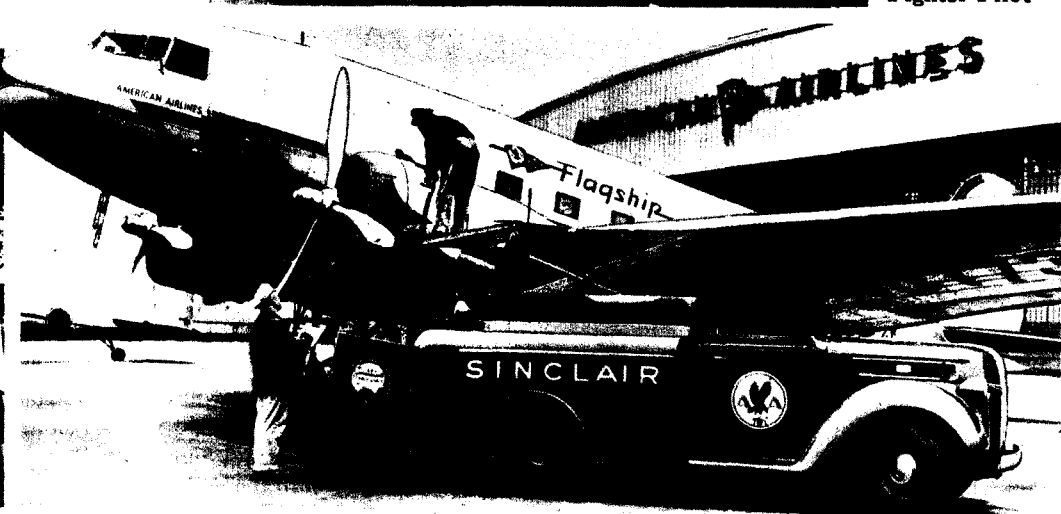
FIGHTERS can't fly . . . BOMBERS can't lay their eggs without oil. Sinclair produces sufficient aircraft engine oil to lubricate 3900 fighters or 1300 four-engine bombers on daily flights from England to Berlin. Sinclair heavy duty lubricants help keep thousands of tanks, jeeps, and trucks in battle on all Fronts.



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TURN BACK half a century of time . . . and walk out into the vineyards of Italian Swiss Colony.

It is noon. The Colonists pause from their work . . . to rest in the shade of the vines . . . to talk and laugh and enjoy their simple mid-day meal.

Even today such a friendly scene is common at this quaint Colony in the hills of California's historic Sonoma County. For this is an unusual wine-making community, carrying on many traditions that began in the early eighties.

In 1881 the first vines were planted. Here in the *heart* of California's fine-wine country, they thrived *without*

irrigation, as in great European wine districts. And from the sun-drenched grapes the Colonists made wines that soon were winning gold medals at world expositions.

Perhaps you cannot visit the fascinating vineyards of Asti. But you *can* have a bit of this Colony *brought to you* . . . in the form of its delightful table wines. Won't you try Tipo Red or White, for example? Or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. You'll find these wines superbly fragrant and flavorful—as remarkable as the Colony itself.

Also, try Italian Swiss Colony's famous sweet dessert wines, such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry, Muscatel.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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out on an unprecedented expansion in all of South America.

But in Argentina they adopted a technique different from that used in the other countries. The big organizations employed natives as a "front." The great electro-metallurgical firm of Siemens Schuckert employed Basilio Pertine, retired army general and recently mayor of the city of Buenos Aires, as the chairman of its board. Native Argentines, as well as naturalized Germans, long made up the board of directors of such companies as Anilinas Alemanas, manufacturers of chemicals; Klockner, dealers in structural steel; and Tubos Mannesman, dealers in water piping and other such heavy materials. Lately some of the native Argentines have retired or withdrawn into the background. But according to the best authority they still maintain their financial connections with these companies. Siemens Schuckert showed a profit last year fifteen times greater than its earnings in 1941, in spite of the fact that it has long been on both the United States and British black lists.

Back in the early thirties, Nazi agents set about organizing their own people into all the various bunds and societies known to the Fatherland itself. In 1937, I visited numbers of their clubs, athletic associations and private schools. Club members marched and drilled openly and always in uniforms or colored shirts. Even tiny children were taught the goose step, and much of the school period was taken up with calisthenics, performed in a military manner. Later on, in the early days of the conquest, as the Hitler juggernaut rolled through first one country and then another, the overbearing and impudent organizers and agents of Nazism brazenly gathered in public but exclusively German night clubs and beer halls to gloat over the victories.

Where Nazi Arrogance Reigns

Most of these establishments were located in strategic centers and sections of Buenos Aires. We spent several evenings visiting these favorite nesting places of Hitler's minions. One of the most important was located near the historic Plaza San Martin, in a building still known as the Adam Hotel. The Adam building stands on the rise of the hill looking out over the important Retiro Railroad station, and Puerto Nuevo, the principal docks of the metropolis. Although we were in civilian clothes, the German clientele regarded us with contempt, and the waiters usually left us severely alone.

After the Hitler legions spread out over the Old World, the Nazis in Buenos Aires nagged and bled the nationals of the conquered countries for funds with which to finance their propaganda. A British friend of mine was married to a Belgian woman. One day a young German rang the doorbell and asked for a donation to the "German Welfare Fund."

The lady indignantly refused to contribute and said, "We're British subjects."

The next day another German rang the doorbell, pulled out a little black book and said, "You have a mother, brother and sister living at such an address in Brussels. I know that you wish them to remain well and happy."

The lady contributed and continued to contribute, just as did thousands of others.

Long before this, German instructors in the Argentine Military Academy and War College openly extolled the ruthless methods of the Nazi war machine. Famed General Nidefuhr was long an ornament and instructor in Nazi military strategy at the Argentine War College, and an adviser to the Army General Staff. Cleverly, other members of Nidefuhr's entourage spent their time cultivating the young lieutenants and junior officers throughout Argentina's armed forces. Colonel Peron and his cohorts of today were ardent followers of those Nazi instructors.

Before war broke out in Europe, some of the more enthusiastic among the Nazi workers in the Argentine vineyard occasionally got out of hand. They planned invasions and conquests of their own, hoping thereby to promote their personal stock with the Fuehrer and the Party back home. One made plans for taking over the vast sheep-raising

region of Patagonia and settling it with military groups and stock raisers.

In 1940, similar groups, with the connivance of Nazi elements in Argentina, tried to organize a *coup d'état* in Uruguay. A defiant Uruguayan president and the arrival of a U.S. cruiser in the harbor of Montevideo balked their efforts. Liberal leaders in the Argentine congress began a long series of investigations and exposures of the various plots and plans, but they never succeeded in getting old Doctor Ramón Castillo's administration, then in power, to do anything about their findings.

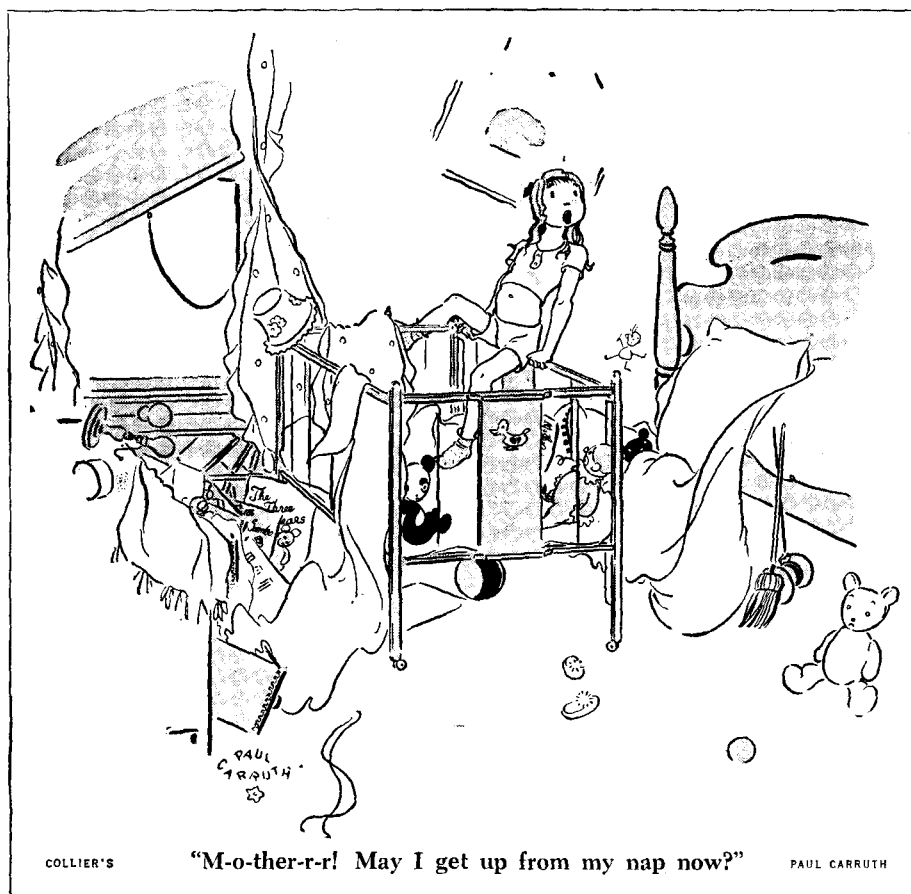
The more farseeing and subtle apostles of Hitlerism settled on a long-range policy. They began buying up or influencing newspapers, wisely avoiding the big Buenos Aires dailies, of course. They went out over the country, after the struggling publishers of the small dailies and weeklies. German companies were induced to buy large advertising space. Weeklies and periodicals were established in the provincial cities with willing and friendly natives as editors and publishers. By the summer of 1941, the German Embassy was spending \$125,000 a week in adver-

in order to deal successfully with the totalitarian states of Europe when this war is over."

A week later, I saw both these youngsters leading a students' demonstration against a professor who had dared question the philosophy of authoritarianism. Today both of these early converts, along with scores of others, are, or were quite recently, ardent laborers in the politico-military vineyard of Colonel Juan Peron.

Although the official German diplomats have finally been sent home, their going will have little or no effect on Nazi influence. They had three years in which to make their plans, turn over their activities to other Germans who have become citizens, and to their friends among the natives. German banks are still operating. German commercial and trading firms continue to do business, some under their own management and others under Argentine management. The 250,000 Germans scattered throughout the nation, who were the most obvious and militant Nazis in all the hemisphere, are still unmo-
lested.

They are active if not vocal, but they



tising and other displays in rural newspapers alone.

In their own papers, propaganda sheets and handouts, they plugged the idea of sovereignty—sovereignty of the Argentine nation. They inveighed against the dangers of foreign economic penetration, particularly Yankee-British penetration. They spread false tales about the big North American companies and their efforts to exploit the people and the resources of Argentina. Always there were glowing accounts of enlightened German business and industry and, of course, German military power.

They preached the decadence of democracy, especially to the youth—more particularly the youngsters of the old aristocratic landowning classes, who have never been very interested in liberal government by the people. They also cultivated the susceptible student intellectuals. I often remember a conversation I had in May of 1940 with Alberto DeVoto and Calderon Anaya, students of the University of Buenos Aires. Each of them was sporting the first crop of dark fuzz on his chin and upper lip.

As the conversation proceeded, Alberto announced, in true totalitarian style and candor, "Democracy has failed. We must have strong authoritarian government. It makes for efficiency. It upholds the national dignity and maintains the national rights."

"If for no other reason," Calderon added, "we must now have this kind of government

whisper a new theory, a new program. The war in Europe is lost, they admit. The Nazi organization in the Fatherland will probably be broken up, if not completely destroyed. They will keep the faith alive here in the New World. Not as such, but its roots will be nurtured in the soil of a totalitarian Argentina. As soon as peace comes, they will revive their economic machinery and organization. Their banks, trading companies—some of them now in the hands of natives—will be ready to carry on.

Their interests in the other countries of the South American continent, where they have kept up contacts by way of Argentina, will be turned back to them. They will then create and accumulate the means of rebuilding the shattered Fatherland. When the Allies get tired of maintaining large military establishments, the great opportunity will come. "No," they insist, "Nazism is not dead. It remains alive in the Americas. It may lose this war, but not the next."

Our diplomats, our State Department, are aware of all this. Just what to do, how to solve the problem, has been and is the question. There can be many complications, many dangers. Direct action on our part is full of dynamite. Nazi propaganda has seen to that; and our past record in dealing with the countries to the south rises up to haunt us. Our enemies have capitalized on the old bogeyman of imperialism.

Not only that, they have even taken advan-

tage of the Good Neighbor policy itself. To counterbalance our previous record, we have veered to the opposite extreme. We have leaned over backward to avoid even the appearance of dabbling in the internal problems of our neighbors.

Former Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles has said that "the Argentine people can bring about the overthrow of their dictatorship whenever they desire. But they will be disinclined to take action so long as they think their country is being bullied or coerced by a foreign power."

Mr. Welles forgets that ever since the Rio Foreign Ministers Conference, of January, 1942, not only this country, but the entire hemisphere, has waited for the Argentine people to act. All the other countries even compromised with Argentina in order to avoid the slightest suspicion of coercion by the majority. Yet neither diplomatic recognition nor two years of noninterference by the other countries has brought the desired reaction from the Argentine public.

Unfortunately, death, age or other factors have removed practically every outstanding personality in civilian life. Whatever younger leadership may have developed has been driven out, banished or jailed. With all sources of information under censorship for the past three years, the Argentine general public does not always know what is taking place in the outside world. Secret police roam the cities. The military, the army and its friends, have gained the upper hand just as completely as it had in the Fascist states of Europe.

What is more, nobody in Argentina is hungry, or has been hungry for several years. The finest meats—steaks, roasts, chops—and all the wines and champagnes anybody could drink, even strawberries and cream, may be had for what in this country would be less than a song. The producers of meat, grain and food, not the bankers and manufacturers, are the big businessmen—the chief industrialists of the nation. Laboring men and producers, big and little farmers are all prosperous and fat. Nobody gets excited on a full stomach and a bank account.

The Nazi desire to direct the flow of Argentine totalitarianism into other countries fits perfectly into the ambitions of the Argentine nationalists themselves. The Perons and others want to build up a bloc of nations which will stand with Argentina against the United States and the nations friendly to this country. This would give them the bargaining power that they need to make Argentina stronger and more powerful.

They have sent their emissaries into neighboring countries. Peron himself, while a military attaché in Chile a few years ago, tried to foment an uprising in that country and was finally thrown out on that account. The recent Bolivian revolution was encouraged and partly financed by the Argentine military and the Nazi elements. While in the Argentine capital, I saw Victor Paz Estenssoro, the brains behind the Bolivian revolt, being wine and dined by German diplomats and army officials in Buenos Aires. He wrote for the Nazi-controlled papers and spoke over the Nazi-financed radio. Attempted military coups have recently been put down in countries as far north as Peru and Colombia.

No Compromises with the Axis

Whatever steps are to be taken to get rid of this Nazi bridgehead in the Americas must have the co-operation of the other governments in the hemisphere, if our thesis of the Good Neighbor policy is to remain intact. We have refused to establish diplomatic relations with the present regime and have withdrawn our ambassador.

An Argentine ambassador who had been sent to Washington but who had never been officially received has returned to Buenos Aires. Secretary of State Cordell Hull has made it plain in a statement that we do not intend to establish diplomatic ties with the present or any Argentine regime which does not publicly and effectively take its stand against the Axis and the Axis doctrine and line up wholeheartedly with the United Nations.

So far, the other countries have been con-

First Lesson



IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

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Sani-Flush is not like ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—cleans the hidden trap. Cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No disinfectants needed. Safe in toilet connections. (See *directions on the can.*) Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, O.



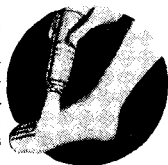
Sani-Flush

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Good Housekeeping
as effective as
any advertised toilet
cleaner

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A CAUSE
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Step Right Out Of Foot Misery

Now, when your feet cry out for relief, sprinkle them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Also dust it into your shoes and stockings. Presto! Your feet feel grand—soothed, refreshed, rested. You'll marvel how the foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority relieves hot, perspiring, tender, odorous feet... how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy by using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder daily. At your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Costs but a trifle.



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EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

rub it on the gums
from your druggist today

sulted, and practically all of them have gone along with us. Some of them are even aware and afraid of the possibilities of the spread of the Argentine military doctrine, but some of them are skeptical.

At the Rio Conference, the representatives of such countries as Mexico, Venezuela and Colombia took a bold stand and demanded that Argentina be compelled to accept the verdict of the majority or remain outside of the American family, but our delegation accepted a compromise. Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla of Mexico has never lived this down. His political enemies still taunt him with the remark: "Oh, yes, you stuck your neck out for the Yankees, and they sold you out."

Brazil has stood firmly with us, although its Foreign Minister, Doctor Oswaldo Aranha, is a strong recognitionist. Like Mr. Welles and others, Aranha believes that we ought to extend recognition to any and all American governments, no matter whether they are totalitarian or pro-Nazi. The Bolivian revolutionary regime, Paraguay and Chile did give their diplomatic blessings to the Peron group. But since the Paraguayan and Bolivian regimes were strongly influenced if not created by the Argentine government, nothing else could be expected of them. Chile, however, after seeing the true situation, withdrew her representative from Buenos Aires.

It is not wholly true, but it has been made to appear that, while we have opposed, both in word and deed, the Argentine military clique, the British government has either appeased or sidestepped the issue. London has finally called home its emissary, Sir David Kelly. But the effectiveness of the recall was minimized when Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden announced that "we will discuss the Argentine situation with him before he returns."

The foreign minister of one of Argentina's strongest neighbors said to me recently, "How can you do anything about the Buenos Aires mess, when Great Britain not only appeases it but insists that she has to have Argentine meat to prevent the people of the British Isles from going hungry?"

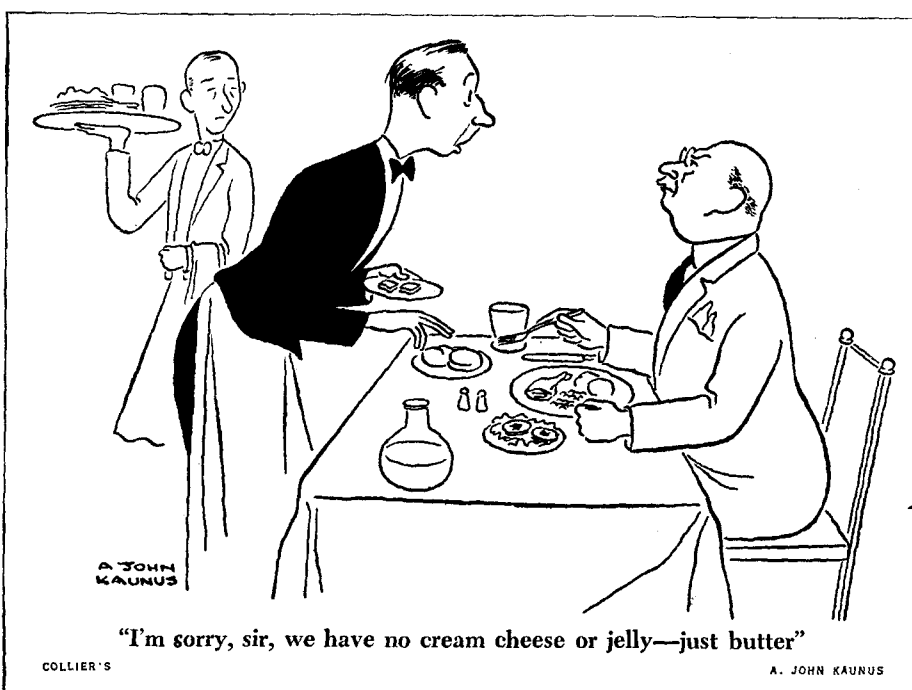
The British do need large quantities of Argentine meat, but this question has been entirely misunderstood, if not misrepresented, in so far as British-Argentine relations are concerned. In the first place, only now, in wartime, is meat the all-important Argentine export. In ordinary times, meat is fourth on the list of Argentine products sent abroad. Corn is the chief export in peacetime, followed by wheat and linseed in that order. But corn is grown principally by small farmers and, to a large extent, so are wheat and linseed.

On the other hand, cattle and sheep constitute the chief and almost sole industry of the rich and aristocratic old families, the great feudalistic landowners, who wield tremendous political power. Like the German and Italian industrialists who were responsible for the rise of Mussolini and Hitler, they have invariably supported strong-armed government and are backing the present regime.

The Nazi and Argentine propagandists have harped on the point that Britain must

he does say shows he knows what ain't so, either." This, reports Colonel Haddock, came near to stopping the first Floridian, but only for a moment. "Okay," he replied, "but when you get big enough to get paid ten thousand dollars a year for not knowing anyway what you're talking about, us folks will listen to you tell us what ain't going to happen like you said it will, too."

THIS is not to be taken—if taken at all—as prophecy. But we have two Eleanor jokes this week, which we shall say nothing about and expect roars of approval for it, too. Our point is that even if Mrs. Roosevelt is not running the White House after next January, Eleanor gags will still haunt the place and us. Should Mrs. Dewey stick to her homebody-



"I'm sorry, sir, we have no cream cheese or jelly—just butter"

COLLIER'S

A. JOHN KAUNUS

have Argentine meat. But as one high official in Washington expressed it: "The Argentines need to *sell* their meat, just as desperately, or more, than the British need to *buy* it."

Meat at this moment is the principal source of the Argentine government's income. Argentina is an exporting nation. Meat is the one thing it can export in wartime, and it can export it only by virtue of the fact that Britain and the Allies buy it. Germany cannot buy it. The Allies control the seas. Britain and the Allies are in a position to make their own prices. A reduction of two or three cents a pound in the price they have been paying for it would spell the difference between profit and loss, both to the old beef producers and to the Argentine treasury, which supports the Argentine military.

The Argentines would refuse to accept lower prices? How would the old *estancieros* keep up their fabulous scale of living? The government has got to see that meat is exported or it cannot pay the army.

No Long-Term Meat Contract

At the moment, there is no long-term meat contract between the British and the Argentines. British purchases have been on a month-to-month basis. London's representatives are now considering a new agreement.

We have been financing a large proportion of the Lend-Lease money and credits with which to purchase this meat. We are in just as good a position as the British to take a hand. Not only should we insist upon no long-term contract but on a reduction in the price of the meat. Some of this meat is being used by United States Armed Forces in the Mediterranean and Great Britain. Authorities here agree that, by making a few more restrictions on meat here at home, we could easily take care of all the needs of our people. This amount could then be deducted

from the Allied purchases, thus making one more cut in Argentine exports.

These restrictions alone might well be sufficient to bring a change of heart as well as a change of policy in Argentina. If such a stand does not bring the proper results, then there should be no hesitancy in demanding further collaboration upon the part of our British allies.

The problem has ceased to be—if it ever was—a purely Argentine question. All the facts prove that the military rules of that country have subscribed to the doctrines of our enemies and are even aiding and abetting propagation of them in other countries. We are in a war to exterminate this philosophy of government and living. What justice can there be for sending our Armed Forces across the oceans if we are going to allow this philosophy of government and life to take root in our own front yard?

The president of an important Latin American country, which is co-operating with us in the war one hundred per cent, summed it up to me this way. "This," he said, "is the most important diplomatic battle this hemisphere has witnessed in many years. If we lose it, two things are inevitable: Argentina will become the leader of a bloc of nations whose chief purpose will be, not only to oppose the United States in everything it does or wants but also to oppose any other nation in the hemisphere which wants or has to co-operate with your country. If the present Argentine government has its way and is not forced to line up with the United Nations, then Bolivia, Paraguay, Chile and perhaps others will have to join up with it.

"The second thing which is inevitable," the president continued, "is that Nazism, Fascism, Francoism and all the other totalitarian gospels, together with their agents and friends, will have maintained a homeland, a new breeding place in America."

THE END

Any Week

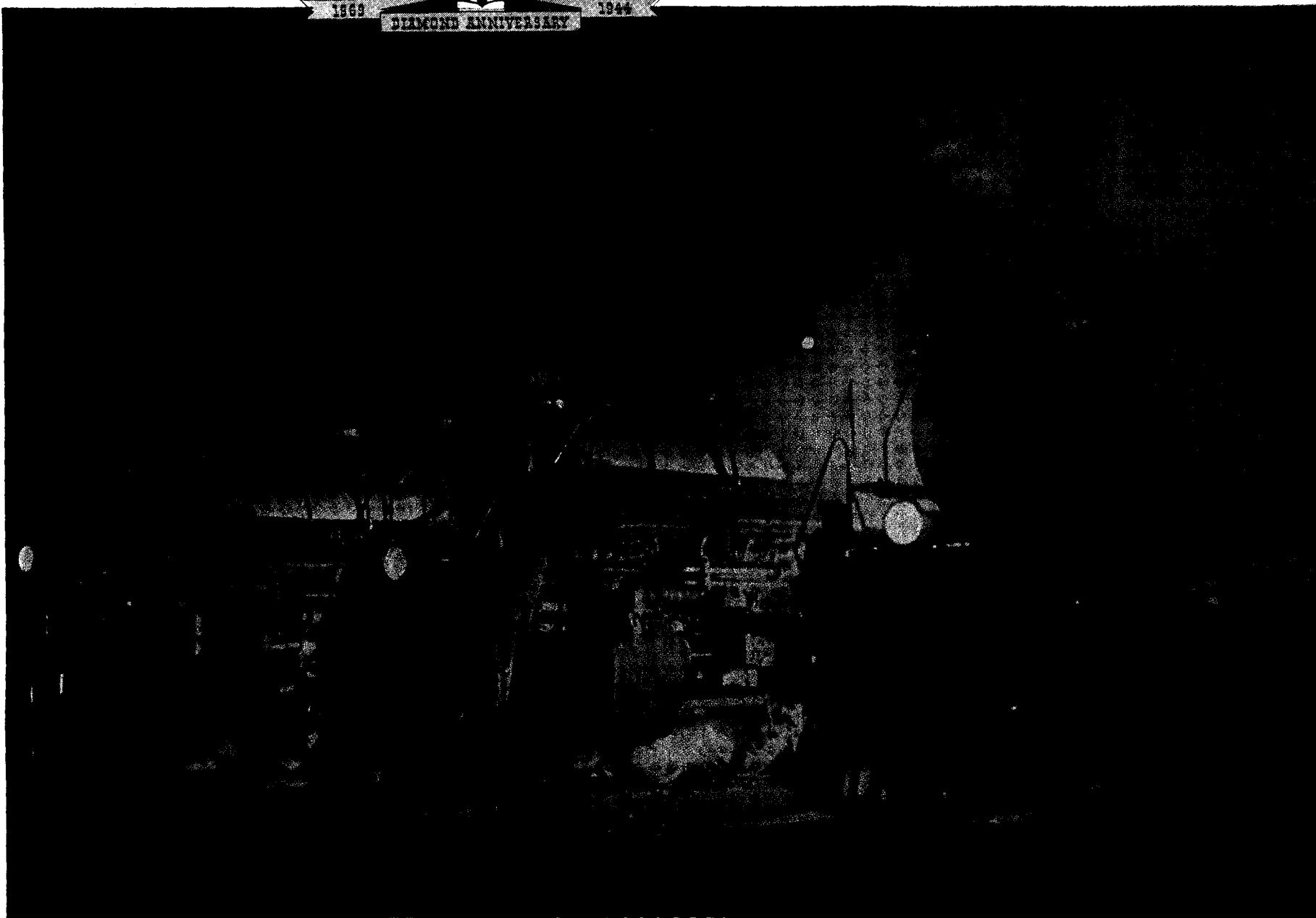
Continued from page 4

ing, ignoring the seven seas, the four corners and other sectors of the earth across which Mrs. Roosevelt has beaten so many tangled trails, the stories are going to be even worse, if possible. In fact, we have just received one—from Mr. Ernest R. Willibank of Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Dewey, according to Mr. Willibank, was inspecting her new home at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. She asked one of the maids to show her Mrs. Roosevelt's room. "Sorry, Madam," said the maid. "She didn't have one. She never slept here." This is just to warn you.

WE WERE in Chicago not long ago where we were introduced to a fellow from Kansas who said he'd been wanting to meet the guy who writes this column. We'd just come from

the barber and were, in our opinion, looking pretty passable. Incidentally, we've never held with those who haven't regarded us as middling handsome. But this fellow from Kansas who wanted to meet us took a long hard look at us. "Well," he said after a while, "I'm mighty glad to meet you, having read a lot of the stuff you write. But in a way I'm kinda sorry, too, that I had to meet you face to face."

HE WASN'T so good-looking himself. After all, we were having a glass of beer with a lady right after that, and she had much better taste. She said, "I've got it. You look like something right out of a Walt Disney picture." Women are always saying nice things like that about us. . . . W. D.



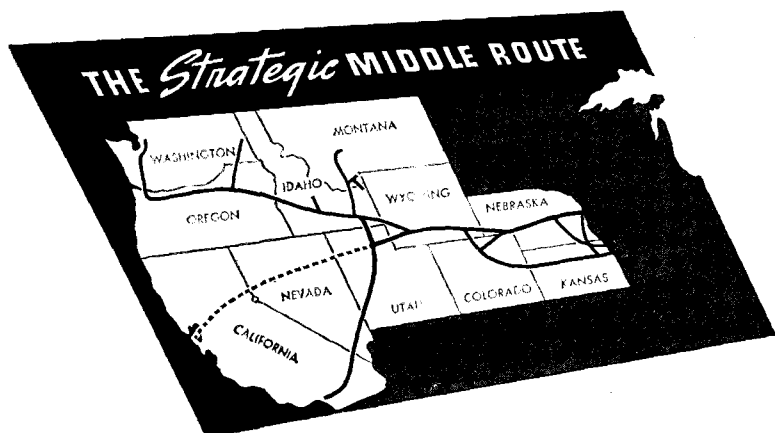
The Sleepless Giants

● Night and day, these giants of the rails are performing their vital wartime tasks. Trainloads of troops, freight cars loaded with essential materials, must be kept rolling.

The crews that man the trains—engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and flagmen—know that every minute counts . . . know that the implements of warfare and industry must be transported without delay.

That is Union Pacific's biggest job. Over its strategic middle route, uniting the East with the Pacific Coast, the "sleepless giants" are moving the products of the nation's factories, farms and forests.

Union Pacific employes are fighting and working to hasten the day of peace . . . to uphold the spirit of freedom and equal opportunity—the spirit of your America.



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your neighbor — these are the things that symbolize the American way of living.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Miller
HIGH LIFE

Forests for Tomorrow

Continued from page 42

Among these farseeing men were three stalwarts of the Far West—George S. Long, called the Tall Pine; and E. G. Griggs, a dynamic personality of the mills and woods, both of Tacoma; and Mark Reed of Shelton, who once drove his own bull teams. Thirty-five years ago, these men, now dead, began taking care of their cutover lands and urging their brother lumbermen to do the same. Fire, they said again and again, was the one great obstacle to a continuous harvest of forest products, and they organized against fire.

The leadership of Long, Reed and Griggs won many converts among their fellows, but not enough. The thinking of other lumbermen was changed by growing pressure for more federal control of timberlands, a specter that drove many lumbermen into industrial forestry practice. But the fact remains that within a single generation—and while half of the Northwest's virgin timber still stands—a whole region of "timber miners" have come to think of themselves as "timber farmers."

It was due to suggestions from lumbermen themselves that the states of Oregon and Washington enacted restrictive measures on logging operations. And in 1940 the Oregon legislature set up what is conceded to be a highly advanced code of minimum forestry practices for private industry. The act merely made into law standards which the West Coast and Western Pine lumbermen's associations already had adopted to regulate re-seeding, burning of slash and fire protection.

Thus progress was being made long before tree farming, as a specifically designated department, got under way three years ago.

A tree farm isn't just a tract of land which has been cut over and left to go its own way. The owner of a tree farm (which, by the way, is a registered title and is not to be sold indiscriminately) signs a contract with the trade association by which he agrees to maintain the land designated for the production of forest crops, to provide adequate

protection from fire (a monstrous, expensive job), insects and disease; and to harvest crops in such a manner as to assure future crops. There are tree-farm programs in Washington, Oregon, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi and Wisconsin.

Progressive lumbermen, among them sons or nephews of Long, Reed and Griggs, mean to enforce the rules. No free riders, no phonies. To be of any real value, the program must not be mere window dressing. "By all means, we want the public to know we are growing trees," one lumberman said, "but we also want them to know that we are investing these millions of dollars in tree farms because we are convinced they will pay off in cash profits."

Most operators know reasonably accurately what it costs to grow trees. Starting with satisfactorily stocked 20-year-old reproduction, wood can be grown in 50 years for 36 cents per thousand board feet on the best land, 56 cents on average land. If you start with one-year-old reproduction, costs are estimated at 82 cents on the best sites, \$1.26 on average sites. Tree farmers who must plant seedlings can expect to produce timber in 50 years for \$1.75 per thousand on the best sites, \$2.70 on average sites. Such costs, based on \$9 an acre for planting, are well within the realm of economic possibility.

The first tree farms were, for economic reasons, created by big timber owners. But today smaller operators are displaying remarkable initiative in organizing industrial forestry projects such as the Willamette Valley Tree Farms in Oregon, a co-operative enterprise by five owners with relatively small holdings. Here, as at Clemons, a manager directs the work of protecting the farms, of improving facilities for communication and transportation, and of doing the small amount of hand planting needed.

Recently I visited another and newer tree farm, some 20,000 acres of young and not-so-young trees on the Satsop and Wynooche rivers in the wild and rugged Grays Harbor country of western Washington. As Peter Schafer (one of the owners) and I walked through new timber as thick as a man's waist and 100 feet tall, he told me how this farm had witnessed the complete transition from primordial methods of logging to modern industrial forestry in a single generation.

"Fifty years ago this month," said Mr. Schafer, now 75, "my brothers and I, with five teams of bulls, cut and logged the timber that stood right here on this spot. Next came pole roads, fore and afters, when the logs were hauled by cables down long chutes. After that came donkeys and locomotives."

This one tree farm, in short, has seen the whole historical panorama of logging, from Genesis to now. The Schafer Brothers Logging Company has already invested \$90,000 in their tree farm. As to the harvest, it may wait another 50 or 75 years.

What this continuous harvest of forest products is going to mean in human values is perhaps best understood and appreciated in a little old sawmill town of western Washington called Firtown. Firtown began as a typical false-front, saloon-ridden sawmill town in the 1890s. Steadily the great forest receded from Firtown, until today the logs for its mills come from 60 miles away.

As the Boom Recedes

In the meantime, Firtown's character changed, although its sawmill economy did not. Small neat homes replaced the old shacks. A school was built, then a high school. So were a library and churches. Concrete supplanted the sawdust-packed streets. Men who had been born there and now had families and still worked in Firtown's camps or mill wondered uneasily as they noted the dimming timber line. Could Firtown survive, and how?

Even most of Firtown had overlooked the importance of that new forest coming up on thousands of cutover acres. But there it was—and is—growing up swiftly, unobtrusively, miles of it, stretching from Firtown's well-kept lawns almost to the very edge of the remaining big timber. Fortunately, these woods had suffered no devastating fires in fifty years, and today much of this forest, all of it now in managed tree farms, is from 20 to 25 feet tall, some of it 125 feet. Long before Firtown's old-growth forest has been harvested in full, the grandsons of Firtown's pioneers will be whetting their axes and filing their saws for the new harvest. Firtown has a future.

The future of Firtown—and of many another like it—is based on forest products, sure enough, but not necessarily on boards and timbers. Sawmills may become a side line in the industry, for wood plastics and distillates are growing rapidly in volume, in diversification and quality. The secrets of those magic twins of the forest, cellulose and lignin, are being unlocked. A large plant to make sawdust into alcohol is projected for Springfield, Oregon, handy to the Willamette Valley tree farms. In Washington, the state and private industry have combined to produce, experimentally as yet, an excellent synthetic cork from Douglas fir bark. These are samples of what is ahead.

It should be understood that tree farms are not confined to western Oregon and Washington. In the western pine region of Idaho and California, plus eastern Oregon and Washington, a total of 1,365,762 acres of forest land is now in protected and managed tree farms. Add to this the more than 3,000,000 acres of tree farms in other parts of the United States, and the total is something over seven million acres which are owned and operated by more than 500 individual owners. A year hence, the total will likely be close to ten million acres.

What tree farms will pay their owners fifty and more years hence can only be estimated. It depends largely on protection from fire and the price of forest products when the new trees are cut. But one thing is certain: These lumbermen are not running tree farms for fun or camouflage; tree farms cost too much. They are businessmen who have successfully weathered wars, depressions, forest fires, hurricanes, deep snow, hell and high water. They are operating tree farms because they believe they will make money, either for themselves or their heirs and assigns. In the meantime, they will be assuring, in so far as humans can do, a continuous crop of forest products for America's oldest and, in the past, often its wildest and most rambunctious industry.

THE END

If Your Child HATES VEGETABLES



try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as *poor appetite*—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B₁, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

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Without Painful Backache
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

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PAUL MCCARTHY



Eddie climbed up on the dock, saying, "What's this I hear, Elspeth, about your falling in love with a man who is married?"

HE'S *Not* FOR YOU

By Dorothea Malm

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

After she's married, a girl has to keep a very careful eye on her curves—so goes all Advice to the Lovelorn. But what about before marriage? Elspeth came up looking like a half-drowned cat before she got the right answer

IT WAS possible, Elspeth had decided, for a leopard to change his spots, but only by degrees, with occasional vacations from the effort.

Consequently, on the afternoon she met Eddie Amory again, she was looking as she usually looked on hot summer days, which wasn't very good. He was walking toward her on the margin of the road outside Lakeview; she was walking in the dusty middle of it.

She was blond and tanned and barefoot, and the dust was rising pleasantly like pale smoke around her brown legs; she was wearing slacks rolled up halfway to the knee and a dirty white sweat shirt; she was reading a letter and eating an apple and her hair hung in loose blond loops; and she could tell from his startled face that she seemed to him like a ghost out of the past, like a ghost revived from the day four years before when they had broken off their engagement and she had dropped his ring in the lake and he had

pushed her in after it, remarking that she could do with a bath.

He stopped dead in his tracks and said, "Hello, Elspeth."

He, on the other hand, was looking different: older, not quite so gay, and rather pale, but his black eyes still had an easy sardonic gleam as they went up and down her, noticing everything. It was nothing less than a calamity, having him come back like this, acute as he was, with an unkind sense of humor to boot. He would never understand the new situation. She said as calmly as she could, "Well, Eddie, I thought the Army had roped you in."

"They threw me back," he said. "Too long in the tooth or something."

"Oh. I heard you were coming to stay at Aunt Emily's."

"That's right."

"But I didn't think it would be so soon."

"That's part of being a nuisance, coming too soon," he said, grinning, and then he reached out and drew his finger casually down her cheek as if he were testing a banister for dust. "You look just the same," he said.

"Don't do that!" she said, jerking her head away.

"Well, well," he said in a puzzled way, staring at her. "How touchy you've become! Is it old age or a change in policy or what?"

But that was cutting too close to the heart of the matter. She flushed very red and said furiously, "I've got to go. I can't stand here talking. You'll find Aunt Emily not expect-

ing you till next week and you'll be upsetting her plans terribly, but I don't suppose that'll bother you. . . ."

"My," he said, "but this is Northern hospitality, with tacks in the doormat and welcome painted all over the rotten trapdoor above the old cistern. . . ." but she walked on without even listening, and felt like crying because this would upset everything. It was bad enough with Aunt Emily's gaunt disapproval overlooking her, and Uncle Ralph's benevolent headshakings, but with Eddie there, too, it would be hell, that was all, plain hell. . . .

BUT of course when she got home again she found that Aunt Emily hadn't been upset at all, but simply delighted; and she also realized that Aunt Emily hadn't wasted any time in telling him about everything. She knew that when she saw the pensive incredulous look in his eyes. He and Aunt Emily were on the front lawn overlooking the lake, sitting on striped canvas chairs and drinking iced coffee. But at least he didn't say anything; he only glanced at her and then glanced thoughtfully at the house next door, a very new house, simple and plain as a white salt box but with an enormous window in front ruled with fine golden lines by Venetian blinds. And that was enough to make her blush again. She wanted to kick herself for being such a schoolgirl about a thing that was so important. "I got the lemons," she announced coolly. "I'll put them in the kitchen. I'm going to have a swim."

And of course Aunt Emily said, "That sounds like a good idea. Why don't you have a swim, too, Eddie?" And he got up right away and said he guessed he would.

But she beat him into the lake. She was standing on the end of the dock in her white suit ready to dive in when she heard the front screen door bang, and then, because she knew he was watching, she made a flop of her dive, and swore at herself all the while she was coming up again through a cool greenish swirl of bubbles to the warm sunlit air.

"What did you do?" he said, standing above her on the dock, the blue sky behind his dark head, "fall off again?"

"That time," she said, and was almost drowned because a wave rocked up into her open mouth, "that time," she went on, gasping, "you pushed me and you know you did."

"I still maintain it was an accident," he said, and he dived off, and for some reason made almost as much a mess of it as she had. She got a mocking laugh ready for the moment when he would emerge, but he came up too far away for it to be worth while, so for a while they simply swam in the cool green deep water, and she began to hope that he was going to be tactful and not talk about her affairs. But when she finally climbed up on the dock to sun herself dry, he climbed up too and lay down dripping beside her on the frayed, sun-warmed wood and said, "What's this I hear, Elspeth, about you falling in love with a man who is mar-

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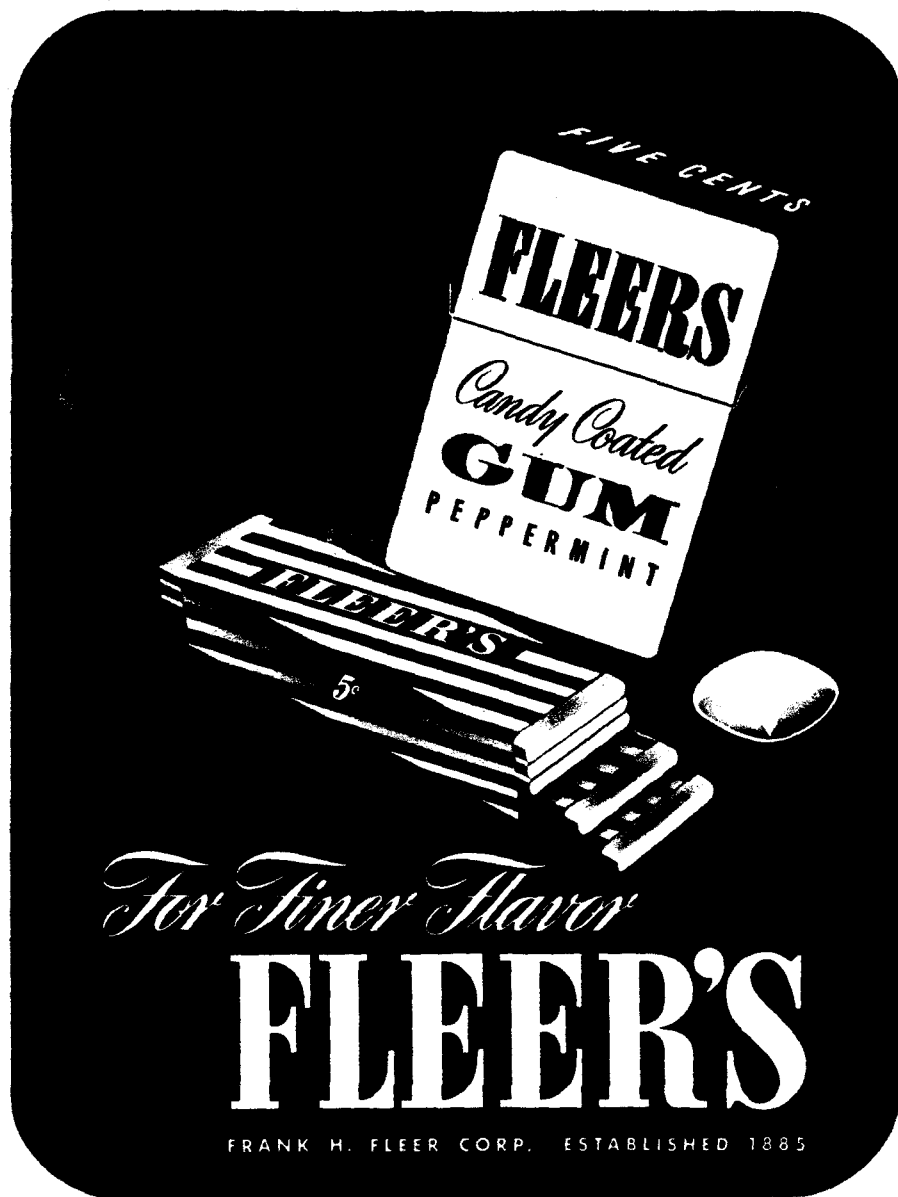


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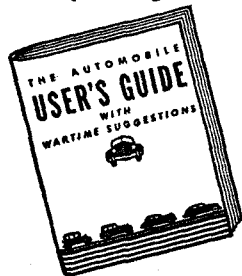
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ried?" His voice was ironical but his eyes weren't quite ironical enough.

"It's none of your business," she said almost politely.

"But is it true that you've become a breaker-up of homes, of that neat glamorous little structure over there, to be exact? Or is Aunt Emily suffering from delusions and smoke screens?"

"Smoke screens for what?" she said indignantly.

"For your four years' old broken heart, of course. . . ."

"Ha, ha," she said, and turned her head. Then his voice got suddenly quite serious.

"Is it true, Elspeth?"

"Is it any of your business?"

"Yes, it is," he said decidedly. "I have an old proprietary right in you. That makes you sound like a patent medicine but it expresses it. You mustn't bring shame on my old passion; you mustn't make me regret the fact that I was once so madly in love with you that I contemplated suicide because you wouldn't brush yourself up a bit the day you met my mother for the first time. Which reminds me, how does the new man feel about your inveterate untidiness, or is he one of the delightful nearsighted? Or is this an unrequited passion? And if so, what a waste of your young life, because you know, my dear, you're quite astonishingly good looking when you're fresh out of the lake, all neat and trim in a bathing suit that covers no more than the law insists." And his voice now was soft and cajoling, close to her ear, and she felt for a moment an odd warm delight, a sort of confused pleasure, because he had never been one for soft talk and she had once longed so for it.

"But now we've wandered from the subject," he went on in the old voice again. "Is it true, Elspeth? Are you donkey enough to do something so foolish? And you a school-teacher, too!"

"It's true," she said defiantly, "and I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind."

"But it's so asinine!" he said in a surprised way, as if he still couldn't believe it, and that finished her self-control; she felt her whole body trembling. It was so cruel of them all, and so stupid. . . . All they saw was Elspeth foolishly in love with a married man, walking into trouble with her eyes open, and they couldn't seem to see that she wanted it as little as they did, that she couldn't help herself, that it was a matter of her heart, not her head, and that hearts couldn't be driven along like safe old nags in harness. . . . They might just as well be cross with her for having blue eyes. . . . "So asinine!" he repeated. Suddenly she couldn't take any more—she jumped up and ran toward the house, hurting her foot on a stone in the grass but running on with a kind of limping gallop, leaving Eddie staring after her.

It was awful having him in the same house, in the room next to hers, so close that she could hear him striking matches to light his cigarettes as he read in bed. He was a reminder of everything she had been and all that she wasn't going to be any longer, the old untidy, slap-dash Elspeth who didn't care how she looked and wasn't going to make any compromises in herself for any man.

He made her remember all the old fights they had had, humiliating to remember now—and worse than that, in a way, he made her remember the other times, the good times, the picnics, the rides, the days in the sailboat, the peace and relaxation of having a good time with Eddie, who ordinarily took her as she was and didn't care if she wore last year's faded shorts and one of Uncle Ralph's old sweat shirts.

Steven, on the other hand— For a rather breathless moment she wondered what Steven would think if he could see her as she used to be. . . . He had never seen her like that because on the day she had first met him she had quite by accident been wearing her new white linen dress, and she had washed her hair that morning and just finished brushing it dry so that it hung beautifully smooth and shining to her shoulders, and he had looked at her in a dazzled way, as if incredulous that someone as lovely as she should exist. And that has been enough; from then on, knowing he would be in the house next door every week end had made her take elaborate pains with herself every week end, ignoring Aunt Emily's sardonic comments and Uncle Ralph's amusement and the astonishment of her friends. It had happened in the first moment she met him; from that moment on she had begun falling in love, and now she was in for good. . . .

And now what, now what? she wondered, and turned over and pushed her face hard into her pillow. It was a mess. He was going to divorce his wife, or get her to divorce him, they would be married, it would end happily as far as that went, but it would still be a mess, a miserable mess, because she hadn't wanted to break up any woman's home, she didn't want to. . . . And now she was crying again. Why couldn't they realize that it was misery for everyone and for her too? . . . Oh, Steven, she whispered into the darkness. Oh, Steven—as if the sound of his name were the one comfort left in the world for her.

AND the fact that the next day was Saturday, and that she couldn't have borne it if it hadn't been, and yet couldn't bear that it was, didn't help things at all. She hesitated for a long time in her bedroom, staring at herself in the mirror, before she dared go down to breakfast and face Eddie, who wouldn't have seen the new Elspeth before. She had swept her hair up in a neat roll above her forehead and ears with a sort of chignon behind, as Steven liked it; she was wearing



"Connie Whitlock sent me. It's about a part-time maid—"

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a very clean white linen suit, because Steven liked her in white; she was wearing cyclamen lipstick and nail polish to match; and she did look nice, but that didn't help.

She heard them talking in the dining room as she came slowly down the stairs, and the awful, the indecent thing was, they were talking about her. "But what can we do?" Uncle Ralph was saying as the cups clinked down in saucers. "She's over twenty-one; she's old enough to decide for herself. . . ."

"I'd put my foot down," Eddie said.

"Well, go ahead," Aunt Emily said briskly. "I certainly wish you would. But as I recall, you didn't used to be able to do much with her, no matter how hard you put your foot down," and on that rather comforting note, Elspeth went into the dining room, facing a blaze of sunlight coming through the eastern windows.

"Well, well," Eddie said after a moment. And then he said, "Could I have some more coffee?" And that was all he said. His eyes flickered warily toward her, and then away, and then back again, but he didn't say anything. She hadn't believed she would ever feel grateful to him but now she did. But after breakfast when Elspeth went out on the front lawn Eddie followed her and he wasn't tactful any more. "I begin to understand," he said, lighting a cigarette. "I didn't believe it before because, if you'll forgive me, I couldn't quite see a man whose taste in houses was that—" he said, pointing with his cigarette to the house next door—"falling in love with my old Elspeth. But now I begin to understand. And I take my hat off to him. He's done what I was never able to do, and you'd better thank your stars in a way because if I had, you'd probably be Mrs. Edward Amory now with two girls and a boy and a maid problem. . . . But I always knew you were beautiful underneath it all. . . ."

"Thanks anyway," she said, and stopped and swallowed. "Thanks for not being overwhelmed in there, in front of them."

"Oh, that wasn't tact; that was speechlessness. Quite involuntary. My goodness, let me look at you," and he turned to face her and stared at her. And that made her angry again, which was a good thing. Softness wouldn't do in this situation. "It's incredible. And what do you do now? Sit quietly until the noon bus comes and then walk forth to dazzle him? I was going to suggest some golf but that would muss you up, I suppose, and that wouldn't do. I suppose even some very sedate table tennis with the rackets held between spread fingers—I suppose not. And where's the other woman in the case, by the way? Does she come out on the noon bus too, all triangular?"

"She's away visiting her mother."

He whistled. "So it's behind her back!" he said, the old irony very sharp—sharp enough to hurt. "I would never have thought it of you. You were always so open, so honest, so natural. . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" she cried. "Oh, please, shut up! You're just like them—you don't realize—" She was crying again, and she hated herself for that, she despised herself very much, but she couldn't help it. "You seem to think I wanted it to happen, you seem to think I intended it—you seem to think I'm enjoying it—" She turned and went toward the house very fast. She wanted a handkerchief.

Then Eddie said, "Don't go. Elspeth, look—don't go. I'm going off for some golf. You can have the place to yourself."

SHE went in, nevertheless, and up to her room and opened a box of paper handkerchiefs; but when she saw him actually going off with Uncle Ralph's clubs over his shoulder, she went down again and sat in one of the canvas chairs on the lawn with a book that she didn't read. She didn't feel happy, either, though it was a beautiful day. The sky was as blue as the inside of a sapphire; the air smelled of honeysuckle and heat. The lake had a sort of Indianesque haze over it; the wooded islands in the distance looked like something out of Hiawatha; and in two hours Steven would be here. She sat very still with her book in her lap and stared at the islands and couldn't feel happy at all.

And after a while she heard a car drive up next door, and when she looked around,

she saw that it was Steven's black convertible, and he was getting out and waving at her. Her heart seemed to have got too big for her; she felt terribly excited.

She stood up and walked decorously over to him. "Hello," she said, not smiling.

"Hello," he said, just as gravely. He was not very tall but very sturdily built, and he had a distinguished head that his gray hair made even more distinguished; he wore the most beautiful suits she had ever seen on a man, beautifully tailored of thin wools in all the soft grays and blues.

"You look nice," Steven said.

"So do you. How come you drove?"

"Because I got away early and there wasn't a bus. And I didn't want to waste a minute away from you, Elspeth." He took out a cigarette case, offered her one, took one himself, clicked his lighter. "And I had something to tell you. Dodo's coming home next week."

"Oh," she said, feeling suddenly terrified, panicked, scared. It made the whole thing real, hearing that, real in a way it hadn't been before.

"This has happened so fast," he said after a moment. "She's going to be surprised, and hurt too—we've got to make up our minds about that."

"Yes, I know. . . ."

"It's going to be especially hard on you, I'm afraid."

"On both of us. On all of us."

"Yes, that's true. . . ." Eddie was coming around the corner of the house, whistling; he looked hot. Steven stopped talking; Eddie saw him and stopped whistling. "Who's that?" Steven said.

"Oh—that's Eddie," Elspeth said, stuttering a little. "A kind of second cousin of mine. He's visiting us." Eddie was marching up to be introduced. "This is—this is Eddie Amory, Steven Geddings. . . ." She didn't look at Eddie. They were shaking hands and talking, oddly enough, about golf. She felt dazed and unreal.

Steven was turning back to her. "I thought you might like to go for a drive, a shortish drive," he said. "Which is another reason I brought the car."

"I'd love it," she said eagerly. "I'll just run up and get a scarf. . . ."

EDDIE overtook her on the stairway and seized her elbow. "Good lord!" he said furiously. "He's ancient! He looks like your father!" She got her arm free and stalked on. He followed her into her room. "Holy cow!" he said. "I expected a superman, not that dapper little middle-aged Romeo. . . ."

"Anyone would think," she said ironically, while opening a drawer and pulling out a thin white silk scarf, "to listen to you, that you were desperately in love with me yourself."

"But what makes you think he's in love with you—with you. I mean? When he doesn't even know you! He's in love with a magazine-cover girl, that's all—I dare you, Elspeth, to be the old Elspeth for him just once—I dare you, Elspeth!"

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference!" she said in a rage. And then she added in a high, shrill voice, "And I wish you'd stop being such a dog in the manger!" and went to join Steven outside, feeling miserable again of course, because she would have felt guilty even if everyone had approved, and when they didn't, when they frowned and criticized and told her all the things she already knew for herself, it was plain simple hell. And there was the mess of telling Dodo ahead, and all the awfulness of the divorce. . . . She wished that Steven would say, "Let's elope, Elspeth. Let's run off without telling anyone and make it a *fait accompli* and stop worrying about what other people think or say or feel. . . ." But of course he didn't, and of course if he had, she would have had to be wise for both of them and refuse. . . . All the same, she felt very ragged by Monday morning, more ragged than on other Monday mornings. Eddie's being there for some reason made everything worse. . . .

She came down for breakfast wearing a rather nice blue seersucker dress and red sandals, with her hair done up in a neat bun. Eddie whistled in a gentle, mocking way at her when she came in, but went on talking

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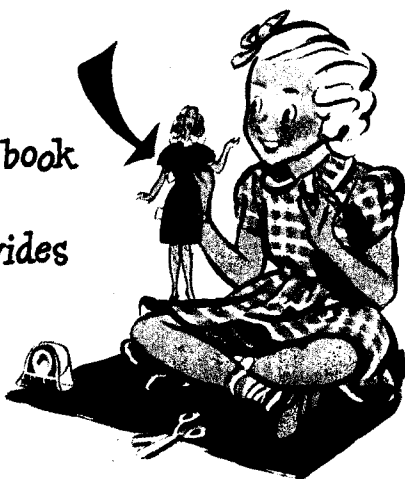
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to Aunt Emily, who turned to Elspeth and said, "Did you realize that Eddie could only stay a week? Isn't that a pity?"

"How too bad," Elspeth said, pouring herself some coffee.

"Then you must be very good to me," Eddie said, "and amuse me during the next five days—how about some table tennis to start?"

"I don't care," she said, shrugging her shoulders, and so after breakfast they went down to the basement and put the plywood top over the old billiard table and started to play. She rather enjoyed it at first because she liked almost any kind of game, but then he lifted the truce on the old sore subject and she got mad. "Look," she said, putting such a terrific spin on her serve that the ball curved visibly in mid-air, "all of this is none of your business, and I wish you'd be decent enough not to bring it up—As soon as I start having a fairly d-decent time, you start being mean—I wish you could forget it for a change and stay out of it—"

HE MISSED the next serve completely and went off to look for the ball in a dark corner, and found it after moving a stack of old magazines, a box of rags that would someday go into rag rugs, and assorted lumber with nails in it.

"A dirty business, this," he said, coming back, and then he grinned and held out a dirty hand. "I mean the basement. Okay, a truce," and he leaned over and took her face in his hands and kissed her politely on the forehead. Then he stepped back and laughed. "Now you look like old times," he said.

She rubbed at her cheeks and only smeared the dirt a little more.

"All right then," she said crossly, "your serve," and they finished that game and two more, and then lost both balls behind the lumber, and gave up looking for them after five minutes and wandered outside to the front lawn and then down to the dock, where Elspeth lay down and pulled up her skirt to add a little to the tan on her legs. It was pleasant and peaceful in the hot, buzzing sunlight, and now that Eddie had stopped being mean, it was almost nice to have him around.

"You know," he remarked, "after a while your legs aren't going to seem to belong to you in the nude, if you give them so much extra sun."

"It's the school board," she said dreamily, and he started to laugh and said, "What?"

"I mean," she explained, "they object to no stockings, but if I get them brown enough, they can't tell, especially if I draw on them with eyebrow pencil."

"The school board?"

She opened her eyes and looked at him, and closed them again. "Yes."

He chuckled. "You know," he said after another pause, "the funny thing is, now that I've seen both Elspeths, I'm not at all sure I don't prefer the old one. I think I must have been very narrow-minded in my youth—All right, I won't talk about it. But I was talking about you, not the situation. Okay, okay. What shall we talk about then—my job, your job, the world, the importance of the home—" and his voice was suddenly so vague, so abstracted, that she opened her eyes again and looked at him, and found him staring at the house next door, and she sat up and looked too, and saw the big black car in the drive, with Steven getting out of it and walking over the lawn toward them.

"Oh"—she said in a gasp—"you've done this, you've done this!"

"No," he said, still in that vague voice, "I've been trying to figure out ways of accomplishing it all week end but I hadn't y settled on a plan— This is Fate stepping in, my dear Elspeth, and none of my doing at all, oddly enough, but how I'm going to enjoy it!"

And Steven said, stepping out on the dock, "Have you seen Elspeth anywhere— Why, it is you . . ." and stared at her, and stared at her some more.

"Yes," she said, standing up, "I'm afraid I look a mess." Eddie stood up too, and they all three stood there like, she thought, characters in a play who had forgotten their next lines.

"Oh, no," Steven said politely, still staring at her. He glanced at Eddie, then back at her. His eyes were unreadable. "I discovered I had left my briefcase home this morning, and I came back for it. . . ."

AND the silence went on again. And then Eddie started talking. "Yes," he said chattily, putting an arm casually around her shoulders, "you come upon our Elspeth at an awkward moment, she's just been cleaning out the basement, evaluating old discards, and seeing perhaps more value in broken pre-war items than in brand-new Victory models, if you see what I mean," and his voice was so heavy with meaning that Elspeth suddenly did see what he meant, and knew that now he had gone too far. Anything to break up Elspeth's unfortunate attachment, fair means or foul, and then off he'd go, whistling. . . . He was standing nearest the edge of the dock, a drop to blue water was only six inches away from him, and the memory of her old humiliation was beyond him, beckoning her on. She took a step forward, arranged an awkward stumble, and fell against him hard.

"Look out, clumsy," she cried as she did so, and then he went over, but she went over too, the water was in her ears and eyes and nose, she was floating up beside one of the big slippery lichened posts of the dock, and in a moment she would emerge like a drowned



"We always let the water run till it gets nice and cold!"

COLLIER'S

TOM HENDERSON



blond rat, still another revelation for Steven's eyes on the subject of how Vogue's cover girls *could* look. It had been the unfair thing in the world to pull her in too; Eddie should have taken his ducking in the spirit of fair revenge in which it was offered. She felt sick with rage. She reached out for the post and pulled herself around it and came up neatly in the darkness under the dock. It was an odd hollow dank-smelling place; and it gave her a beautifully clear bright view of the sunlit lake with Eddie's dark head emerging.

He was looking around for her, blinking and laughing. Then he said, "Where'd she go?" and then he said, "Good lord!" and looped over in a surface dive. She had never enjoyed anything so much. He came up and went down; he came up and went down; and every time his face was redder and more frightened, and Steven kept shouting, "What's wrong? Why doesn't she come up?" and she wished there were some way of reassuring him without reassuring Eddie. Then Eddie came up for the sixth time and treaded water, gasping, his face strained, and looked up at Steven on the dock out of sight and said, "She's probably drowning! Are you going to stay up there and look on forever?" And she heard footsteps overhead, and thought in a panic, Oh no! and started to come out from her shelter, but it was too late.

Eddie had dived again and Steven had followed him, making so large a splash that the water rocked up and slapped her face. She came out, completely sobered and yet in a queer way shaken with laughter. It was funny. It was awful but funny. She climbed up two or three rungs of the ladder. Their heads emerged. Drowned rats coming up for air, one black, one gray. It was awful but still it was funny.

"Here I am," she said, her voice trembling.

THE next five minutes was a new nightmare, not funny at all. It wasn't funny to stand on the dock, dripping, looking awful, while two grown men treated her like a criminally insane, imbecile child. The same words kept recurring: stupid, childish, silly, stupid, idiotic, asinine—that was Eddie's favorite.

And Steven was adding in a sort of trembling tenor obbligato: "I've ruined my wrist watch, I've ruined my clothes, I'll probably catch a cold—I've already been close to pneumonia twice this year—I've ruined my watch and they're hard to get, my money's all wet, my handkerchief's wet, my shoes are ruined—" And oddly enough, it hurt much more, coming from him in that oblique way, even though Eddie was concentrating on

slanging her directly: "Of all the asinine childish, stupid, silly, homicidal tricks, you black-hearted, feeble-minded ninny—"

"Of course I'm sorry," she said, and burst into tears, and ran for the house.

SHE sat down on the bed in her room, careless of her wet clothes, and knotted her hands together and wept, seeing Steven's face twisted with rage, seeing Steven walk out of her life forever because she was a stupid child and because Eddie had made him think she was regretting things—it was awful . . . And then after a while she became aware that she was crying almost mechanically, like a child who wants to be heard, and, furthermore, that she was feeling after all as if some enormous load had been lifted from her shoulders; she was feeling light and free, for all her misery, and why? It was astonishing. Because there wasn't going to be any divorce; no telling Dodo, no divorce, no more Steven, no more being at odds with her family, no more need to weep at night. . . .

And probably no more Eddie . . . He would go off whistling, now; his little job was done. And then she finally knew how she really felt about things. It was an awakening. She started to cry again.

And then Eddie came in and sat down beside her and put his arm around her. She opened her mouth. "I know," he said, "you hate me. But I'll bet you're relieved, all the same."

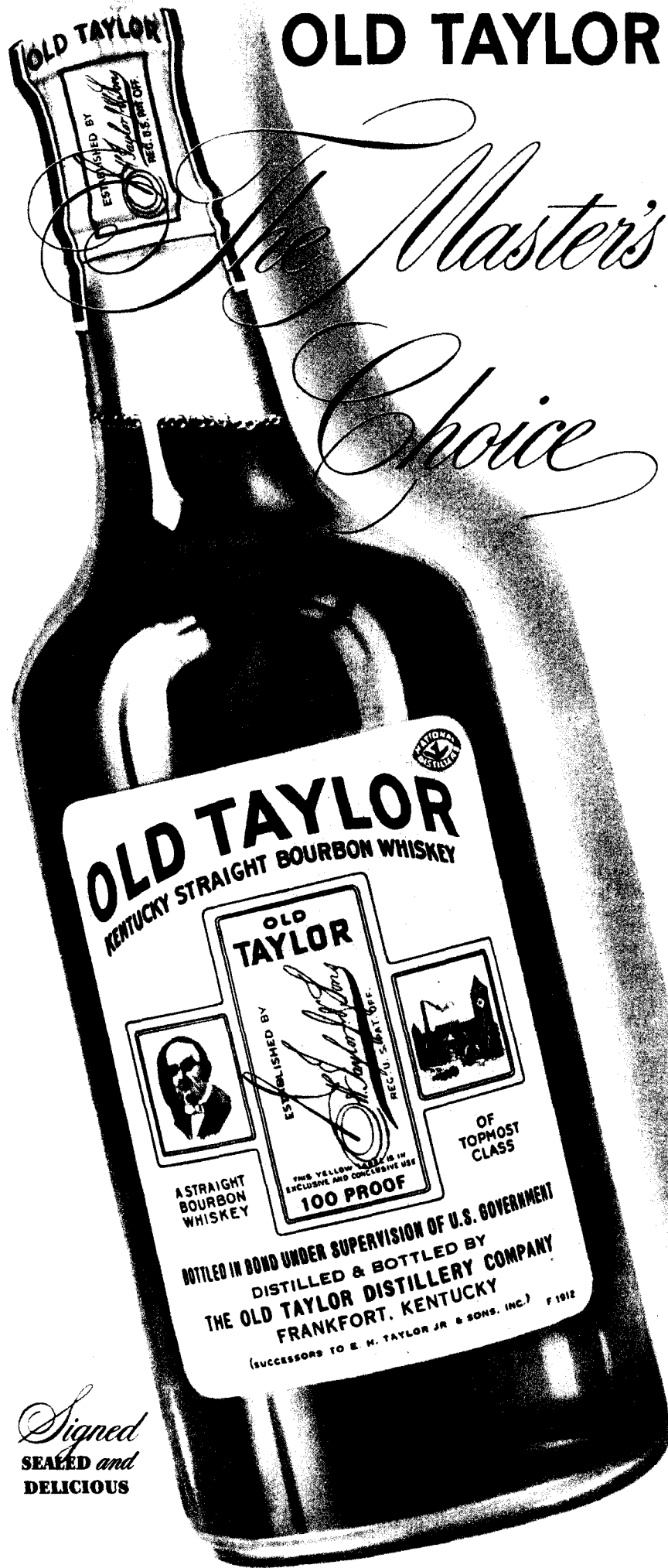
"Yes," she said through her teeth, "but, oh, I hate you, I do hate you . . ."

"I know, I love you too," Eddie said understandingly. "And he won't come back, he's been told we're engaged again, and to be frank, I think your glamor's gone for him . . . Idiot, you need me around to keep you out of trouble. And you'll be much, much happier with me anyway, who's seen you at your worst so many times that even your half-bad looks wonderful to me. As a matter of fact, I think you look beautiful now, which gives you an idea of how loony I am about you—But I'll have to get you another ring; you're going to cost me a fortune in engagement rings before we finally succeed in getting hitched, I can see that . . ."

She leaned against him. It was nice to have him back. It was nice. "No," she said, and leaned forward to open the drawer of her bedside table. "I've still got the old one," she said, dropping it into his hand. "I dived for it after you left . . ."

He stared at it for a long while. Then he said, "But how symbolic . . . I'm really touched. I'm—I really—I wish I'd come back sooner, Elspeth."

THE END



● The world knew the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., as a master distiller of rare genius.

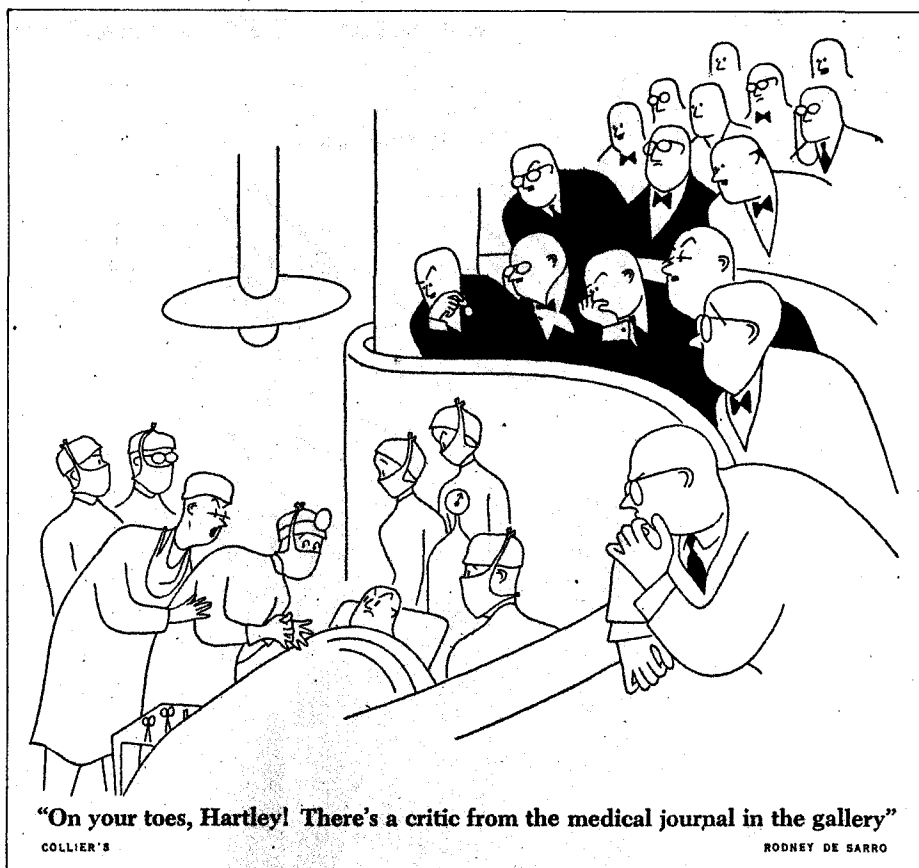
And, of all the many excellent whiskies he created, he chose one—a matchless bourbon—to bear his name.

Today, as then, the gloriously mellow flavor, the satisfying aroma, and the brilliant sparkle of OLD TAYLOR make it the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.



OLD TAYLOR was first made in 1887 in the fine old distillery pictured here—and at no time since then has a single drop of any other whiskey come from this distillery.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



Presidential Planner

Continued from page 20

without accenting a syllable, laying a hand on his desk or changing in the least the candid level of his clear blue eyes, "We shall present our case to the voters. It will be an honest case, provable in every line. It will be easily understood. We shall make no appeal to the emotions. The facts will speak for us. We shall ask the people to decide. That is all."

We hasten here to warn you not to regard this simple statement as naïve. Mr. Brownell is as guileless-looking as a champion pippin. There are those who, having met him but once, think it a sin and a shame that one so clearly unsophisticated and trusting should be matched against anyone as toughly experienced as Mr. Roosevelt's Mr. Hannegan, who began his political career as a precinct door-bell ringer and just can't get over it. But there are in New York a number of Bob Hannegans who are still taking sulfa cures as the result of professional collisions they've had with the mild-mannered and eminently genteel Mr. Brownell.

No Margin of Surprise

Mr. Brownell managed the campaign of State Senator Joe R. Hanley in the special election of 1943 for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Dewey, eager that a Republican succeed to his job were he to be nominated (to his great surprise) for President, was as nearly in a pother as it is possible for him to get, lest Mr. Hanley be defeated. To a few of his more intimate associates he said that he'd be more than satisfied were Mr. Hanley to scrape in with as little as a five- or six-thousand vote plurality. Mr. Hanley wooshed in by a margin of 341,372, and Mr. Dewey came close to being emotional. But Mr. Brownell, sitting relaxed with a nice big glass of tomato juice in his hand, regarded the Governor calmly and said, between sips, "What's surprising about it?"

Mr. Ed Jaeckle telephoned roaring felicitations.

"Why," said Mr. Brownell, doodling a star on the telephone directory, "that's the way we planned it, wasn't it?"

Others telephoned, jamming the receiver with their enthusiasm, and he told them that they were very kind but that, after all, it is very, very difficult to lose if you are intelligently organized, if you study your opponents as carefully as you measure yourself, if your case is well prepared. Nobody thought

to ask Mr. Brownell by how many votes he expected Mr. Hanley to win, but it is probable that he'd have said 341,372.

He's a smallish, slender non-Napoleonic fellow whose brown hair is receding in an orderly manner. Like Governor Dewey, his clothes are as well tailored and as tidy as his mind. He wears nothing that he doesn't need, just as, intellectually, he carries nothing that isn't immediately available and utilitarian. His humor is far from spectacular. Like the Governor's, it is somewhat labored. Unlike his office associates, nothing noticeable happens to him when Mr. Dewey arrives. Governor Dewey is no benign presence. He is not one calculated to radiate a gracious peace as he moves from hither to yon. When he appears, everybody begins at once to think of Dewey, including the Governor.

For example, the late-afternoon lassitude of a warm summer's day pervades headquarters. Staff men and visitors loll at ease against walls, slump down in chairs, drawl lazy nothings at one another, yawn. The messengers and ushers mope back and forth, forgetting apparently all about saving the world from something dreadful. Clerks seem to have just about enough energy to turn a pencil sharpener and half a dozen stenographers are discussing G.I. Joes at the water cooler. The place is in a dawdle. Only Mr. Brownell is in purposeful motion, and even while thus engaged, there is nothing in Mr. Brownell's activity suggesting a fire alarm.

Then notice comes down the hall that Mr. Dewey is arriving. Crossword puzzles, pop bottles, letters from G.I. Joes, snapshots, lipsticks, newspapers and smiles vanish. Telephone operators begin plugging in, regardless. Backs, legs, faces and amblings straighten. Orders, commands, directives are uttered with crisp force. There's a crackling of typewriters. Even the teletype machine catches on and chatters away with a sudden frenzy. Telephones are answered with the time-jealous staccato of a bull-market brokerage office.

Mr. Dewey strides through with economical smiles, nods, words and course. Here clearly is a man who knows precisely what he has done, what he is about to do today and tomorrow and the next day, too. You'd never know by looking at Mr. Dewey that it's a hot day. He even sweats in an orderly, efficient manner—spick, span, alert, precise, machinelike; not a squeak, a rattle, a rumble or a backfire in a cross-country run.

Mr. Brownell's smile of greeting is only slightly wider and brighter than that with which he greets a stranger—and it's never fulsome. He and Mr. Dewey waste no time in preliminary palaver. They agree that the prospect pleases. The Democrats have held their convention and, Mr. Dewey and Mr. Brownell further agree, the Democratic Party is now back in the hands of its Old Guard who, prior to 1932, were ever at great pains to see that very little was left undone to elect the opposing Republican ticket.

Neither Mr. Brownell nor Mr. Dewey shows the slightest fear of the Hannegans, the Flynns, the Kellys and the Hagues. They're the type of politicians and theirs are the kind of machines that make Mr. Dewey's bullet eyes glisten. He and Mr. Brownell have a dossier as thick as a New York telephone directory on Senator Truman, the one-time protégé of Old Tom Pendergast, who bossed Kansas City until he went to jail. They're going to do no mud-slinging, mind you. Just facts, facts, facts, and let the jury decide. Others may have doubts that this type of campaigning can win in days like these. Mr. Dewey and Mr. Brownell haven't.

The only man in the opposition whose campaigning prowess they regard with political respect is the Old Master, the President. They don't say so in so many words, but they make it clear enough that they have That Man to beat, not the Democrats. Leave the Democrats alone, and they'll beat themselves—the Hannegans, the Flynns, the Kellys, the Hagues—a dying race of old-fashioned bosses. Mr. Dewey and Mr. Brownell are completely incapable of a gloat, but not elsewhere in this life will you behold such complete confidence. And they're as disciplined in their confidence as a couple of certified public accountants.

These two gentlemen met for the first time in the rooms of the old Tenth Assembly District Republican Club. Judge Sam Seabury was then launching his investigations which were presently to force Jimmy Walker out of his job as Mayor of New York and shiver Tammany's timbers.

Twins in Intellect

Although Mr. Dewey and Mr. Brownell are cautious men, it took them less than an evening to discover that it would be silly and even inefficient not to be friends. Both believed that politics in New York needed delousing and both were convinced they might look high and low and still not find two fellows who could occupy office with more intelligence and grace than they. So they didn't look.

Instead, under Mr. Dewey's management, Mr. Brownell ran for the legislature from the old Tenth and, to the surprise of everybody else, Mr. Brownell won. He served five one-year terms, quitting when he found that the Brownells liked their bread cut a bit thicker than it could be under a rigidly honest and otherwise incomeless assemblyman's salary. He went back to his law practice.

In 1941, Mr. Dewey, who by that time had become a national figure because of the way he'd been sending Tammany's best-loved

hoodlums off to penitentiaries in cord lots, asked Mr. Brownell to manage the campaign of Mr. Edgar J. Nathan, the Republican candidate for Borough President of Manhattan, the lair of badly wounded Tammany. No Republican had held that job for decades, and yet Mr. Nathan won, amid the terrific enthusiasm of all Republicans except Mr. Brownell, who, as we've intimated, is fireproof and sparing of his emotions.

As you've probably been told any number of times by now, Mr. Brownell managed Mr. Dewey into the governorship in 1942 and did it with so little personal contribution to the attending noise that one old-timer was overheard to say, "You'd think that young fellow was ashamed of winning."

A Youthful Prodigy

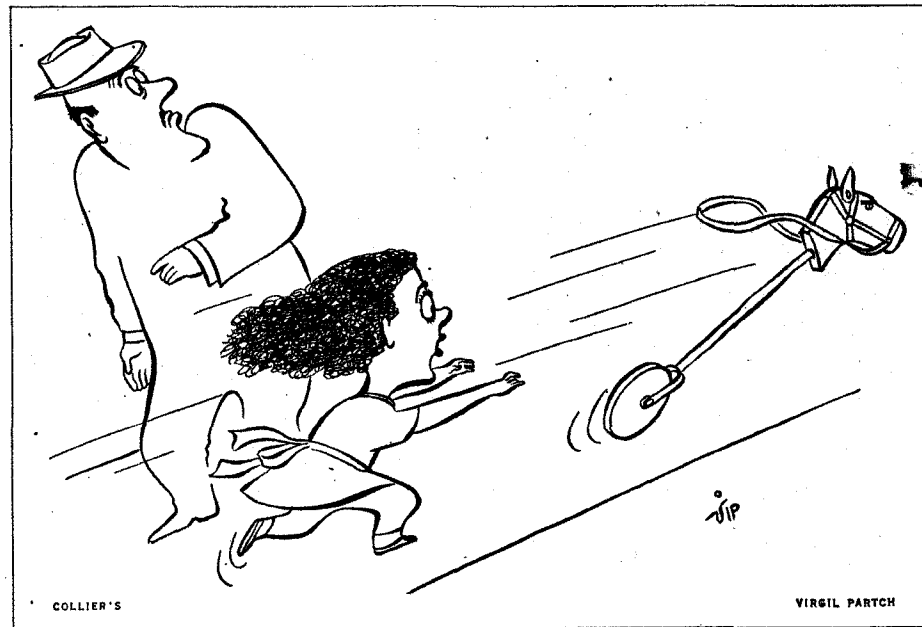
Mr. Brownell is a Nebraskan, born in the unsung town of Peru on February 20, 1904. His family moved to Lincoln while he was still in rompers and, more or less naturally, he went along. He was graduated from high school at sixteen, from the University of Nebraska where his father was a professor, in 1924, aged twenty. Pretty smart. Yale Law School graduated him three years later, and it is now generally conceded that had he made enough noise to attract notice either at Nebraska or Yale, he'd have been voted the fellow most likely to succeed. Even today, practicing his profession, his presence in the courtroom (where he usually wins) is likely to escape the notice of everybody but the judge and the jurors.

His only clubs are the Century Association in New York where, like all other members, he makes no noise whatever, and the Tenth Assembly District Republican Club of which he is president. He is a silently worshipping Methodist, a modest Phi Beta Kappa and a member of one of the most stainless and nonvocal of all civic groups—the Gramercy Park Association of New York. If a man had no other claim to respectability, membership in that organization would be enough. Gramercy Parkers would as soon steal chickens as raise their voices.

Mr. Brownell's favorite tippie is tomato juice, which he drinks straight. He goes to movies occasionally, frequently leaving at what he thinks should have been the end of the picture even if Hollywood didn't. But he never remembers the film's title and wouldn't know Charles Boyer from Bill Bendix, or Martha Raye from Lana Turner. In spite of this he gets along all right. It has been suggested by a couple of radio impresarios that sometime during this campaign a debate be arranged between the well-tempered Mr. Brownell and the devious Mr. Hannegan, his Democratic opponent. It is wholly probable that nothing will come of this, and perhaps it is just as well. The public must have too much on its mind already.

Mr. Brownell is married, his wife having been Miss Doris McCarter of Galveston, Texas. That happened in June, 1934. They have four healthy children—Joan, eight; Ann, five; Tom, four; and Jim, one.

THE END





**"I'd rather be with them—
than waiting for them"**

I'll admit there's a funny lump in my throat . . .
But here I am, loaded with my overseas pack.
Climbing up the side of the biggest boat I've ever
seen—and glad of it.

Glad I said "good-bye" to civilian life months
ago—and went into the WAC. Went through all
the training and on to active duty.

For, as a Wac, I'm *really* working for victory.
Sharing the hard part of war. And the glory that
will come.

I'd rather be *with* them—in the Army . . .

Than waiting back home—thinking up things
to make the time go by—listening to the news—
wondering when it'll all be over.

Yes, I'm in the Army and on my way—and I'm
glad to the bottom of my heart!

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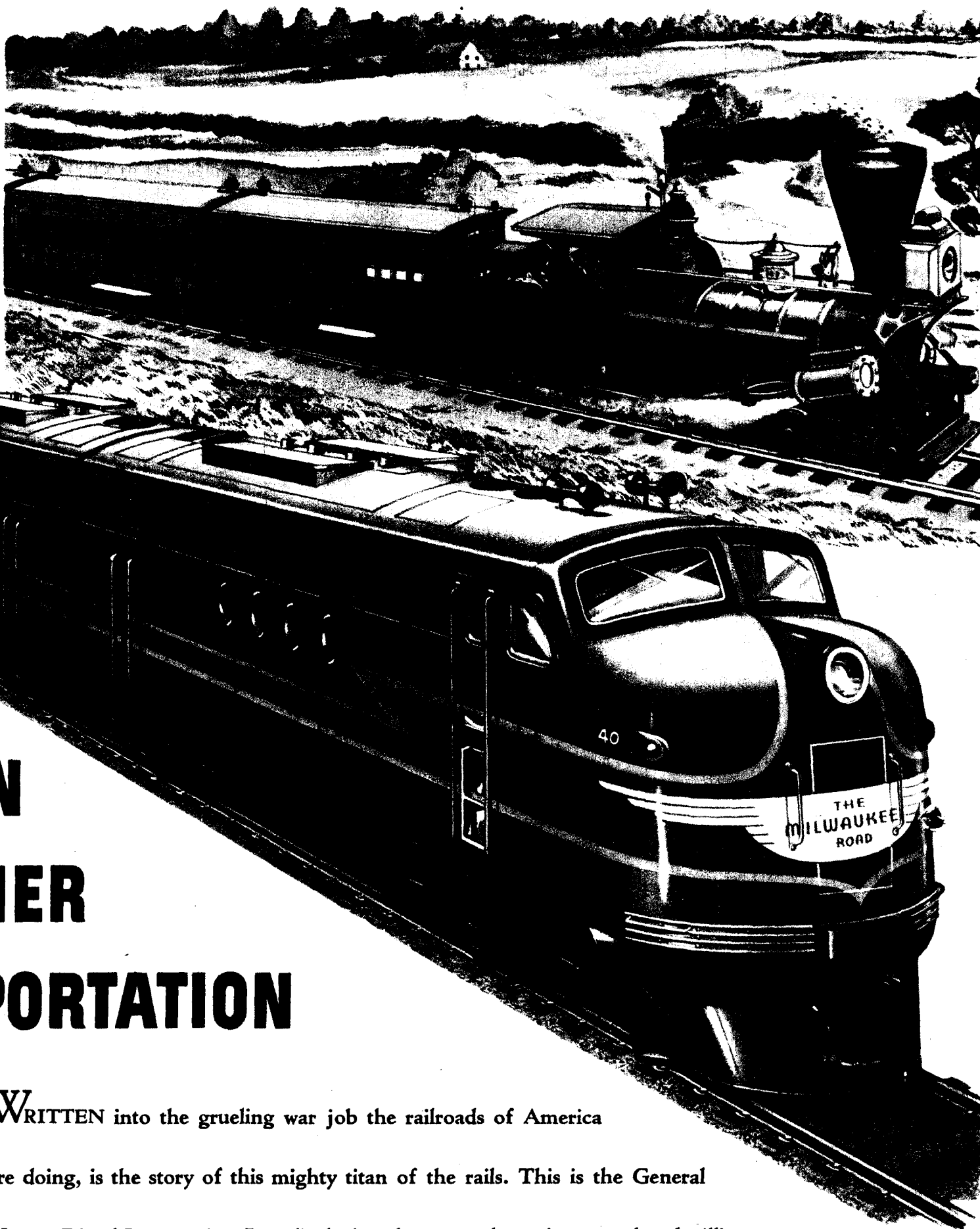
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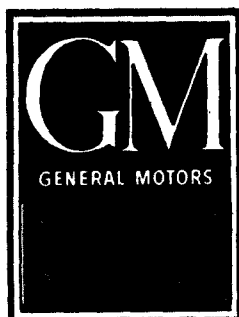
are doing, is the story of this mighty titan of the rails. This is the General

Motors Diesel Locomotive. It is displaying the unusual stamina, speed and willingness to

work ceaselessly which these urgent times demand. And with such tireless, low-cost, swift service these

GM Diesel Locomotives are providing a pattern for finer transportation in the greater days to come.

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AMERICA
STRONG
BUY MORE
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LOCOMOTIVES.....ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

ENGINES.....150 to 2000 H.P.....CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

ENGINES.....15 to 250 H.P.....DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

Earth and HIGH HEAVEN

Continued from page 23

"I've just started it."

"Well, when you get a little further, you'll find out that it means 'Laugh of the sheep at the good woman.'"

"Really," said Marc. "It sounds more like an hors d'oeuvre than an entrée."

"What else is there?" asked Erica, looking at the menu over his shoulder.

"Poulet, filet mignon, escalope de veau, filet de sole à la something, and something grenouilles. Why do they always have to write these menus in purple ink?" He paused and then asked, "Well, which do you want?"

"Let's have chicken."

"Fried, broiled or roasted?"

"Broiled. They do it well here."

"Poulet grillé, s'il vous plaît," he said to the waiter. "Des hors d'oeuvres—do you want soup?" Erica shook her head. "Neither do I. Pas de soupe. Fish?"

"No thanks."

"Pas de poisson. We'll choose our dessert later. How about a cocktail?"

"Yes, Manhattan, please."

"Two Manhattans—non, je prendrai un Martini."

"Un Manhattan, un Martini," said the waiter.

"Merci." Marc turned to Erica and said, "You look beautiful tonight, darling. Don't ever cut your hair, will you?"

HE REMEMBERED that it was the combination of fine, almost delicate features and the look of emotional strength which came through from underneath which had so struck him the first time he had met her. It was not only in her face but in the lines of her slender body, a blending of sensitivity and passion which disturbed him so profoundly whenever he was with her, close to her, that afterward he forgot what they talked about and almost forgot where they had gone—what remained chiefly in his mind was his own sense of strain at always holding back, sitting on the opposite side of a table, or, if they were in a restaurant like this with seats along the wall, of keeping a foot of space between them, and when they were driving, staying on his own side of the car.

Erica was something that had never happened to him before. With all the others, an essential part of him had remained detached and isolated from the rest of his consciousness, out of reach of everyone, including himself. He could do nothing about it but try to confine it and fight it off as long as possible.

Then Erica had come along and for the first time in his life he had found himself wholly involved. He did not know how or why it had happened, or (more important, since, under the circumstances, a lot of people were going to take a lot of convincing) how to explain to anyone else that this time he knew he was not going to get over it. So far, he had only tried explaining it to one person, his brother David, having run into him accidentally at the Rosenbergs' when both of them had been in Toronto on business the week before, and David had remained quite unconvinced.

They had been sitting in some ghastly Toronto beer parlor, having left the Rosenbergs' with an hour still to spare before both of them had to catch their trains. He would probably not have mentioned Erica to his brother if he had not been thoroughly depressed, partly by things in general and partly by the Rosenbergs.

Betty Rosenberg was not Jewish, and she was a Montrealer with much the same background as Erica. In order to get away from the apparently inevitable family complications, when the Rosenbergs had been married two years, they had moved to Toronto where Max had had to start all over again. They had two children, there was another due soon, and Marc had been heartsick at the way life was obviously wearing them down. He had not known Betty Rosenberg before her marriage, but she was fair-haired, and he supposed that she had once looked much as Erica did now.

"I read EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN with unflagging interest. It is a warm and human story very intelligently told. The wide reading of it which publication in Collier's will insure should do a great deal to spread sympathetic understanding of all that is involved in this interracial problem. Publishing it seems to me to be a definite step in prompting the tolerance the world needs so badly."

Margaret Cullin Banning

"Collier's is to be commended for having the courage to print Gwethalyn Graham's novel EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN at a time when intolerance is the most serious of all threats to our national unity. It will be read with deep interest and much profit by all Americans who are concerned about the unhappy state we are in because of our racial and religious prejudices."

Rev. William C. Kernan
Institute of American Democracy

"Collier's is to be congratulated upon finding EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN by Gwethalyn Graham, and commended upon its courage in publishing a novel dealing so sensitively and honestly with a controversial issue like intermarriage between Jew and Gentile. There are a lot of people who will not like the novel. I am emphatically not among that number. It is excellent. The only way we are going to avoid conflict now and after the war is by expanding instead of restricting free discussion of issues usually hushed. Particularly helpful at this time in wiping out barriers

between Americans of different creeds, races and places of origin, and the recognition that human brotherhood is more than a Sunday-school phrase is the publication of novels like EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN."

Walter White
Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

"Miss Gwethalyn Graham has handled the complex problem of prejudices with frankness, sympathy and understanding. It is indeed encouraging in these days when truth has been so crowded by propaganda that Miss Graham has dared to show both Jews and Gentiles how petty are their differences and that Collier's has the courage to print this excellent story EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN. While it will not solve the problem of intermarriage it may clarify the situation for those who are broad-minded enough to accept its sincere message. If religious are of value at all, the test is: Do they bring people together or do they keep them apart? One ounce of understanding such as this story conveys is worth more than any amount of mere tolerance."

Rabbi Sidney S. Tedesche

"This story is intensely interesting and timely. It is something that needs to be said now. Many intelligent people will find themselves thinking soberly, perhaps contritely, while they read of the social dilemma that is unnecessarily breaking the hearts of innocent people."

Lloyd C. Douglas

"Is that what happens?" he had asked David, as they were walking away from the house.

His brother was shorter than Marc, with black hair and dark eyes; he glanced up sideways at Marc and said briefly, "I guess all married couples have their off nights."

MARC had forgotten what they had talked about after that, until they were sitting at a corner table in the beer parlor, and his brother had asked suddenly, "What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," Marc answered after a pause. "I guess it was just the Rosenberg atmosphere."

"Why? Are you thinking of doing what Max did?" After waiting for a while, David said resignedly, "You might just as well tell me all about it. You will sooner or later, anyhow. What's her name?"

"Erica Drake."

His brother finished his beer and then asked, "What's she like?"

He tried to tell David what Erica was like, but that came out all wrong, too. The more he said, the less it sounded like Erica. Finally his brother cut him short with, "You haven't shown much talent for sticking with the girls you've had so far, and if you're really serious about marrying her, you'll need a lot. I wouldn't make it too tough for myself if I were you."

"I'm not worried about myself. I'm really

in love with her; I've never felt this way about anyone before in my life. We just belong together, that's all. Oh, hell," Marc said, exasperated, grinding out his cigarette. "You can't explain things."

There was a brief silence, and then Marc asked, "Are you just against it on principle?"

"No," said David. "I haven't got any of those particular principles. How long have you known her?"

"About a month. It hasn't anything to do with that. I knew Eric better after I'd been talking to her for half an hour than I know René de Sevigny after ten years."

"That's not what I'm talking about," David glanced at his watch, signaled the waiter for their bill and got up. Looking down at Marc, he said, "The trouble with you is you've never really grown up. You haven't found yourself yet. I'm sorry if I sound like a copybook, but I can't think of any other way of putting it. And until you have, and really know what you want, you'd better stay clear of complicated situations. After all, it isn't just a question of messing up your own life."

Marc still did not know exactly what his brother had meant by saying that he had not found himself. And he certainly did not want to mess up Erica's life, or even run the risk of hurting her. It was because he was afraid for her and for himself, but particularly for Erica, that he had sat on the opposite side of the car and kept on driving, or

had gone from one public place to another, for what had once begun in the car or on the mountain or in a park—the only places in which they were ever alone—might so easily end in a hotel in the Laurentians for a week end.

The idea of leaving Erica to pick up the pieces in Montreal when he himself went overseas, after one or several week ends in the Laurentians, did not appeal to Marc particularly. And along with everything else, he had himself to cope with.

His life had been run largely by his intelligence so far; his emotions had never threatened to run away with him until now. But now, Erica.

She was wearing some kind of green and white summer dress, sitting beside him with her fair hair almost down to her shoulders, spearing the cherry at the bottom of her glass with a toothpick.

"Don't look like that!" said Marc.

Erica raised her head and asked, startled, "Like what?"

But he did not know what he wanted her to look like, except that it would have been a help if she had looked less like herself. He moved a few inches away from her and ordered another cocktail.

There was a radio playing out in the hall. Erica ate the cherry and listened above the murmur of voices and the soft clatter of dishes, and asked finally, "What is it?"

"Schubert Number Five. I think he stole most of the last movement from Mozart," said Marc.

"Oh, Charles would like that!" she said. "Even if he considered that you were slandering Schubert." The utterly lunatic part of it was that there was nothing about Marc which either Charles or her mother would not have liked.

MARC smiled at her, but the next moment the amusement died out of his oblique, greenish eyes. He took her hand suddenly for the first time and held it with a pressure which went on steadily increasing until the waiter appeared on the other side of the table with his wagon of hors d'oeuvres.

Some time later, as she was struggling with her chicken, Erica remarked, "When I eat hors d'oeuvres, I never have any appetite left for the rest of the meal."

"You never have any appetite, anyhow." He was watching her with an anxious expression and an angry look in the tight muscles around his mouth. "What was it today?" he demanded without warning. "More trouble?"

Erica glanced at him quickly and then answered casually, "No, of course not. I'm just not hungry."

He picked up the basket of bread, and when she shook her head he put a slice on her plate anyhow. "You've got to eat, Eric." He gave her some butter and then asked, "Do you really think I'm worth it?"

"Yes," said Erica under her breath. Her eyes met his, and she said involuntarily, "Darling, don't look at me like that."

"I can't help it. I've behaved very well so far, but I don't think it's going to last much longer. In the meantime, you'd better go on eating. No woman looks romantic with her mouth full."

"Do I have to eat all of it?"

"There isn't much, Eric; it's mostly bones."

He was talking about something else and she thought that once again she had succeeded in heading him off, when he asked suddenly, as they were waiting for dessert, "Do they go on at you about me all the time, or is it just intermittent?"

Evidently some of it had got through to him anyhow, in spite of the way she had worked to keep him from finding out, having realized from the beginning that the most dangerous aspect of the whole situation was not her father's attitude toward Marc but Marc's reaction to that attitude once he became fully aware of it. He would take it as final, because it was confirmed by so much in

Have fun with family dinners!

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TONIGHT'S Party Style DINNER—delicious Swift's Premium cold cuts—mellow Braunschweiger (liver sausage), zesty Salami, New England Cooked Specialty Meat, and Bologna—arranged with ruby-ripe Tomato Flowers. For these, make 6 cuts from blossom end to within inch of stem end. Carefully pare back to form thin petals. Sprinkle center with sieved, hard-cooked egg yolk. Arrange with the four meats on Victory garden greens. Serve with a hot vegetable . . . fruit for dessert. A meal to be proud of . . . eye-filling and nourishing, too.

A Party Style MEAL FOR TOMORROW—calls for leftover slices of Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats! (Buy plenty at one time so you'll have enough for this second "party style" dinner!) Try scrambled eggs with bite-size pieces of the delicious, protein-rich meats and leftover tomato. Serve on thick tomato slices.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL! The name Swift's Premium assures you really fine Table-Ready Meats . . . blended, seasoned, and cooked with home-kitchen goodness. One-and-a-quarter pounds serves 4 generously, allows plenty for two "glamorized" dinners.



his own experience if for no other reason, when in fact it was not.

Erica's conviction that sooner or later Charles Drake would come around was not based on hope so much as on a fairly complete knowledge of Charles Drake. If, at some future date, he should be faced with the choice of accepting Marc Reiser, or losing his daughter, then Charles would accept Marc Reiser, but whether she could succeed in convincing Marc of that fact was a different matter. Marc did not know her father.

Marc could not be expected to realize that the word "acceptance" had a different meaning for her father than it had for most people. You had actually to have seen Charles Drake do one of his about-faces before you could believe it was possible. He did not put his prejudices behind him and go on from there; he went back to the beginning and started all over again. Now, for instance, he and Madeleine were the best of friends, although he had at first been stubbornly opposed to Tony's marrying a French Canadian.

She said, "They don't 'go on' about you, darling; you're hardly ever mentioned."

AFTER dinner they drove through the gray streets lined with trees, every shade and depth of green in the evening light, out of the city, through a village and across the canal, then on the straight new highway for a while and finally off to the left down a series of narrow country roads until they came to the river, and the primitive cable ferry which plied between Ile de Montreal and Ile Bizard.

They found the old ferryman sitting as usual on a kitchen chair at one end of his barge, puffing on his pipe. There was no sound but the movement of the water in the long grasses by the bank, and some bells ringing in the monastery across the river.

The old man stood up, beckoning them to drive onto the barge, then he cast off, and barge, car and kitchen chair started for Ile Bizard.

The top of the car was down and, looking up at the sky, Erica remarked, "By the way, Vic and Barbara Wells are having a cocktail party on Friday. Do you want to go?"

"Was I invited?"

"Yes, Barbie asked if I'd bring you. She's going to phone you herself tomorrow."

"I don't have to be brought." It sounded more like an observation than an objection.

So far so good, thought Erica, and said, "May I have a cigarette, please?"

He lighted one for her and then one for himself, and said at last, "I've known Vic ever since my first year at law school. I've had lunch with him a couple times since but that's about all—strictly business. So why the sudden interest?"

The sudden interest was due to the fact that she had had lunch with Barbara Wells the day before and, since she knew Barbara very well, she had asked, "You wouldn't like to invite a friend of mine, too, would you? His name is Marc Reiser. He's a Jewish lawyer, and Charles won't have him in the house."

"Good Lord!" said Barbara. After a moment she remarked, "If he's a lawyer, Vic probably knows him."

"Charles won't know him," said Erica. "He's one of those people who judge the quality of the contents by the label on the can."

"Your father's not the only one. Vic can be pretty stuffy when he wants to be, particularly about the Jewish legal fraternity—he was well away on some frightful story about a firm of Jewish lawyers last night before he remembered that the Oppenheims are Jews and they were sitting on the opposite side of the table. Of course, they're Austrians, and you'd never guess. . . ."

"Yes, dear," Erica interrupted. "Well, Marc's parents are Austrian, too, if that's any help. Anyhow, ask Vic what he thinks."

Later on in the afternoon, Barbara had phoned to say that Vic had said, "By all means, bring him along," and that was that, except for the fact that there was something in the tone in which Marc had asked about the sudden interest which made Erica suspect that he had no intention of going.

She did not care particularly whether he went or not, but she knew that this business

of always being alone together was bad for them both and, sooner or later, something would definitely have to be done about it. As things were, they were simply playing the parts Charles Drake had assigned to them—the parts of a couple of outcasts. If, on the other hand, enough people outside the family got to the point where they took Marc and herself for granted, the situation would begin to be thoroughly awkward for her parents.

The ringing of the monastery bells had died away. They heard the long whistle of a distant railway train, then a faint shout from somewhere on the shore behind them, and then there was silence again, except for the splashing of the swift current, driving at an angle against the barge, and the creaking of the ferry pulleys.

"I think I'd rather not go," said Marc.

"Why?" Before he could answer, Erica said, "You know what cocktail parties are like, Marc—a lot of people bring their friends without even asking."

"Did you ask, Eric?"

"No."

His right arm was lying on the back of the seat behind her, and all he had to do was let it down to her shoulders in order to bring her around so that she was facing him. "Say it again."

"All right, then," said Erica defiantly, "I did ask her. Good heavens! I've asked dozens of people if I could bring someone to their parties. Look at the one we gave in June—we started out with thirty people and ended up with over fifty."

"I know. I was one of them," said Marc noncommittally.

He took his arm away from her shoulders and turned, so that he was sitting under the wheel again, looking past the bent figure of the old ferryman at the bow.

"You said once that . . ." she began.

"Go on," Marc prompted her.

"You said it was important not to start imagining things."

"I'm not imagining anything, darling. You don't realize what the legal profession is like. It isn't the same as being a Jewish doctor or professor, or even a Jewish businessman. You've got Vic on the spot, and the only thing for me to do is not to turn up. He knows he's never made any effort to see me outside of business hours since we were at law school—I tried once or twice after we graduated but he was always busy or something—and I know it, and he knows I know it. So now when you come along and finally get me invited to his house after twelve years—what does it all add up to?"

"It adds up to everybody going on forever playing this idiotic game according to the rules and never getting anywhere!" She said miserably, "You're just helping to make it work."

"Well, if I didn't, I'd only be accused of pushing in where I'm not wanted."

The barge slid into place against the beach and, with her eyes on the old French Canadian who was adjusting the two planks which served as runways, she asked after a pause, "Are you going to feel like this about everyone?"

"No, of course not. You just happened to pick the wrong people."

THEY drove past the monastery, then into a village by a steeped church, around one side of the green square where a few old men were playing bowls, and out the other side among the fields and scattered farmhouses painted white and with the softly curving bell-cast roofs of Quebec, and the great barns of faded yellow and blue and red. There was a shrine by the side of the road, and a few people grouped around it, old men and women and children and the village curé, and later on they came to a herd of cows and had to follow along behind with the car in low gear until the cows turned in at a gate.

Erica said reflectively as they passed an old stone farmhouse on one side of the road, with a grove of pines on the other, "When they go on about preserving the French Canadian way of life, sometimes I think I know what they're talking about."

"Yes," said Marc, adding after a pause; "only, their way of life is rather a luxury at the moment, and somebody has to pay for it."

I don't feel the way you do about Quebec. I feel that way about Ontario. It doesn't matter so much where it is, though, provided it's Canada. I couldn't imagine living anywhere else. How long can you see the shore after you leave Halifax? I've always sailed from the States, before."

"Only for a short while."

"That's good. The shorter the better. I don't want to stand around for hours, watching Canada fade into the distance."

He drove on in silence for a while, looking straight ahead of him, and then said suddenly, "Gosh, it will be great to come back again, though, won't it, Eric?"

"Yes, darling."

A hay wagon was lumbering toward them, and as Marc slowed down in order to go off the road and give it room to pass, he said, "They told me at headquarters today that it probably wouldn't be much more than a month now."

"And then what?"

"Petawawa or Borden for a while, and then overseas."

"I hope it's Petawawa," said Erica, under her breath. Camp Borden was four hundred miles away.

He stopped the car in an open space underneath some evergreens at the edge of a small wood. The moon was rising over an orchard, and the lamps were already lighted in the small farmhouse up the road. Nearer at hand there was a wayside cross partly outlined against the dying light in the west. They were caught up in the silence all around them.

Marc took the cigarette from her hand and threw it out on the road and then his arm was around her, drawing them together. He kissed her throat and then her mouth, and she had no will at all until at last memory came back. She slipped one arm up behind his head and clung to him, trying to forget the time when she would have to let him go, probably not much more than a month from now.

IN THE first week of August, Charles Drake suddenly changed tactics. His conduct from the Wednesday morning in mid-July when they had had that scene at the breakfast table, through to the end, sometime in September, represented three different and distinctive methods of attack—from the nega-

tive, in which he had withdrawn in apparent indifference and simply waited, through the positive but indirect, in which he attempted to break down Erica's resistance by abandoning all efforts to conceal what he felt while never actually referring to his feelings, and at the same time by letting loose a continuous stream of broad statements, anecdotes and even rather pointless jokes on the subject of Jews in general, to the third and last stage in which he swung round and made use of every weapon he could lay his hands on.

For reasons of her own, Margaret Drake went along with him. Although so far as her surface behavior was concerned, she seemed to take her cue from her husband, her attitude was fundamentally different. She believed that all *mésalliances* are the result of infatuation, and therefore, from start to finish, she consistently underestimated Erica's love for Marc. In fact, she did not regard it as love, in the proper sense of the word. She lacked her husband's ability to understand emotion as such, particularly an emotion which lay outside the field of her own experience. The ingredients of a successful marriage, she had often said, were community of tastes, interests, and a similarity of viewpoint and background.

Surveying Erica's relationship to Marc from this standpoint, and convinced as she was that you cannot be "genuinely" in love with a man whom you have only known for a period of weeks, rather than months, Margaret Drake could not bring herself to regard it as anything but an infatuation.

Charles Drake was under no such delusions and, in this respect, his conduct was considerably less justifiable than that of his wife. It was precisely because he did realize how much Marc meant to Erica that he did everything in his power to get rid of him.

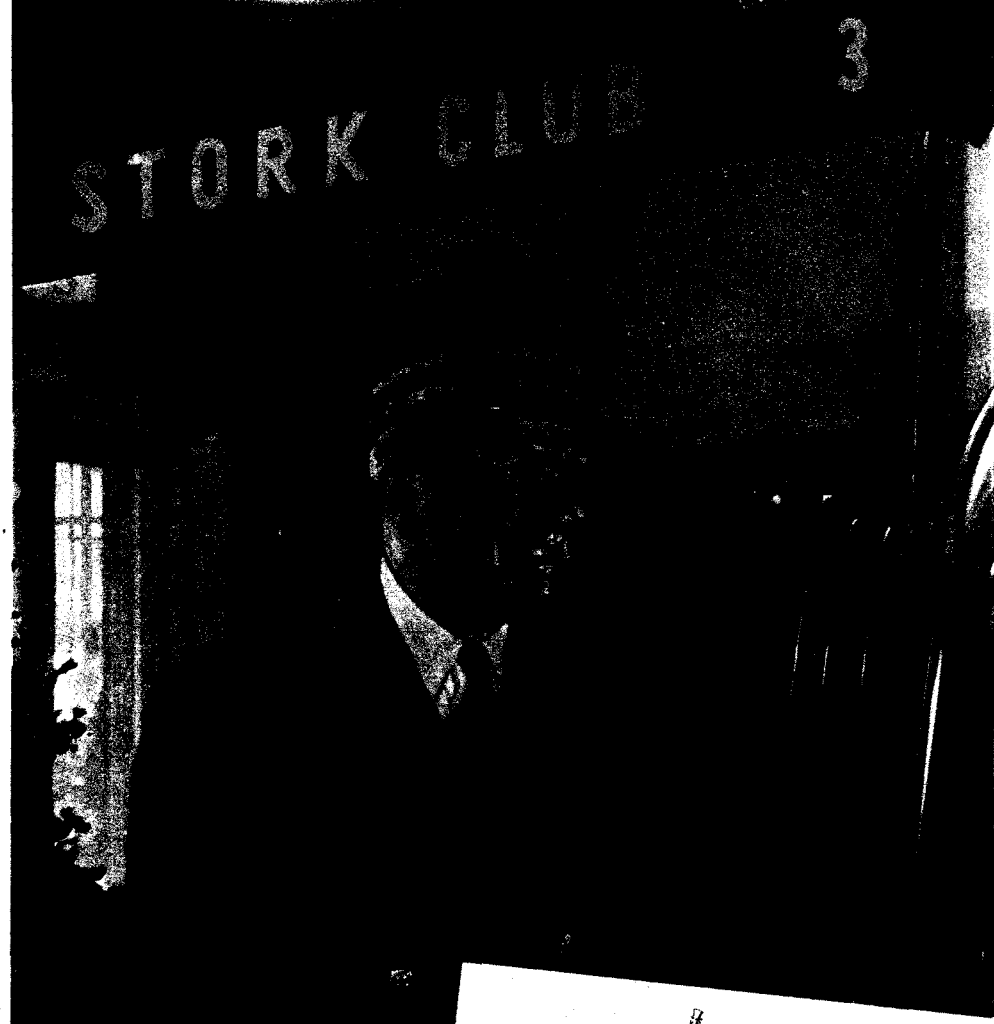
The change in his tactics came without warning so far as Erica was concerned, except for Mimi's statement that her parents had decided to stay in town because they were too worried to derive any benefit from their much-needed holiday.

The morning after Marc and Erica had crossed the river to Ile Bizard by the cable ferry, her father asked Erica suddenly if she was going to be in to dinner the following night.

"No, I don't think so," said Erica.

"Who are you going out with? René?"

From the World-Famed Stork Club



Recipe for Corned-Beef Hash as served at the Stork Club, New York

2 pounds corned beef
4 large, cooked potatoes
1 small onion
1 cup water
3 tablespoons butter
or substitute

Cover corned beef with cold water; let stand 2 hours. Drain. Grind meat, potatoes, and onion—using coarsest blade. Mix lightly; turn into greased skillet. Add water. Simmer 20 minutes or until liquid is absorbed. No salt added—corned beef is already seasoned. Slip butter under edges of hash. Fry until crisp gold-brown. Fold over; pat into oblong shape. Top with poached eggs. Serves 6.



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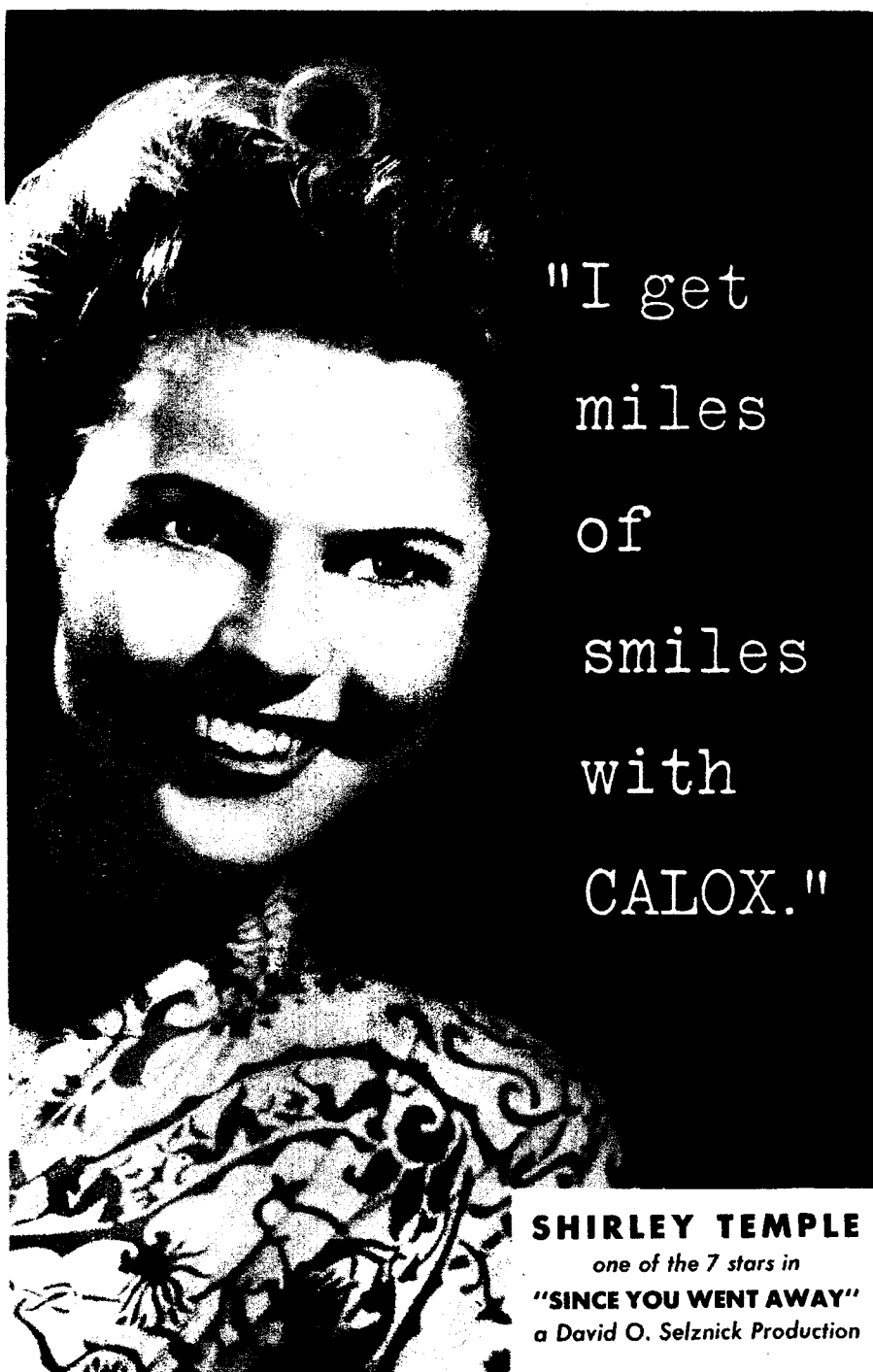


"I think he's a stomach gunner on a B-17"

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Once before he had asked her if she were going out with René, when he already knew she was not.

"I haven't seen him for weeks."

"So even René is getting the short end of it. Do you mind telling me who you are going out with?"

"No. Marc Reiser."

"Weren't you out with him last night, Erica?" asked her mother.

"Rather overdoing it, isn't he?" said Charles.

"He isn't going to be here much longer . . ."

"Oh, I don't know," interrupted her father. "We've been at war three years and he seems to have managed pretty well so far."

"You don't know anything about it, Charles," said Erica expressionlessly. She had reached the stage where nothing he said about Marc could make her angry, which, she thought, was simply so much the worse for them both. "It isn't his fault that he was posted to a reinforcement unit and just told to mark time at Divisional Headquarters until . . ." Erica stopped. Neither of them, as usual, appeared to be listening; her father's eyes were back on his newspaper, and her mother was pouring a second cup of coffee for Mimi, who opened her mouth to say something, glanced at Erica, and then subsided, muttering resignedly, "Okay, darling, have it your own way."

Erica said at last, looking down at her plate, "I thought you wanted to know why Marc and I are seeing so much of each other."

"We already know that without being told." Her father made an effort to read a little further, obviously thoroughly depressed, then with an exclamation he suddenly put down his paper, got up and left the room.

From then on, any direct or indirect reference to Marc always produced the same result. It wasn't what they said, for they rarely said anything, but the way they looked. Whenever they knew that Erica was on her way to meet Marc somewhere or had just come back from meeting him, the moment she entered the room that look would settle down over their faces.

It was apparently necessary that she should not go out of the front door under any illusion that they would be enjoying themselves while she was with Marc, and when she returned home it was equally necessary that she should realize that it was they who were paying for any happiness she might have had from the occasion. The look was not in any way put on; it was a matter of simple fact that they did not and could not enjoy themselves when they knew Erica was with Marc, and that her happiness, such as it was, was purchased at their expense, and they made no effort to conceal it, that was all.

Erica lived with that look from the beginning of August until the middle of September when Marc went home, back to his own people, and she finally broke down. She never got used to it and, up to the very end, it still required an effort of will before she could force herself to enter a room and face it.

THE indirect attack on Marc started a few nights later at dinner. It did not amount to very much; Charles Drake had lunched that day with a man who had told him that the most persistent violators of the price ceiling were Jews. "The Jews" had no sense of responsibility and regarded themselves as outside the community for some reason or other, so that you simply could not make them realize that what affected the community as a whole would ultimately affect them to the same extent as everyone else.

Erica was out the following night. The night after that it was something about "the Jews" safeguarding themselves against the inflation for which their own conduct would be partly responsible, by buying up all the available real estate.

At breakfast, a day or so later, it was the old story of fire insurance in a slightly different form, however. The previous night, Charles had been playing bridge at his club with the president of an insurance company who had remarked, in the course of a discussion about the Jews, that Jews and fires always went together, and that if you wanted to find the Jewish districts in any given city, all you had to do was look at the nearest

insurance company map for the heaviest concentration of fires.

Erica would probably not have attached any particular significance to her father's remarks if he had not in the past rather gone out of his way to avoid unflattering references to the Jews as such. Also there was a curious, very faint deliberateness in the way he went about this, a barely perceptible change of expression and a barely audible change in his voice, so that she always knew when he was going to start and tried to steel herself against what was coming. She had an odd feeling that to allow herself to be hurt by it would be to fall into the same fundamental error as her father—the error of identifying the characteristics of the individual with the usually misrepresented characteristics of the group.

IT WAS not until his observations on the subject of "the Jews" began to be interspersed with rather unfunny jokes which Charles Drake had usually heard from "a man downtown" that Erica realized what was happening to him.

It was an indication of how far Charles Drake had degenerated in the past two months that he could tell a pointless and sordid story of "Jewish" behavior during the blitz, for example, and insult both Erica and himself by suggesting, even indirectly, that it reflected on Marc. That he should have lost so much of what had been the best in him in such a short time was also an indication of the way he was suffering.

The fact was that Charles Drake was almost beside himself. It was as though everything he had ever heard against the Jews, back to his earliest childhood, was coming out all in a period of a few weeks, five, ten or fifteen minutes at a time, during which he would keep his eyes fixed on Erica, searching her face to see if at last he had succeeded in making an impression.

He did not succeed; he failed altogether. Erica had lost the faculty of thinking in reverse; she was no longer even capable of applying the generalization to the individual. She knew Marc, she was in possession of the evidence, of the actual facts concerning Marc Reiser, and between those facts and her father's statements about Jews there was simply no connection. He was still talking about someone else.

She would sit and listen to him in silence or, at any rate, she appeared to be listening. His voice only reached her at intervals, becoming audible and then fading away again, according to the rise and fall in the level of her consciousness.

In the intervals when she was really listening, Erica sometimes tried to visualize Marc as he must appear to her father. He always came out as a nightmare figure, a crazy conglomerate of a shyster lawyer, quick, insinuating and tricky; a fat clothing merchant with a cigar in his mouth, employing sweated labor with one hand and contriving to outsmart both his competitors and the government with the other; a loud-voiced, flashy young man pushing his way up to the head of the queue; a skullcapped figure muttering incantations in a synagogue; a furtive individual setting fire to his own house or his own shop in order to collect the insurance . . . all this not only combined in one individual, but an individual who was determined not to be assimilated but to remain an outsider, and who was perpetually turning up where he was not wanted, overrunning practically every place he was permitted to enter.

It might have been funny, only it wasn't. Coming from her father as the creature of his imagination and set beside Marc Reiser who, in this house, lived only in her mind and in her heart, it was not funny at all. Neither was the spectacle of her father, apparently powerless in the grip of a steadily mounting obsession. He had told his wife, and his wife had told Erica that there was not one moment of the day when Erica was really out of his mind. Nor was the spectacle of her mother funny—her mother appalled at what might happen to Erica and what was already happening to her husband; nor was Erica herself. Beneath her silence and her expressionless face, she was beginning to break up, and she knew it.

Only Mimi remained detached and objec-

tive, partly because she was Mimi, and Erica was her sister, not her daughter, and partly because she knew Marc. . . .

Mimi had met Marc in the last week of August. The four of them, Erica, Marc, Max Eliot and herself were to have had dinner together, but that morning Max Eliot had left unexpectedly for England, and Mimi brought John Gardiner instead.

John was the complete opposite of Max in almost every respect—blond, towering, physically hard and innately kind—and he and Marc took an immediate liking to each other. They were both in uniform, John with a red First Division patch on his sleeve. As soon as Marc had finished ordering, they began to talk about various men they both knew among the officers of the First Battalion of the Gatineau Rifles, who had been stationed near John's unit on the south coast of England for almost a year.

"They were well away, and Erica said to Mimi, 'Where's Max?'"

"He's gone."

"Where?"

"England. He left this morning."

"When is he coming back?"

Mimi was looking at the wall beyond John's fair head, her dark eyes wide and her face unnaturally stiff. She said at last, as though she had had to wait in order to be sure that she would say it casually, "I haven't the remotest idea. I got the air last night."

A little later when she had finished her cocktail, and Marc had ordered another one for her, she observed to Erica as the two men went on talking, "I guess I always knew it was going to happen. I had such a strong feeling about it that I even tried to plan the whole thing in advance, so that if or when it did happen, I wouldn't make any fuss."

"And did you, darling?"

"No," Mimi said under her breath. "No fuss." She glanced at Erica and went on in

the same even tone, "I can't let go, because, if I do, I'll probably just go to pieces. I hate crying. It always makes everything so much worse. What shall we do after dinner?"

"We might go somewhere and dance."

"You should have seen me getting the air at two o'clock this morning. I was really terrific, Eric. Not that it makes any difference. An exit is still an exit, whether you mess it up or not."

"You should have stayed home, darling," said Erica, watching her.

"Not on your life! I'm going to have a large evening."

"How do you like Marc?" asked Erica after a pause.

Mimi looked at him and said, "He isn't exactly what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"He looks marvelous in uniform," remarked Mimi irrelevantly, and then answered, "Somebody you could probably do pretty much what you liked with . . . up to a point, that is."

"Oh, dear, no," said Erica.

"No," said Mimi, "evidently not."

SINCE she was the first member of Erica's family whom Marc had really met, she realized now that what she had chiefly expected was that Marc would try to make some kind of an impression. Not an obvious effort, of course, but still an effort. Instead of that, she was certain that he was simply being himself, and nothing more.

Of the four of them, Marc seemed to Mimi to be the one in control, as though it were John and herself who were up for inspection, so to speak, and not the other way round, and finding that it helped her to keep her mind off Max, she went on watching Marc across the table, wondering how he did it. It occurred to her that there was something in his oddly set eyes and his sensitive face which was

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by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



Gregory D'Alessio

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rather disconcerting—a latent quality, both hard and resistant, like a metal which will be hot on the surface and cold in the center and which, try as you will, you cannot heat all the way through.

She thought with sudden astonishment: Marc Reiser is just as tough as Charles and probably still harder to handle. She said again to Erica, sitting on the banquette beside her, "No, he definitely isn't what I expected," and suddenly found herself back at Max again.

This small restaurant with old-fashioned wallpaper, white-clothed tables and dark woodwork, in a converted house on a side street had been Max Eliot's favorite place to dine when he was in Montreal. She had often been here with him, and had even sat at this very table one night.

She said, gripping the edge of the banquette with both hands, "May I have another drink?"

She had already drunk two cocktails, and John asked, "Why don't you wait a while, Mimi?"

"Mind your own business," she said in French, and then added in English, "I've got a headache."

John looked relieved, and then almost immediately concerned again. "Wouldn't you like some aspirin?" he asked.

"I would like another cocktail," said Mimi patiently. She smiled faintly as she saw a flicker of amusement in Marc's face. He turned to give the order to a passing waiter and then started talking to John again. They were discussing the problem of Germany, and she tried to focus her mind on what they were saying for a while, but it was no use, and she lapsed back into herself again.

Max was gone, and she was not going to see him again—ever again. She could not afford to think about it until she was back on solid ground and had really got hold of herself once more. It was the old game of keeping your balance by looking straight ahead and not allowing yourself to look down.

Don't look down, Mimi, look straight ahead! Straight ahead at what? There was nothing to look at, absolutely nothing.

She realized now that, although consciously she had known she could not hold Max indefinitely, unconsciously she had gone on hoping that, not only would he not leave her but also that, by some miracle, he would want her enough to go through all the bother of a divorce so that he could marry her.

She said suddenly to Erica, "Damn it! I thought I'd be a better sport than this!"

ERICA did not answer. She was listening to Marc and John. She would not have known what Mimi was talking about, anyhow, for no one, not even Erica, knew how much Max had done for her. When someone does as much as that for you, the least you can do is not feel sorry for yourself all over the place, because he didn't do more! "Putting the whole blame on the German nation isn't going to get us anywhere," said Marc. "It's like treating a case of smallpox by cutting off a man's leg because there happen to be more spots on his leg than anywhere else."

"You're Jewish, aren't you?" John asked.

"Yes, of course," said Marc.

"Most of the Jews I know would like to see the entire German nation at the bottom of the Atlantic."

"Oh?" Marc glanced at Erica's plate and remarked, "There's no excuse for your leaving half your steak, darling. It hasn't any bone in it," and then looking back at John again, he said mildly, "I'm not giving you a racial opinion of the Germans, if there is such a thing. I'm just giving you my own opinion, though, as a matter of fact, every Jew ought to know by this time that Nazism isn't a German monopoly. Given complete power over every possible source of public information, I'm inclined to think that you could make any nation believe anything in six months."

"I don't agree with you," said John.

Mimi began to lose track again. Her mind was like a badly functioning radio transmitter; for a while the voices would come over quite clearly, then they would begin to fade, and finally there would be another interval of silence.

Some time later John's voice reached her

asking if anyone minded if he smoked a pipe. He never smoked until he had finished a meal, and Mimi glanced at him in surprise, then down at her own plate. Somebody, she remembered, had said something about steak, but all she herself had been aware of eating was a shrimp cocktail. On her plate, however, was half a French pastry.

"Just as a matter of interest, Eric," she said, "what entree did I have?"

"Chicken."

"Well, well, I must be going nuts." Here, she added peremptorily to herself, pull yourself together. Hoping that they were still on the same subject, she said almost briskly, "There seem to be two theories about this war. One that it's all the fault of the Germans, and the other that it's part of a—of a—"

She looked helplessly at Marc who said, "A historical process?"

"Yes, thanks."

He said to John, "Democracy as a purely political system with almost no economic application is not going to work. We'll just have another war if we blame it all on the Germans and try to revert to the *status quo ante*. That's what you mean, isn't it?" he asked, turning to Mimi.

"Er . . . yes," said Mimi.

"What are you two?" asked John, glancing from Marc to Erica across the table. "Socialists?"

"Must we be labeled?" asked Erica, making a face. She grinned at Marc and said, "I'm allergic to labels."

A CLOUD of smoke from John's pipe floated over to an elderly woman at the next table who turned slowly and deliberately in her chair, directed a long look in John's direction and slowly resumed her former position.

John put down his pipe and said resignedly, "Give me a cigarette, somebody."

He took one from Marc's case, and Mimi asked him rather curiously, "What do you think we're fighting for?"

He said slowly after a pause, "I can tell you what the men in the Army don't think they're fighting for, if that's any help. They're not fighting for the kind of life they've been leading for the past ten or twelve years." He paused again, frowning, and went on at last: "The trouble is that, so far, even after three years of war, their only definite ideas seem to be negative ones. They know they've got to beat Hitler, of course, but they seem to be fairly cynical about the postwar world. It's not their fault. The people who do all the talking haven't really said anything yet."

"Do you think the people who are in a position to do all the talking really know?" asked Erica.

"Maybe a few of them do, but all we seem to have got, so far, is a kind of mass consciousness of the way things are changing or ought to change, if we're really going to get anywhere after the war." John stared at the end of his cigarette for a moment. Then he said, "I can't describe what I mean by a mass consciousness, exactly; a few people up top seem to know what it's all about. They have put into words what the masses just sort of feel. But it's all vague, and the worst of it is that the people with most of the power have everything tied up in the *status quo*, so we're back where we started again, with the big interests fighting for one kind of world, and the masses fighting for something else."

Mimi had been staring at him with growing amazement. Now she asked, "How long has this been going on, for goodness sake?"

"How long has what been going on?"

Failing to think of any way of saying it which wouldn't sound rude, she answered finally with a helpless gesture, "You've come such a long way from the bond house! I never thought to see you go all philosophical."

"Thanks," said John. "When you've been in the Army for three years, you're bound to start wondering why you're there, some time or other."

"And do you know now?" inquired Mimi.

"Yes, or at least I'm beginning to get a general idea. I joined up more or less at the start in '39 because my sort always does," he said, as though he were discussing someone else. "Not because I was particularly anxious

to pull up stakes and go out and die for my country, but just because I come from a certain type of background—a good school, university, do your job and don't leave it to the other fellow—that sort of thing. Fine in 1900, but not enough to get you through this kind of war. I don't like England much, it gives me claustrophobia, and before they discovered here that they needed officers who could speak French, and recalled me, I was stuck in a holding unit down on the south coast, homesick as the devil for a country big enough so that if you went walking at night you wouldn't be running the risk of falling off the edge. Half the time I had nothing to do but play chess with the local vicar and think."

"So you thought," said Mimi.
"Shut up," he said good-humoredly, but he was embarrassed. He ran one hand over his hair, glanced at Mimi with that expression at the back of his blue eyes which gave him away every time he looked at her, and asked, "What shall we do now? Has anybody got any good ideas?"

"I want to go somewhere and dance," said Mimi.

On the way to the door, she asked John how he liked Marc. "First rate," said John. "Your father must be crazy."

"Oh, no," said Mimi. "He just thinks we're fighting the other kind of war—you know, the one for the *status quo*."

Later, as she was dancing with Marc, Mimi asked suddenly, "Don't you think it would be a good idea if Eric got a place of her own to live?"

"Why?"
He was watching a couple who were dancing on the floor somewhere behind her, and she said, "Eric thinks Charles is going to change his mind, but he isn't. Not . . . not until he's just about worn her ragged, anyway."

"She doesn't eat enough," said Marc.

"Well, no," said Mimi, rather at a loss. Marc was too close for her to see him properly and find out whether he minded her going on or not. She decided to take a chance on his not minding and said, "He never leaves her alone, that's the trouble. He doesn't say anything about you directly, of course, but he does manage to get in a devil of a lot indirectly, and, when he's not doing that, he and Mother just sit and look blue, as though Erica's the only thing they ever think about."

He surprised her by saying in the same expressionless tone, "Maybe she is." Still looking over Mimi's shoulder, he added, "I didn't know they still objected to me so much. I thought they were probably getting used to it by now."

Mimi did not know how he could possibly have thought that, when Erica must have told him that her parents were not making the slightest effort to get used to it.

The music stopped, then started again, and Marc said, grinning, "By the way, I like your friend Major Gardiner."

"He likes you, too." Like Erica, Mimi found it difficult to imagine anyone with a grain of sense not liking Marc.

It was not only that he was attractive and intelligent, with charm and good manners and a marvelous smile, but he had another quality still more important. He was completely straight. After talking to him for even a short time, you knew that he would never lie or take an advantage and, after a little longer, you also knew that he was incapable of consciously going out of his way to make an impression, no matter who it was, and that he would be the same person in court or at a social affair as he was with Erica, John, his own family or his Chinese laundryman.

"You have a Chinese laundryman, haven't you?" asked Mimi.

"I think he has me. He always comes when I'm out and takes whatever he thinks needs washing. It doesn't make any difference whether I think so or not, unless I take the trouble to hide it somewhere so he won't find it." He sighed and said reminiscently, "My secretary used to be like that, too. She even had my lunch sent up to the office whenever she could, so that she could make certain I had a properly balanced meal."

Mimi was only half listening. She was far more interested in Marc himself than in his former secretary.

Without realizing it, she had assumed that the chief problem in Erica's apparently hopeless situation was her father—as though Marc were more or less in the position of someone hanging around the door, waiting to be let in. Now that bland assumption, which she supposed was shared by her father, already struck her as fantastic.

"There's no sense your starting to worrying about it," said Marc suddenly.

SHE had been following him automatically, with her left hand twisting the upper of the two pips on his shoulder. She moved her hand nearer his collar and said, "I can't help worrying. I care more about Eric than I do about anyone else. If she weren't so damned decent, none of this would have happened to her. You'd think that since she's never done anything Mother and Charles didn't want her to do until now, they'd take her seriously and show some respect for her. But it doesn't work that way at all. They're so used to Erica never doing anything they don't want, that they're just not going to allow her to start at the age of twenty-eight."

"That's a rather brutal way of putting it, isn't it?"

"Isn't that really what Charles means when he says this is the first time Erica has ever let them down, and that he's not going to let her ruin her life if he can help it? Whose life is it anyway—Charles' or Erica's?"

Marc said nothing. He only smiled at her and then looked away again.

She remarked a moment later, "It's amazing the way people can assume that they know what's best for someone else—that they

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(You'd lost your shirt at the races)



Then someone gave you a tip about KOOLS

(And you tried a pack)

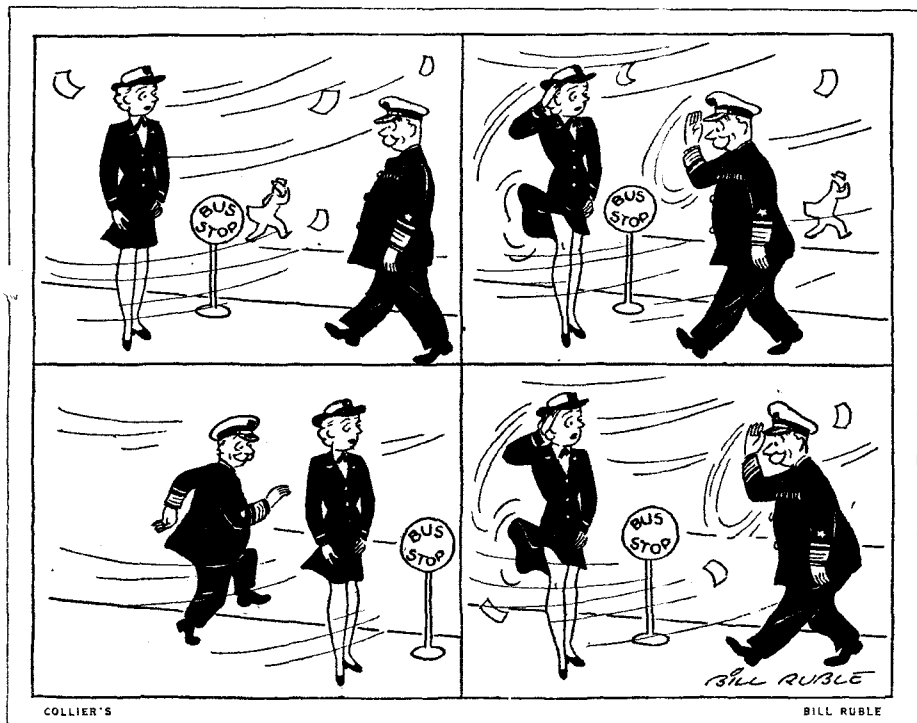
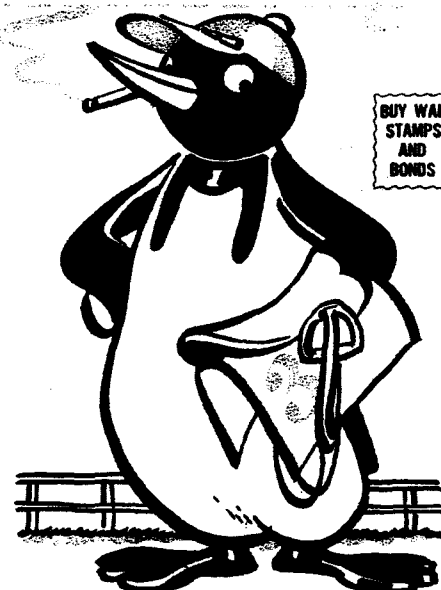
If they turned out to be a winner then

(When your throat was raw)



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The grilled steak suppers in the backyard . . . horseshoe pitching with the gang . . . the friendship of a faithful spaniel . . .

Not big things any of them . . . but with all of us, isn't it these little things, these small familiar pleasures, that add up to home? And isn't "home" the thing we're fighting for . . . ?

It happens that to many of us these im-

portant little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.



Men of the United States Navy
say letters keep up morale . . .
Write that V-Mail letter today.

Morale is a lot of little things



know better than the individual concerned what is going to make him or her happy or unhappy. Really, when you come to think of it, it is the most stupefying arrogance."

The music stopped again and in the pause he said, watching the band leader who was talking to one of the saxophone players and gesturing as though he were angry about something. "It's not always as simple as that. Their assumptions may simply be based on what they know happened to everybody who tried breaking the rules, because they thought they were exceptions, too."

"But surely there are exceptions?"

He said wearily, "For every individual who really is exceptional there are about fifty thousand who just imagine they are—until it's too late, and they find out they aren't after all."

She was too disturbed to notice that the other couples had left the floor and, after looking at him blankly for a moment, she said, "Let's go to the bar. I feel like a drink, and we can't talk very well at the table with John and Erica."

The bar was another place where she had often been with Max, even oftener than at the little restaurant in which the four of them had had dinner. For some reason or other, he had taken a liking to the atmosphere and the deep, comfortable, leather-covered chairs, and there was an interval just after they sat down, and before she or Marc said anything, when the past obliterated the present, like one picture dissolving into another on a screen.

MAX was sitting beside her in a dark suit, his legs straight out under the table and his head against the back of the low chair. His profile was outlined against the light drifting through the door down the wall. She had been talking about herself and Peter and the deep-rooted conviction of her own inadequacy with which she had had to go on living after her divorce. She was wondering why it was so easy to talk to Max when it had been so difficult to talk to anyone else, and she had turned her head toward that profile, on the point of asking him, when she saw that for the first time since they had known each other, she was boring him.

She had forgotten that there are people who are born superficial. They prefer not to have to deal with more than a limited number of oversimplified ideas—they prefer the book reviews to the books, the headlines and the leading paragraph to the full report, the generalization to the facts, and the negative to the positive. For these people, more than a little knowledge is a burden; they don't know what to do with it. They put down a book or a newspaper, turn off the radio, change the subject or break off a love affair, simply for fear of knowing too much and getting in too deep.

That was what had happened with Max. He had found himself getting in too deep. In telling him a lot of things about herself which, she realized now that it was too late, he did not in the least desire to know, she had given herself away for the first time in her life, and to the wrong person. Not knowing what to do with her, he had taken a week to think it over and had then, in effect, handed her back to Mimi Drake again.

Now she became aware of Marc's greenish eyes watching her with an expression which was oddly incurious and understanding and it occurred to her that if Marc had been John, he would have been all over her with bewilderment and sympathy by this time. She found herself thinking that she might still marry John sometime in the future, if she could get over her fear of his naïveté and if, in the meantime, someone would just tell her how you can manage to get through life with a man who has to have all but the most elementary emotions explained to him in words of one syllable.

"There's your drink, Mimi," said Marc at last. "Would you rather go back?"

"No, I'm all right." She raised her glass, then put it down again, remarking, "I thought I was one of the exceptions, that's all—one of your fifty thousand who think they're smart enough to figure out what's going to happen in advance, so that it won't hurt so much when the time comes. You know—a realist. Are you a realist?"

"I'm a superrealist," said Marc, grinning. "I know that no matter how bad I think something's going to be, it will undoubtedly turn out to be a lot worse."

"Optimistic, aren't you? Why don't you marry Eric before you go?" she asked abruptly.

"And leave her to cope with the whole thing alone?"

She knew that she had had no right to ask such a question and was surprised at his giving her even that much of an answer.

A moment later, he surprised her still more. He said, "Anyhow, I may not come back, and I've complicated Erica's life enough already without going on doing it after I'm dead. Some day she might want to marry someone else, and I'd rather it was the first time for her, not the second."

After a pause he went on, looking down at his glass, "And apart from everything else, we've got to win the war first. I couldn't take a chance on involving her in what would happen if we lost."

"Wouldn't she be involved, anyhow?"

"Not quite to the same extent," said Marc rather dryly. "I don't know whether I have any right to involve her, even if we win the war and then lose the peace."

can tell what price anyone else can afford to pay for what they want most, because their price is their whole system of values, and their system of values is the result of everything which has ever happened to them—the way they have come to think and feel and the sum total of all their experience. You'd have to know all that about Eric, and you don't. You can't." She broke off for a moment, staring at him, and then said half to herself, "That's what I simply can't forgive Charles for. He presumes to know everything about Eric, far better, of course, than she knows herself."

"Let's leave your father out of it."

"Sorry."

"He isn't the main problem, anyhow."

SHE raised her eyes to his face again and said, "I'm beginning to realize that, but to do Charles justice, he helps!"

"He certainly helps," said Marc, smiling at her. "I suppose you know you're beginning to get a bit high?"

"Yes," said Mimi. She glanced around the small blue and silver bar and, then remarked, "Everything seems nice and distant. I'm even getting away from myself."

He signaled the waiter and ordered another

people she's known all her life until she's had a chance to re-examine every last one of them and find out where they stand. She's never before had to pick her friends on the basis of whether they liked Jews or not, Mimi."

"And what about you?" asked Mimi. "Would you be willing to go through life waiting for the verdict of one person after another?"

"I have to, anyhow," he said quietly.

That was a rather extraordinary remark when you came to think of it. "I really think it's about time we tried that new system." Mimi put her elbows on the table, gazed at him dreamily and then asked, "What do they call it? You know the one I mean—the one that begins with a D. Oh, yes, democracy, that's it. Have you heard about it?"

"Everything is relative," said Marc.

"You mean, you don't mind being kicked out of hotels and most of the better Montreal homes when you think of Nazi Germany. . . ."

"You bet I don't!"

"I suppose that's the reason nothing's ever done about it," said Mimi reflectively. "Whenever a good American begins to have doubts, he says, 'Oh, well, look at the Nazis,' and figures he's so superior, he's practically perfect."

"But he is."

"Oh, nuts!" said Mimi. "Has it occurred to you that you might have a lot less trouble if you moved away from Montreal?"

"I doubt it."

"You doubt everything, Marc. You're a nice person, in fact, you're one of the nicest people I've ever met; but you . . ." She yawned unexpectedly, opened her dark eyes and said with renewed decision, "You're too fatalistic. What you need is a little simple faith in your fellow men, a dash of optimism, a couple of illusions and a lot more self-confidence. You've got everything else, and if someone like you can't break it down, then no one can. At least you can try. Damn it!" said Mimi, exasperated. "It's your duty to try!"

She found that he was regarding her with a certain amusement and she said, "I know. It's easy for me to talk. All the same, if you just stay away instead of facing up to it and jolly well making people take a good look at you . . . if you don't have a shot at it, no one else will."

Marc went back to the subject of Erica. His voice seemed to be coming from some point a lot farther away than the other side of the rather small table in front of Mimi, and by the time her mind had veered round again, he was saying, "Put it this way: I don't know what price she can afford to pay, and Erica doesn't know what she's buying."

"Couldn't you get together and pool your information?"

"Good heavens, girl," said Marc in amazement. "What do you think we do all the time?"

AT a table on the edge of the dance floor opposite the orchestra, Erica was building a house out of matches and once again listening to John on the subject of Mimi. He was feeling discouraged and was sitting with his heavy shoulders against the frail back of the chair, drawing a series of squares and rectangles on the white cloth with the pointed handle of a fork.

"What odds would you give on our ever getting married?" he asked.

"Five to one," said Erica.

"The last time I asked you that, you said five to one against."

"I know, but you've improved a lot. If you could manage to be as bright about Mimi as you are about most things now, I'd even give you ten to one."

"Why?"

"Because Mimi's on the rebound," said Erica. "Max walked out on her for good this morning."

"But she didn't really care about him, Eric. . . . Eliot wasn't her type."

"Well, maybe not," said Erica, "but even if he wasn't her type, Mimi is deliberately not counting her drinks this evening."

"Mimi doesn't get drunk." He frowned at her, looking less certain, and finally asked, "Are you serious, Erica?"



COLLIER'S "Tell you where there's a German for two francs, M'sieu" COLIN ALLEN

"What do you mean?" asked Mimi.

"I mean if we get rid of the Nazis only to end up with the *status quo ante*. You know, a lot of the mud that Hitler has slung at us is still sticking. Even when he hasn't succeeded in stirring up active anti-Semitism, he's managed to make almost everybody thoroughly Jew-conscious, even here and in the States."

"Do you think things are worse here than they were before?"

"Oh, yes, much worse." He paused and said, "Erica doesn't really know what she's walking into. I do." His face lost some of its expression and he said, "Evidently your father does, too."

"How do you know Eric doesn't?"

"Because she can't."

"Well," said Mimi into her glass, "at least, Eric's beginning to learn."

FOR the second time, she was realizing that there was something inside Marc Reiser which you couldn't change, and which, perhaps, he couldn't even change himself.

Now, she thought, this is it; this skepticism, this "superrealism" which consists of reminding yourself that no matter how bad you think things are going to be, they usually turn out to be worse; this basic sense of insecurity, this profound discouragement which was all the more baffling because it was so matter of fact.

She said at last, "You can't tell whether or not it would be worth it to Erica. Nobody

drink for her and then said, "After that, we'd better go back."

"Cigarette, please."

Leaning forward to light it for her, he observed, "You're quite right. I don't know enough about Erica, but she doesn't know enough about what she would have to deal with, either. The obvious restrictions aren't so important, there aren't an awful lot of them, and they're not what gets you down. What does get you down, particularly when it's not you but someone you're fond of, are the intangibles—the negatives, the endless little problems in human relationships which you never think of until you come up against them and which are so small that you hardly notice them until they start to pile up and eventually amount to a staggering total."

"Don't be so vague," said Mimi. "I'm in no shape to follow you except when you're specific."

"All right, then. Erica was born on top. She's been on top all her life. She can go anywhere and do anything on a basis of complete equality with anyone, and it's simply up to her. If she marries me, she'll lose all that, overnight. Where there was certainty, there'll be doubt—nothing definite, just doubt. She'll lose some of her friends who simply won't take to the idea of always having to invite a Jew along with Erica; she'll keep others. Maybe she'll keep most of the others, but she'll never again be sure. She'll never be sure of anyone the first time she meets him. She won't even be sure of

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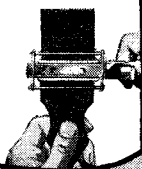


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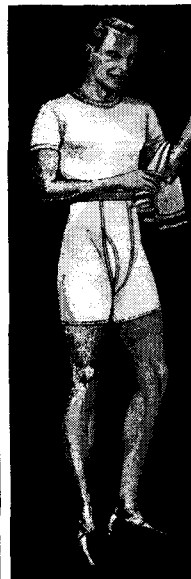
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"M-mm," said Erica, carefully placing another match.

"We'd better go out to the bar and get her, then."

"Marc will look after her," said Erica without moving. Her eyes had been following one line, from the pile of matches on the table before her to the door which led to the bar, from the door back to the matches, the matches back to the door again for what already seemed like several hours, but although every minute without Marc dragged interminably, what mattered most to her at the moment was not Marc and herself, but Marc and Mimi. She wanted them to have a chance to get to know each other.

IT DID not even occur to her that while Marc and her sister were getting to know each other, Marc might also be getting to know a good deal about her parents as well. As a matter of fact, in part of one evening, Marc had found out more from Mimi than he had been able to find out from Erica in two months. By the time they left the bar, his former guesswork and suspicion had turned into actual knowledge. He was not yet ready to admit that he was beaten; it was simply that the future had become that much darker, and he was no longer able to see clearly beyond the next few weeks. The rest was obscurity. His point of view had not changed, it had merely shortened and covered only the period between the present and the day on which he would leave for overseas.

John was still looking unsettled, and Erica said, "Besides, Mimi never drinks enough for it to be noticeable."

"That was rather unnecessary, wasn't it?"

"What was?"

"I wasn't worrying whether it would be 'noticeable' or not."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Johnny," she said, "don't be stuffy!"

"Sorry, Eric. You've had an awful lot to put up with, haven't you? I don't know why you didn't tell me to damn well pack up my troubles and take them somewhere else long ago. . . . Do you think Mimi's really upset about that fellow?" he asked incredulously.

"More upset than I've ever seen her before, anyhow."

His face stiffer, younger and more uncomprehending than she had ever seen it, he said, "Did Mimi think she was going to marry him, Eric?"

"No," said Erica.

"Then what's it all about?"

Erica regarded him helplessly for a moment and then said, "Don't you think you'd better ask Mimi instead of me?"

"Did she want to marry him?"

"She may have," said Erica vaguely.

"Why?"

Having finally found an answer which she thought would do, she said, "Well, you know they say that when divorced people remarry, they usually go to the opposite extreme."

"Really," said John. "I've never heard that before."

Neither had Erica, but it was as good an explanation of Max Eliot's attraction for Mimi as any Erica could think of—as well as a partial explanation of her inability to fall in love with John, she realized a moment later. In one respect, John and Peter Kingsley, Mimi's ex-husband, were too much alike—or at least Mimi thought they were, and it was impossible to talk her out of it. The worst mistake John had made was when he had told Mimi in London, just when she had been on the point of falling in love with him at last, that he had never looked at anyone else since he had met her, adding, rather embarrassed, that, of course, that meant that he had never looked at anyone else at all.

Out of every ten idealists, nine are likely to be more or less neurotic and only one entirely genuine, and having been tricked once, Mimi was not going to run the risk of being tricked a second time. And genuine or not, she did not want the burden of John's idealism; above all, she wanted no more embarrassment and no more speeches.

Instead of being moved by what he said, because John happened to be a thoroughly genuine human being genuinely in love with her, Mimi froze up. From then on, she had scarcely allowed him to touch her. In some very deep sense, she was afraid of him, and

because he was so decent and hadn't the faintest idea what was wrong, he let her get away with it, thereby following up his worst mistake with another which was almost as bad for both of them.

Erica had no idea what it would be like for him when he found out, as he must inevitably find out sometime, just what Max Eliot had meant to Mimi.

As though he had guessed a little of what she was thinking, he said, "I didn't know I'd been playing second fiddle again, Eric."

He was looking down at the table, the orchestra was making a great deal of noise, and his voice was pitched so low that Erica could hardly make out what he said. She missed the next few words altogether and then heard him say, "I ought to have got it through my head by this time that there always is someone else."

He seemed to have forgotten where he was now and went on sitting half turned away from her, a tall, fair-haired man in an officer's uniform, whose blue eyes were fixed on some point near the door leading to the bar.

"Eric."

"Yes?"

"Remember that nursery rhyme: The Farmer Takes a Wife, and the wife takes somebody else who takes somebody else? Even when I was a kid, I always hated that rhyme."

The next moment Mimi and Marc were skirting the edge of the dance floor on their way back again, Marc with his hands in his trousers pockets and Mimi walking with her head up, her movements as light and full of grace as ever. Except for her burning dark eyes and a slight flush, there was no outward sign that she had eaten almost nothing for the past twenty-four hours and had drunk more than was good for her in the last three and a half.

"Hello," said Marc, smiling down at Erica. He touched her fair hair lightly with one hand and then added, "Come and dance, darling."

She was the right height for him; in fact, everything about her was right, and he held her close, wishing that they would play a waltz and turn the lights down, so that he could kiss her.

THERE was always an interval like this after he came back to her, when everything that had been confused, remote and difficult to understand seemed to be rearranging itself in order, and all he could feel for the first few minutes was relief and happiness and a kind of amazement which usually took a while to wear off.

He was in love with her, and it seemed to him that if only Erica and he could stay together, then sooner or later he would know what it was all about. But they could not stay together; all they had left was a handful of days scattered over a month or possibly six weeks at the most, although Erica did not know it yet.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

Her arm moved up a little on his shoulder and, with her mouth brushing his ear, she murmured, "I adore you."

His grip tightened for a moment, then loosened a little and he said, "Don't, darling."

"Don't what?"

"Don't melt in public. It's not done."

"You started it. I didn't."

"Damn it!" said Marc. "Why don't they play a waltz?" and swerved just in time to avoid an overstuffed colonel who was sailing back and forth across the floor, four sheets in the wind, with a rather bewildered red-headed girl in tow.

"I thought you didn't like waltzes," said Erica.

"I don't. It's what goes with them. By the way, your sister seems to have come a little unstuck this evening."

"You liked her, didn't you?" asked Erica.

"Yes, darling, of course. What I liked most about her is the fact that she likes you. By the way, she asked me if I didn't think it might be better for you to leave home and get a place of your own to live."

Erica missed a step, said mechanically, "I'm sorry," and then answered matter-of-factly, "She thinks I'm going to develop into one of those spinsters who devote their lives

to their parents. It's just one of her ideas."

"Yes," said Marc.

"What else did she say?" asked Erica over his shoulder.

"Nothing much," said Marc.

It took them several minutes to get past the orchestra where Marc could talk again without shouting into her ear. He said, "Don't look so worried, Erica."

"I'm not, only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Mimi often makes things sound much worse than they really are."

"I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about. The conversation was entirely general, mostly on the subject of relative values, only just as I was beginning to be really profound, she said she felt sleepy."

The music stopped and they waited, hand in hand, and then the lights went down. "Where do you think we're least likely to be needed?" Marc asked.

"Out in the middle," said Erica, "but you don't waltz that badly."

He took her in his arms without answering, steered her out to the middle, kissed her quickly and holding her very close again, he said with his lips against her cheek, "We're too tall. I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you that there are distinct advantages in being a dwarf?"

"Well, no, it hadn't," Erica admitted; "but I see what you mean."

They danced for a while in silence. She could feel his mood changing, and at last he said abruptly, "Eric . . ."

"Yes?"

He paused and then said, "I've got something to tell you."

"Something—unpleasant?"

"Yes, darling."

She drew away from him so that she could look up into his face, his dark, sensitive, intelligent face that she loved so much. The orchestra was playing a waltz left over from the last war; she had been trying to think of its name and, for some idiotic reason, she went on trying to think of its name, although it did not matter in the least, and she already knew from his expression what was coming. She said, "All right, I'm ready."

"On draft."

"Yes," said Erica. "When, Marc?"

"Some time around the last week in September."

About a month from now!

She said suddenly, "It's the Missouri Waltz."

"I know. There are only two waltzes I really like, except the Viennese waltzes, of course, and that's one of them."

"What's the other?"

"Moonlight Madonna. It always reminds me of you—I mean, your hair isn't really gold, it's . . ."

He stopped, and she said, "That means you're going to camp again, doesn't it?"

"Yes, next Monday."

It was Wednesday already.

The Gatineau Rifles had been in the front-line dispatches lately; time and again, she had heard Marc say "Reinforcements for the First Battalion overseas," but it had sounded like something which would materialize only sometime in a very hypothetical future and not—next Monday.

The Missouri Waltz went on, and the colonel passed them again, this time with a brunette in tow. Erica found herself thinking that he must go through his partners a lot faster than most people, and hoped that he had come well provided, like a racing car equipped with several extra sets of spark-plugs.

"Marc, you are going to Petawawa, aren't you?"

"Yes, darling."

He could feel the breath going out of her with relief and he said, "I'm sorry, Eric, I should have told you that right away."

"I was so afraid it would be Camp Borden, and you'd be too far for me to see you."

IT WAS better to figure things out so that you knew exactly where you stood, like collecting all your bills and adding them up when you were broke, in order to see just how broke you were. He would get one forty-eight-hour leave, so what it amounted to was five days between now and Monday, then forty-eight hours and finally a week or ten days embarkation leave—probably a week, because they were obviously rushing it now—most of which Marc would have to spend with his parents five hundred miles away.

They had already discussed that. Five days, forty-eight hours, say two days of his embarkation leave to be on the safe side, and finally a last dinner together when he was on his way through to Halifax. They could be more broke, all things considered, but not much.

"It makes nine days altogether," said Marc. "That is counting from now to next Monday, too, of course."

He paused and then went on hurriedly, evidently afraid that if he stopped to think how this thing ought to be said, he might not be able to say it at all, "They told me at headquarters that I could go as soon as I'd got everything cleaned up there. I don't think it will take more than one day—tomorrow and maybe part of Friday. If you could get off, then we'd have almost three days together. I can get to Petawawa any time before midnight on Monday and . . ."

It seemed to him that he had been talking a long time without getting anywhere except back to Petawawa again. The music stopped and he stood facing her, his hands at his sides, and said, "I'm asking you to go away with me, Eric."

"Yes," said Erica. "Yes, darling; you didn't have to ask!"

(To be continued next week)

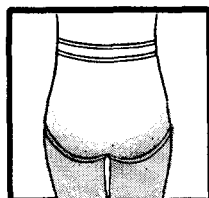
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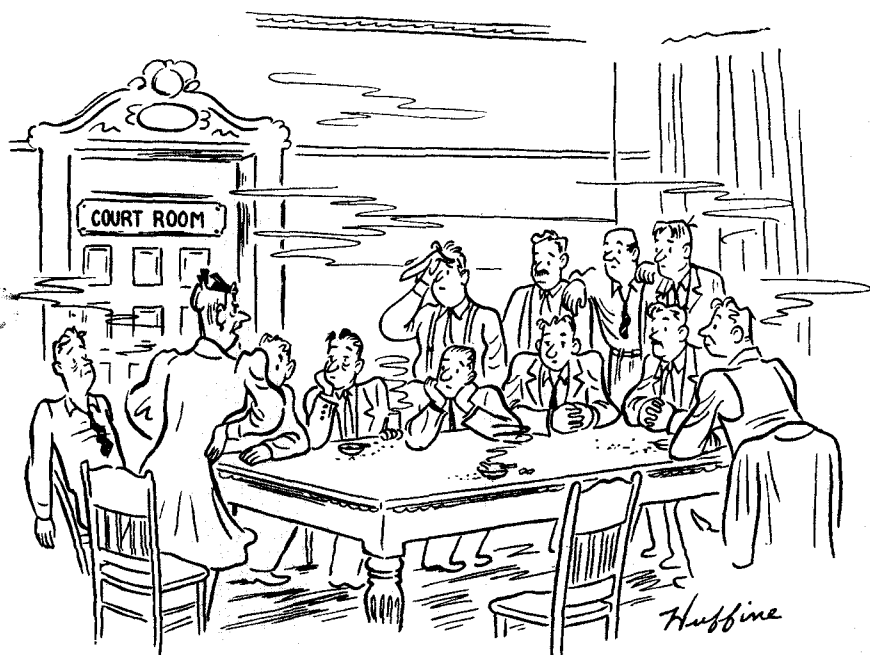
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...first thing on arising



"If you men weren't so stubborn we could be unanimous!"

COLLIER'S

DAVID HUFFINE



What Will We Pay For Peace?

WHAT sort of world government do you want after Germany and Japan have been blasted into surrender and submission? Think we can safely go on as we are now—allied with Great Britain, loosely associated with Russia and China? Or do we need some other arrangement, something more formal, more closely akin to the League of Nations?

Soon we may be called upon to decide. Maybe the wars won't end as soon as the most sanguine among us hope. Barring miracles, however, we know that the Russians, the British and we will defeat Hitler and his savage Nazis. We know that sooner or later the Chinese, the British, we, and whatever allies and associates we can summon to our side will conquer the Japanese aggressors.

What we don't know surely is how to deal with the Germans and Japanese, once their military forces surrender, so that we and other well-disposed people may not a few years hence be the victims of another generation of Japanese or Germans, resolved to make themselves masters of peace-preferring neighbors.

We can't know precisely what arrangements are practicable until both wars have been won. We can make plans. We can say that, given the opportunity, we shall do this or we won't do that. We can now choose with some assurance between a league or a federation or an alliance. Furthermore, it would be reasonable to make up our minds concerning what we are willing to do to prevent future wars, while the slate is still clean and we have very considerable freedom of choice.

Walter Lippmann, who worked with the late Frank Cobb and for Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson when the Versailles Treaty was being argued out, offers some suggestions in a little book he calls *U. S. War Aims*. The slate is clean because neither President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill nor Marshal Stalin has, up to this writing, given any precise details as to his notions or intentions.

Mr. Lippmann was thirty years old in 1919 when Woodrow Wilson was holding high the bright ideals of the League of Nations. Mr. Lippmann is fifty-five years old now and he thinks that Georges Clemenceau, the disillusioned old Tiger of the first World War, was right, and that Woodrow Wilson, the idealist, was a futile dreamer.

Some people think that when the dust of the battle has settled, perhaps Woodrow Wilson and some other idealists may turn out to have been very practical in their proposals. Meantime, it is worth while examining the neat package that Mr. Lippmann has wrapped up. For other disillusioned men will have other kindred proposals. We lose no time by scrutinizing what is here at hand.

The gist of his notion is to set up three or four great groups of powers. The United States, Latin America, the British Empire and most of Western Europe would make up the Atlantic Community. Russia would absorb all Eastern Europe and create the Russian Orbit. China would be the great empire of the Asiatic Pacific. At some future time, the Hindu and Moslem peoples would form another great empire.

The business of the Atlantic Community, a very large alliance, would be, first, to conciliate Russia, so that never again could Germany threaten peaceful people, and, second, to combine China and Russia to keep the Japanese in bounds.

We and the British and the Western Europeans would be banded together by loose good-neighborly ties. Just how Russia would attach Poland, the Finns, and other neighboring peoples to the Russian Orbit is discreetly vague.

Russia is now our ally and, for the moment, whatever Russia wants to do has, of course, been accepted. We don't, however, have to pretend now to approve something—such, for example, as the Russian attack on Finland in 1939—that actually does not square with our principles. Mr. Lippmann hopes that Russia after this war will put into effect the 1936 constitution that does offer safeguards for human rights.

So do we all. It is possible to get along with Russia even though our ideas differ as widely as did those of George Washington and the Czar Alexander. We have got along very well with different kinds of Russian governments, czaristic to Bolshevik, and we can do so in the future. We would be completely hypocritical, however, to pretend to approve the forced union of the Poles with Russia. A willing union would be quite different.

When one-time idealists go in for what they consider practical politics, too often they throw aside even the restraints that held back the tough boys. So now Mr. Lippmann proposes that we turn over to Germany's neighbors the problem of dealing with the Nazis. It is not likely that victorious Russian armies would ask just what we want to do to the Nazis, but we should not be indifferent while somebody else does the dirty work of liquidation.

Neither do we have to surrender the principles for which we have always stood, merely because they emphasize ideological differences between the United States and some of our allies.

If we had no principles, we need never have been involved in this war. Because we could not see the British and other freedom-loving people conquered by the Germans, we did things that led the Japanese and the Germans to attack us. We won't save our skins now or in the future by abandoning our sense of right and

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher

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justice, however subtle we are in making the surrender.

We are much more likely to make progress by adopting such a forthright attitude as that Mr. Churchill took when Germany attacked Russia. Mr. Churchill said instantly that he took back nothing that he had said about Communism, but that now Russia was resisting Germany and so was fighting with Britain. We can make honorable arrangements for preserving international peace with governments from whose principles we heartily dissent.

Even though Mr. Lippmann, as we see it, weakened his appeal by turning against Woodrow Wilson's idealism and to Clemenceau's cynicism, he still sets up a scheme that will be considered. In its sounder aspects, it resembles the earlier suggestion of Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, published in *Collier's*, for regional understandings. Much thought, argument and inquiry is needed to prepare American public opinion where a majority of us will support any plan for the prevention of future world wars. By the very extremity of his opinions, Mr. Lippmann may evoke wiser and more characteristically American views.

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN

IN SERIALIZING Gwethalyn Graham's novel, *Earth and High Heaven*, *Collier's* feels that it is performing a public service. The novel is not only a poignant love story, but also an outspoken and unbiased discussion of the "Jewish problem," so-called, as it affects many intelligent Jews and Gentiles in both Canada and the United States today. There is no denying that anti-Semitism exists and is on the increase in both countries. Perhaps the underlying reason is the war.

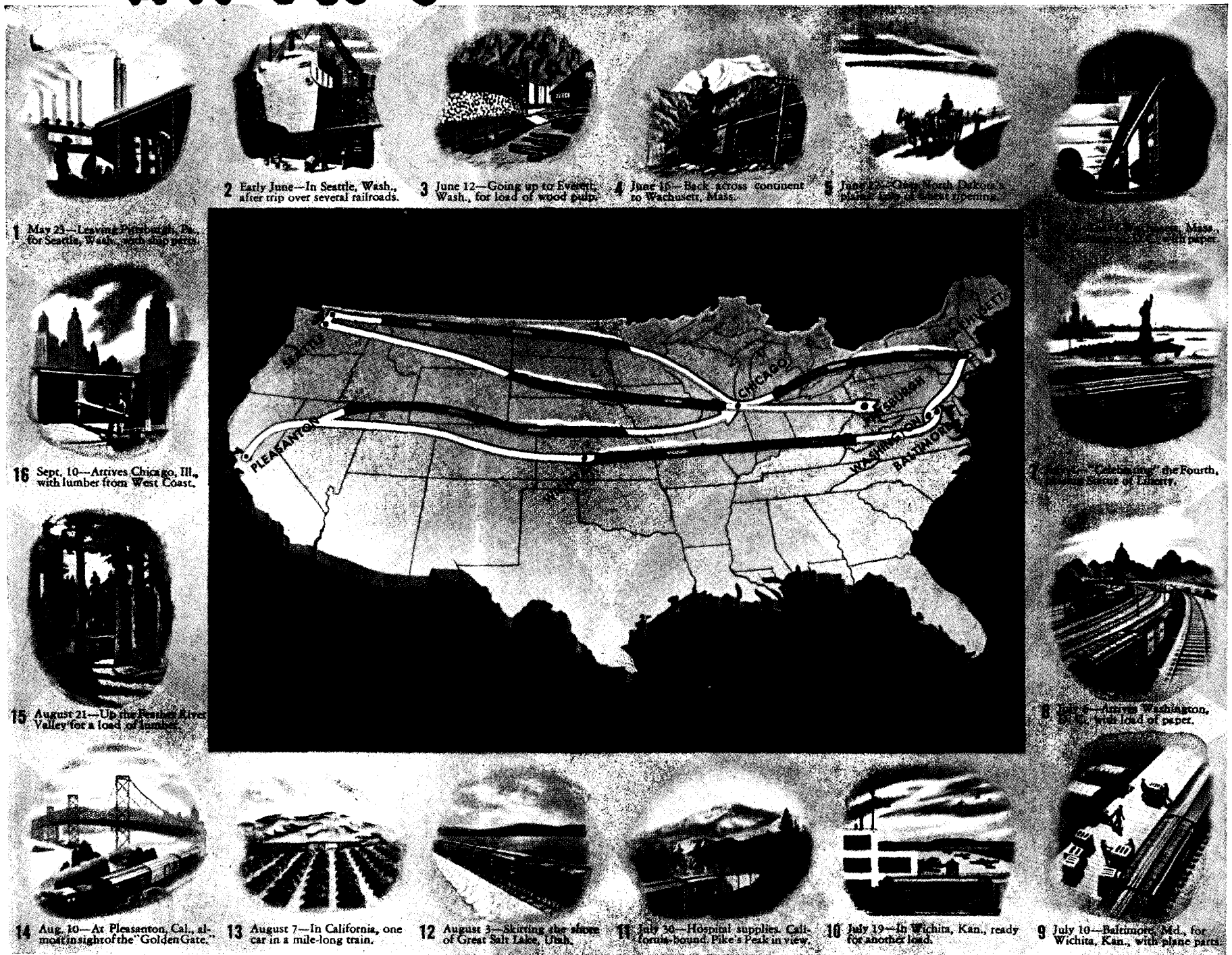
Anyway, the situation exists. The proposition on which *Earth and High Heaven* proceeds is: Let's talk it over, frankly and openly. Let's haul into print and have a good look at these things that are being muttered around by Gentiles about Jews, and by Jews about Gentiles. Let's practice our democratic preaching about open, public discussion of the most ticklish and embarrassing questions as being the best known means of getting those questions settled and settled right.

In our opinion, *Earth and High Heaven* meets these specifications masterfully. It does not rant or rave; it does not lump all Jews together as a group of persecuted saints, or all Gentiles as a lot of sadistic bullies. It goes to the human heart of the "Jewish problem" and calmly states some truths which need to be stated on all sides of this many-sided debate.

Jews and Gentiles alike, we think, can profit from a reading of *Earth and High Heaven*. We believe this book will make a solid and valuable contribution to the cause of informed and enlightened tolerance in a war-wracked world—which is the main reason why we are printing it. This belief of ours is backed up by many leaders in this and related fields of thought and controversy to whom we showed the manuscript before publication began.



DIARY OF A WARTIME FREIGHT CAR -PENNSYLVANIA 59944-



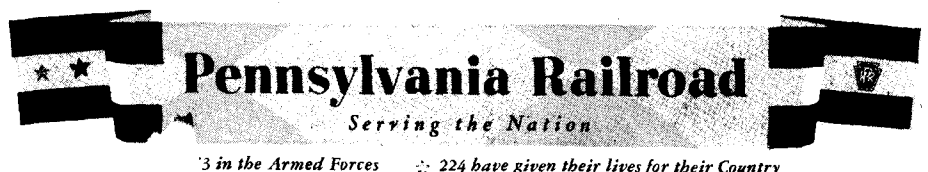
LET'S EXAMINE the "work sheet" of a typical freight car... Pennsylvania Railroad 59944. Let's see where it has been... what it has carried... how much work it has done.

The period covered is a short one, slightly more than three summer months of 1943. Yet note over how much territory No. 59944 has traveled, the variety of shipments it has delivered; approximately 15,000 miles of travel, over many railroads besides its "home" line... the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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ME ON ALL
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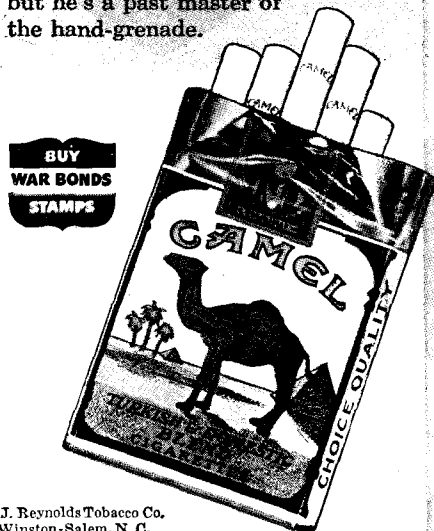
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